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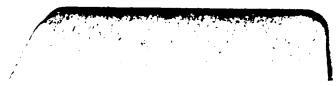


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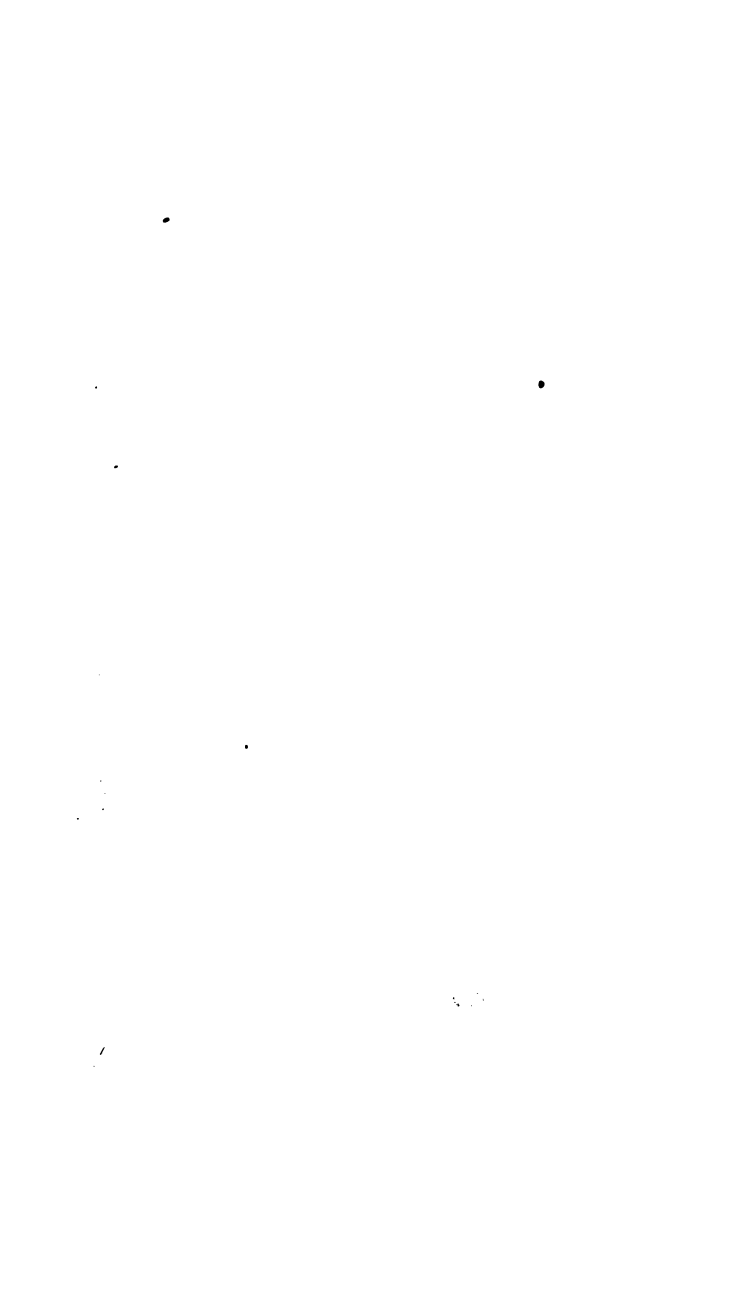
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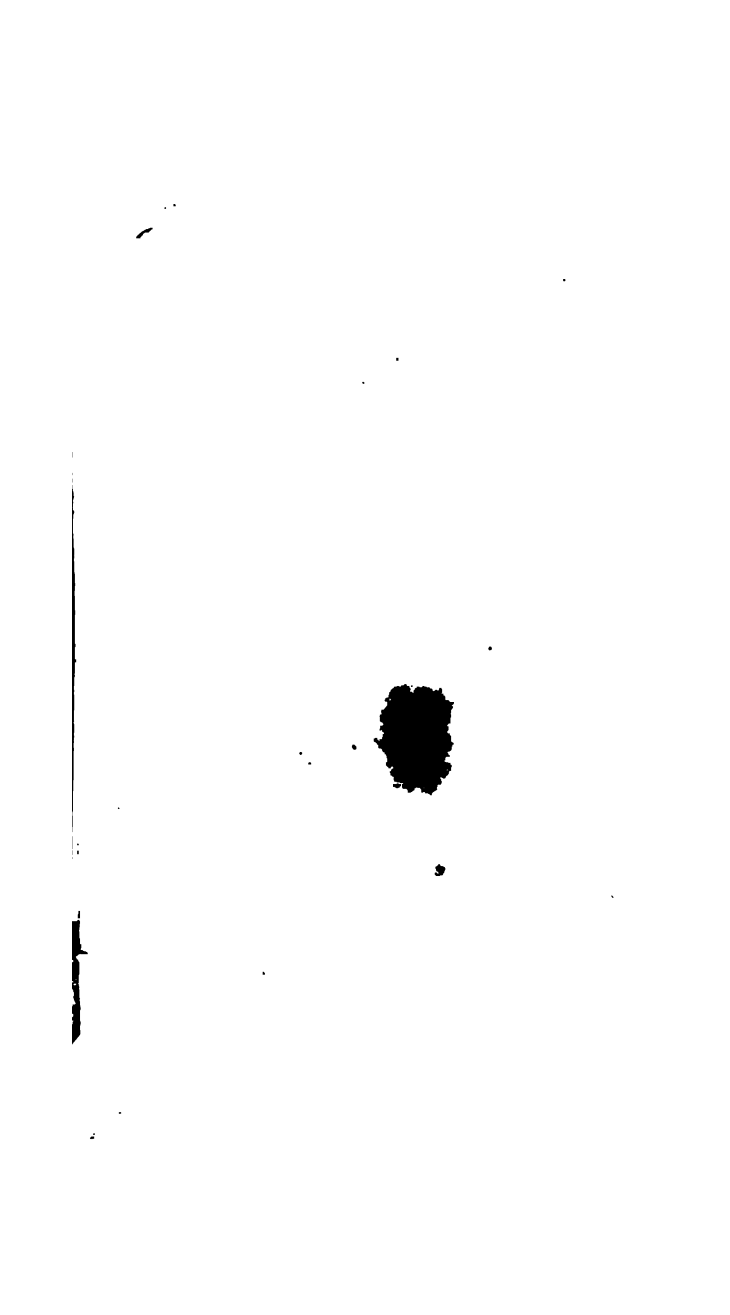






BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. X.



BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF
THE MOST ESTEEMED
ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. X.

CONTAINING
BEAUX STRATAGEM, BY FARQUHAR.
GAMESTER, — MOORE.
DOUBLE GALLANT, — CIBBER.
THEODOSIUS, — LEE.

LONDON:

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SERVING & ARCHER.









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THE
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

A
COMEDY.

BY GEO. FARQUHAR.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES - ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON :

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GEORGE FARQUHAR.

THIS gentleman offers to us a view, over which the lover of man will weep with sincere commiseration.—A view of splendid talents and gentlemanly manners, labouring with disorder and distress through life, though happily not labouring long—for perhaps mental misery hastened his death before he could complete his 30th year.

THERE are beginning traits of character which anticipate the course of life, and from such a commencement as profaneness, little short of profligacy could be expected to follow. For impiety he was expelled the college of Dublin, *tanquam pestilentia hujus societatis*. His resource upon this circumstance was to seek the receptacle of the greater part of our indiscreet youth; and he accordingly attempted the profession of an actor.—He was never, it is said, free from that timidity which so destroys all effort, and the stage would perhaps never have seen him excellent—but an accident drove him from the profession soon—

As he was personating *Guyomar* in DRYDEN'S Indian Emperor, he had to kill *Vasquez*, one of the Spanish generals, an act which he had very nearly performed—for taking by mistake a sword up instead of a foil, he wounded his brother tragedian very dangerously.—This circumstance upon Mr. FARQUHAR operated so strongly that he left the stage as an actor.

He was fortunate enough then to secure the patronage of the Earl of ORRERY, and that nobleman gave him a lieutenant's commission in his own regiment, then in Ireland.—It was at his solicitation also Mr. FARQUHAR began to write those Comedies, which have established for him a reputation not likely to perish.

WHAT remains it is painful to tell:—He imprudently married—had children too many for his means to maintain—he died in indigence, and left them to the charitable attention of a friend.—That friend was WILKS the comedian; and to his honour be it mentioned, what was then enjoined by a dying friend he punctually performed.
—F R died in 1707.

The following is a list of his Comedies :

<i>Love in a Bottle</i>	— —	1699	<i>Stage Coach</i>	— —	1705
<i>Constant Couple</i>	— —	1700	<i>Recruiting Officer</i>	—	1705
<i>Sir Harry Wildair</i>	—	1701	<i>Twin Rivals</i>	— —	1706
<i>Inconstant</i>	— — —	1702	<i>Beaux Stratagem</i>	—	1707

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

THIS Comedy is every way, but *morally*, perfect. Virtue can derive little aid or encouragement from the scenes of FARQUHAR. They, however, who possess sufficient discrimination to separate what is good from the licentious impress of FARQUHAR's seal, will see his Plays with advantage.

THE Comedy before us is a pleasing, various semblance of characters truly comic, and situations irresistibly diverting.—When it is considered relative to its wit, humour, and the correct knowledge of life displayed throughout, the Reader shall be told that it was written in six weeks, amid the inconveniences of poverty, and during that illness which brought its author to his grave.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN strife disturbs, or sloth corrupts an age,
Is satire is the business of the stage.
When the Plain Dealer writ, he lash'd those crimes
Which then infested most—the modish times.
But now when faction sleeps, and sloth is fled,
And all our youth in active fields are bred;
When thro' Great Britain's fair extensive round,
The trumps of Fame the notes of Union sound;
When Anna's sceptre points the laws their course,
And her example gives her precepts force;
There scarce is room for satire; all our lays
Must be, or songs of triumph, or of praise.
But as in grounds best cultivated, tares
And poppies rise among the golden ears;
Our product so, fit for the field or school,
Must mix with Nature's favourite plant—a fool,
A weed that has to twenty summers ran,
Shoots up in stalk, and vegetates to man.
Simpling our author goes from field to field,
And culls such fools as may diversion yield.
And, thanks to nature, there's no want of those,
For rain or shine the thriving coxcomb grows.
Follies to-night we shew ne'er lash'd before,
Yet such as nature shews you ev'ry hour:
Nor can the picture give a just offence,
For fools are made for jests to men of sense.



THE
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Inn. Enter BONIFACE running.

[*Bar-bell rings.*]

Boniface.

CHAMBERLAIN, maid, Cherry, daughter Cherry!
All asleep, all dead?

Enter CHERRY, running.

r. Here, here. Why, d'ye bawl so, father?
I think we have no ears?
You deserve to have none, you young minx.
If the Warrington coach has stood in
any of the streets, and nobody to shew them to their

father; there's neither red-
man behind it.

Go to go to another inn.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

			<i>Men.</i>
AIMWELL,	} <i>Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes</i>	}	Mr. Barrymore.
ARCHER,			Mr. Wroughton.
SULLEN, a Country Blockhead	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.
SIR C. FREEMAN, a Gentleman from London	-	-	Mr. Haymes.
FOIGARD, a French Priest	-	-	Mr. Moody.
GIBBET, a Highwayman	-	-	Mr. Suet.
HOUNSLOW,	} <i>His Companions</i>	}	Mr. Alfred.
BAGSHOT,			Mr. Webb.
BONIFACE, Landlord of the Inn	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
SCRUB, Servant to Mr. Sullen	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
			<i>Women.</i>
LADY BOUNTIFUL, an old civil Country Gentlewoman, that cures all Distempers	-	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
DORINDA, Lady Bountiful's Daughter	-	-	Mrs. Kemble.
MRS. SULLEN, her Daughter-in-law	-	-	Miss Henrey.
GIPSEY	-	-	Miss Tidswell.
CHERRY	-	-	Miss Williams.

COVENT-GARDEN.

			<i>Men.</i>
AIMWELL,	} <i>Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes</i>	}	Mr. Farren.
ARCHER,			Mr. Lewis.
SULLEN, a Country Blockhead	-	-	Mr. Davies.
SIR C. FREEMAN, a Gentleman from London	-	-	Mr. Evat.
FOIGARD, a French Priest	-	-	Mr. Johnstone.
GIBBET, a Highwayman	-	-	Mr. Cubit.
HOUNSLOW,	} <i>His Companions</i>	}	Mr. Rock.
BAGSHOT,			Mr. Milburne.
BONIFACE, Landlord of the Inn	-	-	Mr. Powell.
SCRUB, Servant to Mr. Sullen	-	-	Mr. Quick.
			<i>Women.</i>
LADY BOUNTIFUL, an old civil Country Gentlewoman, that cures all Distempers	-	-	Mrs. Platt.
DORINDA, Lady Bountiful's Daughter	-	-	Mrs. Mountain.
MRS. SULLEN, her Daughter-in-law	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
GIPSEY	-	-	Miss Steward.
CHERRY	-	-	Mrs. Martyr.

SCENE, Litchfield.



THE
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Inn. Enter BONIFACE running.

[Bar-bell rings.]

Boniface.

CHAMBERLAIN, maid, Cherry, daughter Cherry !
All asleep, all dead ?

Enter CHERRY, running.

Cher. Here, here. Why, d'ye bawl so, father ?
Dy'e think we have no ears ?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx
—the company of the Warrington coach has stood in
the hall this hour, and nobody to shew them to their
chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, father ; there's neither red-
coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to-
night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coach shou'd overturn them to-morrow [*Ring.*] Coming : here's the London coach arriv'd.

*Enter several people with trunks, band-boxes, with o
luggage, and cross the stage.*

Bon. Welcome, ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen.—Chamberl:
shew the Lion and the Rose.

[*Exit with the Compe*

*Enter AIMWELL in a riding habit, ARCHER as f
man, carrying a portmanteau.*

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things ; go to the stable, a
see my horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose ?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface, pretty w
known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, Sir——What will your honour please
drink, as the saying is ?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield mu
fam'd for ale : I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of
best ale in Staffordshire : 'tis smooth as oil, sweet
milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and v
be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next Mar
old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale.—Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini—I have liv'd in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir: I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter TAPSTER with a tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see [*filling it out.*] Your worship's health: Ha! delicious, delicious—fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how wou'd we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord.

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its *natural course*, sir; she was for qualify-

ing it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is ; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after ; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her ?

Bon. My lady Bountiful said so—she, good lady, did what could be done ; she cur'd her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off ; but she's happy, and I am contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that lady Bountiful, you mentioned ?

Bon. Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*drinks.*] My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women : her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year ; and I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours ; she cures rheumatisms, ruptures, and broken shins in men : “ green sickness, obstructions, and fits of the mother in women ;” the king's evil, chin-cough, and chilblains in children : in short, she has cured more people in and about Litchfield within ten years, than the doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation ?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter, by Sir Charles, the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune ; she has a son too, by her first husband, 'squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London

*As arm was e'er laid over.
 Such an air
 You freely wear
 To ensnare
 As makes each guest a lover :
 Since then, my dear, I'm your guest,
 Pr'ythee give me of the best
 Of what is ready drest.
 Since then my dear, &c.*

Cher. "What can I think of this man?" [*Aside.*]
 Will you give me that song, sir?

Arch. Ay, my dear, take it while it is warm. [*Kisses her*] Death and fire! her lips are honey-combs.

Cher. And I wish there had been a swarm of bees too, to have stung you for your impudence.

Arch. There's a swarm of cupids, my little Venus, that has done the business much better.

Cher. This fellow is misbegotten as well as I.
 [*Aside,*] What's your name, sir?

Arch. Name! I gad, I have forgot it. [*Aside.*] Oh, Martin.

Cher. Where was you born?

Arch. In St. Martin's parish.

Cher. What was your father?

Arch. Of——of——St. Martin's parish.

Cher. Then, friend, good night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't,

Arch. Upon what?

taking of them, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little : one of 'em lodges in my house.

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. Landlord, there are some French gentlemen below that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em——Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is? [*To Archer.*]

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Bon. Come from London?

Arch. No.

Bon. Going to London, may hap.

Arch. No.

Bon. An odd fellow this! [*Bar-bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. [*Exit.*]

Aim. The course is clear, I see——Now, my dear Archer, welcome to Litchfield.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity! pr'ythee leave canting; you need not change your stile with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, Aimwell, for 'tis still my maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crime so shameful as poverty. Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let 'em bustle: fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

Aim. Upon which topic we proceed, and, I think, luckily hitherto. Would not any man swear now

a man of quality, and you my servant, our intrinsic value were known.——

Come, come, we are the men of intrinsic so can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, worth is independent of accidents in life, or us in government: we have heads to get and hearts to spend it.

As to our hearts, I grant ye they are as wild as any within twenty degrees; but I can have opinion of our heads from the service they do us hitherto, unless it be that they brought London hither to Litchfield, made me a lord, my servant.

That's more than you could expect already. What money have we left?

But two hundred pounds.

And our horses, cloaths, rings, &c. Why, very good fortunes now for moderate people: let me tell you, that this two hundred pounds, by experience that we are now masters of, is a great deal more than the ten thousand we have spent—indeed, indeed, began to suspect that our pockets were empty; but we came off with flying colours, no signs of want either in word or deed.

Ay, and our going to Brussels was a good enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I am sure, our friends imagine that we are gone a long time.

Why 'faith if this project fails, it must be a great loss. I am for venturing one of the hun-

dreds, if you will, upon this knight errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterscap, where we may die as we liv'd, in a blaze.

Aim. With all my heart; and we have liv'd justly, Archer; we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right; so much pleasure for so much money; we have had our penny-worths; and had I millions I would go to the same market again. O London, London! Well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: past pleasures, for ought I know, are best, such as we are sure of: those to come may disappoint us. But you command for the day, and so I submit.—At Nottingham, you know, I am to be master.

Aim. And at Lincoln I again.

Arch. Then, at Norwich I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage? for if we fail there, we'll embark for Holland, bid adieu to Venus, and welcome Mars.

Aim. A match! [*Enter Boniface.*] Mum.

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of beef in the pot, and a pig at the fire.

Aim. Good supper-meat, I must confess—I can't eat beef, landlord.

Arch. And I hate pig.

home this morning at his usual hour of four, wakened me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces. After his man and he had rolled about the room, like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice; his breath hot as a furnace; and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night cap—Oh, matrimony! matrimony!—He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole economy of my bed, leaves me half-naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale his nose.—O, the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!—But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. My head aches consumedly.

Mrs. Sul. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning; it may do your head good?

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, brother?

Sul. Pshaw!

Mrs. Sul. Will you please dress, and go to church with me? the air may help you.

Sul. Scrub!

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. Sir!

C

be gone in half an hour; perhaps I may be your guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your hostler to keep my horses ready saddled: but one thing above the rest, I must beg that you will let this fellow have none of your *anno domini*, as you call it;—for he's the most insufferable sot—Here, sirrah, light me to my chamber.

Arch. Yes, sir. *[Exit, lighted by Archer.]*

Bon. Cherry, daughter Cherry!

Enter CHERRY.

Cher. D'ye call, father.

Bon. Ay, child, you must lay by this box for the gentleman, 'tis full of money.

Cher. Money! is all that money! why sure, father, the gentleman comes to be chosen parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him; he talks of keeping his horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this be spent.

Cher. Ay! ten to one, father, he's a highwayman.

Bon. A highwayman! Upon my life, girl, you have hit it, and this box is some new purchased booty.—Now, could we find him out, the money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our gang.

Bon. What horses have they?

Cher. The master rides upon a black.

Bon. A black! ten to one the man upon the black

mare ; and since he don't belong to our fraternity, we may betray him with a safe conscience. I don't think it lawful to harbour any rogues but my own. Look'ye, child, as the saying is, we must go cunningly to work ; proofs we must have ; the gentleman's servant loves drink, I'll ply him that way ; and ten to one he loves a wench ; you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, would you have me give my secret for his ?

Bon. Consider, child, there's two hundred pounds to boot. [*Ringing without.*] Coming, coming—— Child, mind your business. [*Exit Bon.*]

Cher. What a rogue is my father!—My father ! I deny it——My mother was a good, generous, free-hearted woman, and I can't tell how far her good-nature might have extended for the good of her children. This landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his guest and debauch his daughter into the bargain.——by a footman too !

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. What footman, pray, mistress, is so happy as to be the subject of your contemplation ?

Cher. Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for I'm sure you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had !

Arch. Why then you're but even with me ; for the

and I fancy, sister, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul. I own it; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I could be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious vulgar, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, could I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, sister, but that instead of rousing your husband, by this artifice, to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury?

Mrs. Sul. Let him.—If I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye?

Mrs. Sul. You must assist me.

Dor. What, against my own brother?

Mrs. Sul. He's but half a brother, and I'm your entire friend. If I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me; till then, I expect you should go along with me in every thing. The count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. Sul. You like nothing; your time is not come. Love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other.—You'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye.—But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Inn. Enter AIMWELL dressed, and ARCHER.

I. And was she the daughter of the house?

A. The landlord is so blind as to think so; but
: swear she has better blood in her veins.

I. Why dost think so?

A. Because the baggage has a pert *je-ne-sçay*
she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled
vapours.

I. By which discoveries I guess that you know
of her.

A. Not yet, faith. The lady gives herself airs,
th; nothing under a gentleman.

I. Let me take her in hand.

A. Say one word more o' that, and I'll declare
; spoil your sport there, and every where else.
ye, Aimwell, every man in his own sphere.

I. Right, and therefore you must pimp for your
.

I. In the usual forms, good sir, after I have
myself—But to our business. You are so well
, Tom, and make so handsome a figure that I
you may do execution in a country church; the
r part strikes first, and you're in the right to
hat impression favourable.

There's something in that which may turn
antage. The appearance of a stranger in a

country church, draws as many gazers as a blazing star: no sooner he comes into the cathedral, but a train of whispers runs buzzing round the congregation in a moment.—Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him!—Then I, sir, tips me the verger half a crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the bishop, or the dean, if he be the commanding officer, single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a bleeding by the strength of imagination, and shew the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it; after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for a lover, and, by persuading the lady that I am dying for her, the tables are turned, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, Tom, without a precedent; but instead of rivetting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix them upon a fortune; that's our business at present.

Aim. Pshaw! no woman can be a beauty without a fortune. Let me alone for a marksman.

Arch. Tom!

Aim. Aye!

Arch. When were you at church before, pray?

Arch. Um—I was there at the coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a blessing by going to church now?

Aim. Blessing! Nay, Frank, I ask but for a wife.

[*Exit.*

Arch. Truly, the man is not very unreasonable in his demands. *[Exit at the opposite door.]*

Enter BONIFACE and CHERRY.

Bon. Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought Martin to confess?

Cher. Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a man; I'm but young, you know, father, and don't understand wheedling.

Bon. Young! why, you jade, as the saying is, can any woman wheedle that is not young? Your mother was useless at five and twenty. Would you make your mother a whore, and me a cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you, his silence confesses it, and his master spends his money so freely, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a highwayman.

Enter GIBBET in a cloak.

Gib. Landlord, landlord, is the coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. Gibbet, what's the news?

Gib. No matter, ask no questions, all's fair and honourable; here, my dear Cherry, *[Gives her a bag.]* two hundred sterling pounds, as good as ever hang'd or saved a rogue; lay 'em by with the rest; and here—three wedding—or mourning rings, 'tis much the same, you know. —Here, two silver hilted swords; I took these from fellows that never shew any part of their swords but the hilts. Here is a diamond necklace, which the lady hid in the privatest place

coach, but I found it out. This gold watch I took from a pawnbroker's wife, it was left in her hands by a person of quality, there's the arms upon the case.

Cher. But who had you the money from?

Gib. Ah! poor woman, I pitied her;—from a poor lady just eloped from her husband; she had made up her cargo, and was bound for Ireland, as hard as she could drive; she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so, faith, I left her half a crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear Cherry, I have a present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of a lady's under petticoat pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. Gibbet, do you think that I paint?

Gib. Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm sure the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief—Here, take my cloak, and go secure the premises.

Cher. I will secure 'em.

[*Exit.*]

Bon. But, hark ye, where's Hounslow and Bagshot?

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other gentleman o' the pad on this road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house just now,

Gib. The devil! how d'ye smook 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to church.

Gib. To church! That's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his master's chamber; he pretends to be a servant to the other; we'll call him out, and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

Enter ARCHER combing a perriwig, and singing.

Gib. The roads are consumed deep, I'm as dirty as Old Brentford at Christmas.—A good pretty fellow that; whose servant are you, friend?

Arch. My master's.

Gib. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much.—That fellow has been at the bar, by his evasions:—But pray, sir, what is your master's name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall.—[*Sings and combs the periwig.*] This is the most obstinate curl——

Gib. I ask you his name?

Arch. Name, sir—Tall, all, dall—I never asked him his name in my life—Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a judge. But pray, friend, which way does your master travel?

Arch. A horseback.

Gib. Very well again; an old offender—Right—

But I mean does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, sir—Tall, tall.

Gib. I'm afraid thy fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch—This gentleman is only travelling towards Chester and would be glad of your company, that's all.—Come, captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose; I'll shew you a chamber—Come, captain.

Gib. Farewell, friend—

[*Exeunt.*]

Arch. Captain, your servant.—Captain! a pretty fellow! 'Sdeath! I wonder that the officers of the army don't conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

Enter CHERRY.

Cher. Gone, and Martin here! I hope he did not listen: I would have the merit of the discovery all my own, because I would oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*] Mr. Martin, who was that man with my father?

Arch. Some recruiting serjeant, or whipp'd-out trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find.

[*Aside.*]

Arch. Come, my dear, have you conn'd over the catechise I taught you last night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well, an apt scholar. [*Chucks her under the chin.*] Where does love enter?

Cher. Into the eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the objects of that passion?

Cher. Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

Arch. The reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the third at court.

Arch. That's my dear. What are the signs and tokens of that passion?

Cher. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good child; kiss me——What must a lover do to obtain his mistress?

Cher. He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him!——He must, he must——

Arch. Nay, child, I must whip you, if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his——

Cher. O! aye. He must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruin, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine! Come, my dear; why is love called a riddle?

Cher. Because, being blind, he leads those that see;

and, though a child, he governs a man.

Arch. Mighty well.—And why is love picture blind?

Cher. Because the painters, out of their weakness or the privilege of their art, chose to hide those eyes they could not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little scholar, kiss me again—And why should love, that's a child, govern a man?

Cher. Because that a child is the end of love.

Arch. And so ends love's catechism—And now my dear, we'll go in, and make my master's bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. Martin—you have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what do I think I have learned by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your discourse and your habit are contradictions, and it would be nonsense in me to believe you a footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, sir, nothing in that gallery shall ever tempt me: for though I was born to servitude, I hate it.—Own your condition, swear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we shall go make my master's bed.

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know then, that I am born gentleman, my education was liberal; but I went to London a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers who stript me of my money, my friend

disowned me, and now my necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my hand——promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thousand pounds.

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand pounds that I have this minute in my own custody; so throw of your livery this instant, and I'll go find a parson.

Arch. What said you? a parson.

Cher. What! Do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no, but—two thousand pounds you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?—But harkye, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your own hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I would marry you, but——

Cher. O, sweet sir, I'm your humble servant, you're fairly caught. Would you persuade me that any gentleman who could bear the scandal of wearing a livery, would refuse two thousand pounds, let the condition be what it would—No, no, sir—But I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect that I ought to pay to you.

[*Going.*]

Arch. Fairly bit, by Jupiter!—Hold, hold! and have you actually two thousand pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free; and be assured that I have discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will.—In the mean while be satisfied, that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you; but beware of my father.— [Exit]

Arch. So—we're like to have as many adventures in our inn, as Don Quixote had in his.—Let me see—two thousand pounds! If the wench would promise to die when the money were spent, i'gad, one would marry her; but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live——Lord knows how long! Then an inn-keeper's daughter! Aye, that the devil—there my pride brings me off.

*For whatsoe'er the sages charge on pride,
The angels fall, and twenty faults beside;
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
Pride saves man oft, and woman too, from falling.*

[Exit]

ACT III. SCENE I.

**BOUNTIFUL's House. Enter Mrs. SULLEN
and DORINDA.**

Mrs. Sullen.

a, ha, my dear sister! let me embrace thee,
are friends, indeed; for I shall have a secret
as a pledge for mine—Now you'll be good
nothing, I shall have you conversable in the
of the sex.

But do you think that I am so weak as to fall
with a fellow at first sight?

Sul. Pshaw! now you spoil all; why should
be as free in our friendships as the men? I
t you, the gentleman has got to his confidant
, has avowed his passion, toasted your health,
you ten thousand angels, has run over your
yes, neck, shape, air, and every thing, in a
tion that warms their mirth to a second enjoy-

Your hand, sister: I a'n't well.

Sul. So—she's breeding already—Come, child,
h it—hem a little—so—Now tell me, don't you
e gentleman that we saw at church just now?

The man's well enough.

Sul. Well enough! Is he not a demi-god, a
us, a star, the man i' the moon?

D ij

Dor. O, sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. Sul. Shall I send to your mother, child, for a little cephalic plaister to put to the soles of your feet? Or shall I send to the gentleman for something for you?—Come, unbosom yourself—the man is perfectly a pretty fellow; I saw him when he first came into church.

Dor. I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

Mrs. Sul. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward coquet behaviour, no air to set him off, no studied looks, nor artful posture,—but nature did it all——

Mrs. Sul. Better and better—One touch more—Come——

Dor. But then his looks—did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, I did—his eyes; well, what of his eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wand'ring; they seemed to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me—and then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aimed to tell me, that he cou'd with pride die at my feet, though he scorned slavery any where else.

Mrs. Sul. The physic works purely.—How d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

Dor. Hem! Much better, my dear—Oh, here comes our Mercury!

SCRUB.

Dor. W

t news of the gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole packet of news.

Dor. Open it quickly ; come.

Scrub. In the first place, I enquired who the gentleman was ? They told me he was a stranger. Secondly, I asked what the gentleman was ? They answered and said, that they never saw him before. Thirdly, I enquired what countryman he was ? They reply'd, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came ? Their answer was, they cou'd not tell. And fifthly, I asked whither he went ? And they reply'd, they knew nothing of the matter. —And this is all I could learn.

Mrs. Sal. But what do the people say ? Can't they guess ?

Scrub. Why some think he's a spy, some guess he's a mountebank, some say one thing, some another ; but for my own part, I believe he's a jesuit.

Dor. A jesuit ! why a jesuit ?

Scrub. Because he keeps his horses always ready saddled, and his footman talks French.

Mrs. Sal. His footman !

Scrub. Ay, he and the count's footmen were gabbering French like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond ; and I believe they talked of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of livery has the footman ?

Scrub. Livery ! Lord, madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizen'd with lace ; and then he has tops to his shoes, up to his mid-leg, a silver headed

cane dangling at his knuckles:—he carries his hat in his pockets, and walks just so—[*Walks in a Free air.*] and has a fine long perriwig ty'd up in a l—Lord, madam, he's clear another sort of a man than

Mrs. Sul. That may easily be.—But what shall we do now, sister?

Dor. I have it—This fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning; the first hides the latter by abundance.—*Scrub.*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, madam, it would be a satisfaction, doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with the footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you're butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs. Sul. O brave sister! o' my conscience you understand the mathematics already.—'Tis the best plot in the world! Your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be got to the house with his scoundrels, and the house will be all our own—so we drop in by accident, and ask the butler a few questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company, and we're glad to take up with the butler in a country dance, and happy if he will do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh, madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your ladyship the favour in my life.

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. Ladies, dinner's upon table.

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuse your waiting.——Go where we order'd you.

Scrub. I shall.

SCENE II.

Changes to the Inn. Enter AIMWELL and ARCHER.

Arch. Well, Tom, I find you're a marksman.

Aim. A marksman! who so blind could be as not discern a swan among the ravens?

Arch. Well, but heark'e, Aimwell.

Aim. Aimwell! call me Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. Oh, Archer! I read her thousands in her looks; she look'd like Ceres in her harvest; corn, wine, and oil, milk, honey, gardens, groves, and purling streams, play'd on her plenteous face.

Arch. Her face! her pocket, you mean! the corn, wine, and oil lie there. In short, she has twenty thousand pounds, that's the English on't.

Aim. Her eyes——

Arch. Are demi-cannons, to be sure; so I wo'nt stand their battery. [Going.

Aim. Pray, excuse me, my passion must have vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these romantic airs will do our business? Were my temper

as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantic by half.

Aim. Your adventures!

Arch. Yes.

*The nymph that with her twice ten hundred pounds,
With brazen engine hot, and coif clear starch'd,
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed——*

There's a touch of sublime Milton for you, and the subject but an inn-keeper's daughter. I can play with a girl as an angler does with his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

Enter BONIFACE.

Bon. Mr. Martin, as the saying is——yonder's an honest fellow below, my lady Bountiful's butler, who begs the honour that you would go home with him and see his cellar.

Arch. Do my baise-mains to the gentleman, and tell him I will do myself the honour to wait on him immediately, as the saying is.

Bon. I shall do your worship's commands, as the saying is.

[Exit, bowing obsequiously.]

Aim. What do I hear? soft Orpheus play, and fair Toftida sing!

Arch. Pshaw! Damn your raptures; I tell you here's a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the

hip will get into harbour, my life on't. You say there's another lady very handsome there.

Aim. Yes, faith.

Arch. I'm in love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a bill upon Cherry in the mean time ?

Arch. No, no, friend, all her corn, wine, and oil is ingross'd to my market.——And once more I warn you, to keep your anchorage clear of mine ; for if you fall foul of me, by this light, you shall go to the bottom——What ! make a prize of my little gigate, while I am upon the cruize for you. You're pretty fellow indeed ! [Exit.]

Enter BONIFACE.

Aim. Well, well, 'I won't.——Landlord ; have you any tolerable company in the house ? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arriv'd about an hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his coat are welcome everywhere ; will you make a compliment for me, and tell him I should be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. Who shall I tell him, sir, wou'd——

Aim. Ha ! that stroke was well thrown in——I'm only a traveller, like himself, and would be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your commands, as the saying is. [Exit.]

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. 'Sdeath ! I had forgot ; what title will you give yourself ?

Aim. My brother's, to be sure ; he would never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout.——You know the rest of your cue ?

Arch. Ay, ay.

[*Exit.*

Enter GIBBET.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never saw me before——I hope. [*Aside.*

Aim. And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now.

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman—but my landlord——

Aim. O, sir, I ask your pardon, you're the captain he told me of.

Gib. At your service, sir.

Aim. What regiment, may I be so bold ?

Gib. A marching regiment, sir ; an old corps.

Aim. Very old, if your coat be regimental. [*Aside.* You have serv'd abroad, sir ?

Gib. Yes, sir, in the plantations, 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service ; I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a man of honour, you know——Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I shou'd be abroad——Any thing for the good of one's country——I'm a Roman for that.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my life. [*Aside.*] You found the West Indies very hot, sir.

Gib. Ay, sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, sir, ha'nt I seen your face at Will's Coffee house?

Gib. Yes, sir, and at White's too.

Aim. And where's your company now, captain?

Gib. They an't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect them here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the country.—The devils in't if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about. [*Aside.*

Aim. Is your company to quarter at Litchfield?

Gib. In this house, sir.

Aim. What, all?

Gib. My company is but thin, ha, ha, ha! we are but three, ha, ha, ha!

Aim. You're merry, sir?

Gib. Ay, sir, you must excuse me. Sir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling. I don't care, sir, for answering questions directly upon the road—for I generally ride with a charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are highwaymen upon this quarter; not, sir, that I could suspect a gentleman of your figure—but truly, sir, I have got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

Aim. Your caution may be necessary——Then I

presume you're no captain.

Gib. Not I, sir; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish enquiries that are generally made about gentlemen that travel: it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient—And thus far I am a captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, sir, what is your true profession?

Gib. O, sir, you must excuse me—upon my word, sir, I don't think it safe to tell you.

Aim. Ha, ha! upon my word, I commend you.

Enter BONIFACE.

Well, Mr. Boniface, what's the news?

Bon. There's another gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were but two, would be glad to make the third man, if you'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A clergyman, as the saying is.

Aim. A clergyman! Is he really a clergyman? or is it only a travelling name, as my friend the captain has it?

Bon. O, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the French officers in town.

Aim. Is he a Frenchman?

Bon. Yes, sir, born at Brussels.

Gib. A Frenchman, and a priest! I won't be in his company, sir; I have a value for my reputation, sir.

Aim. Nay, but captain, since we are by ourselves

he speak English, landlord ?

Very well, sir ? you may know him as the saying is ; he talks Latin ; it does me good to hear him talk Latin.

Then he has been in England before ?

Never, sir, but he's master of languages, as the saying is ; he talks Latin ; it does me good to hear him talk Latin.

Then you understand Latin, Mr. Boniface.

Not I, sir, as the saying is ; but he talks it very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Pray desire him to walk up.

Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter FOIGARD.

Save you, gentlemens bote.

A Frenchman ! sir, your most humble ser-

Och, dear joy, I am your most faithful shepherd and yours also.

Doctor, you talk very good English, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner.

My English is very well for the words, but the foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues to the pronunciation so soon.

A foreigner ! a downright Teague, by this [*Aside.*] Were you born in France, doctor ?

I was educated in France, but I was borned in Spain : I am a subject of the king of Spain, joy.

What king of Spain, sir ? Speak.

Upon my shoulder, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

E

Aim. Nay, captain, that was too hard upon the doctor, he's a stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear joy, I'm of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

Aim. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute—
Here, landlord, is dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the table, as the saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen—pray—that door.——

Bon. No, no, fait, the captain must lead.

Aim. No, doctor, the church is our guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is— [Exit foremost, they follow.]

SCENE III.

Changes to a gallery in Lady BOUNTIFUL's House. Enter ARCHER and SCRUB singing, and hugging one another; SCRUB with a tankard in his hand, GIPSEY listening at a distance.

Scrub. Tall, all, dall—Come, my dear boy—
let's have that song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the family—but
will you be sure to keep the secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough—You must know then, that
my master is the lord viscount Aimwell; he fought a
duel t'other day in London, wounded his man so dan-
gerously that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears
whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not:

he never was in this part of
chose to retire to this place,

Gip. And that's enough for

Scrub. And where were
fought?

Arch. We never know of

Scrub. No! if our masters
ceive a challenge, the first
their wives; the wife tells t
alarm the tenants, and in hal
the whole country up in arm

Arch. To hinder two men
have no mind for——But i
talk, now, of this business?

Scrub. Talk! ah, sir, ha
of holding my tongue, I ha
great family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure
families.

Scrub. Secrets, O Lud!—
Come, sit down, we'll mak
Here——

Arch. With all my hear
and I may come to be be
Here's your lady's health
and to be sure there must

Scrub. Secrets! Ah!
had a friend.——

Arch. Am I not your
will be sworn brothers.



Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this minute——Give me a ki
And now, brother Scrub——

Scrub. And, now, brother Martin, I will tell
a secret that will make your hair stand an end.
You must know, that I am consumedly in love

Arch. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth

Scrub. That jade, Gipse, that was with me
now in the cellar, is the errantest whore that
wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her

Arch. Ha, ha, ha!——Are you in love with
person, or her virtue, brother Scrub?

Scrub. I should like virtue best, because it's
durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with
women, long and many a day after they have

Arch. In the country, I grant ye, where a
man's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a bastard, I
have her all to myself; but I dare not put it
that lay, for fear of being sent for a soldier-
brother, how do you gentlemen in London like
same pressing act?

Arch. Very ill, brother Scrub——'Tis the
that ever was made for us; formerly, I remember
the good days when we could dun our masters
our wages, and if they refused to pay us, we
have a warrant to carry 'em before a justice; but
if we talk of eating, they have a warrant for us
carry us before three justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of

for the justices won't
example. Now this
speak in the house, &
about like a fury——
the staff.

Arch. And how can

Scrub. Why, the n
priest.

Arch. A priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damr
that came over hither
cers, and eat up ou
day goes over his hea
this house.

Arch. How came he

Scrub. Because he
here all his life, and
veller from his cradle

Arch. And this pri
the affections of your

Scrub. Converted!
friend—for I'm afraid
a papist—But this is
and Mrs. Sullen, they
private end of their

Arch. A very hoped
I suppose the maiden

Scrub. Not that I k
that's the truth on't:
my curiosity, by giv



am a perfect slave :—What dye think is my place in this family ?—

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help your silly head !—I'll tell you—Of a Monday I drive the coach ; of a Tuesday I drive the plough ; on Wednesday I follow hounds ; on Thursday I dun the tenants ; on Friday I go to market ; on Saturday I draw warrants ; on Sunday I draw beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha ! if variety be a pleasure in you have enough on't, my dear brother—But what ladies are those ?

Scrub. Ours, ours ; that upon the right hand Mrs. Sullen, and the other Mrs. Dorinda—Don't mind 'em, sit still, man—

Enter Mrs. SULLEN and DORINDA.

Mrs. Sul. I have heard my brother talk of my brother Aimwell, but they say that his brother is the gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, sister.

Mrs. Sul. He's vastly rich, and very close, they

Dor. No matter for that ; if I can creep into his heart, I'll open his breast, I warrant him : I have heard say, that people may be guess'd at by the haviour of their servants ; I could wish we might do that fellow.

Mrs. Sul. So do I ; for I think he's a very good fellow : come this way ; I'll throw out a lure for him presently.

[*They walk a turn to the*
Sullen drops her fan,
gives it to her.

Arch. Corn, wine, and
the wife has the greatest
she should be my choice-
dam—your ladyship's f

Mrs. Sul. O sir, I tha
some bow the fellow mad

Dor. Bow! Why, I ha
come down from London
masters, and carry off the

Arch. [*aside.*] That pro
been better than ours—B
introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is t
vant that you saw at chur
came from London, and s
that he might shew me the
my knives.

Dor. And I hope you

Arch. O yes, madam;
ladyship's liquor is a littl
tion of your humble serv

Mrs. Sul. What, then

Arch. No, madam, my
little wine and water; 't
sician, for a remedy agai

Scrub. O la! O la!

Mrs. Sul. I thought th
proper to people of qual



Arch. Madam, like all other fashions, it wears out and so descends to their servants; tho' in a great many of us, I believe it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the fellow talks!—How long pray, have you serv'd your present master?

Arch. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. Sul. And pray, which service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. Sul. That flight was above the pitch of livery: and, sir, would not you be satisfied to serve a lady again?

Arch. As groom of the chambers, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. Sul. I suppose you serv'd as footman before

Arch. For that reason I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London: my Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one morning, and told me, Martin, go to my Lady Allnight with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the prelimina

ries of the affair she
the concurrence of t
which there are circu
accommodate at the
time there is a person
several hints and sur
time to the disappoi
things, that to her l
ance——

Mrs. Sul. } Ha, ha
Dor. }

Arch. Why, I ha'n

Scrub. I should no

Arch. The whole,
hour long; so happy
and was turned off, a

Dor. The pleasant
But, friend, if your r
you still serve a lady

Arch. No, madam,
a married family, the
mistress are always so
to please both.

Dor. There's a ma
married, I find.

Mrs. Sul. But I w
good services, you ha
for you?

Arch. I don't kno
well as I am.



Mrs. Sul. Something for a pair of gloves.

[Offering him money]

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused. My master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands. [Exit

Scrub. Brother Martin, brother Martin.

Arch. What do you say, brother Scrub?

Scrub. Take the money, and give it to me.

[Exeunt Archer and Scrub]

Dor. This is surprising. Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred fellow.

Mrs. Sul. The devil take him for wearing the livery.

Dor. I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, friend of my lord's, that his lordship has pitch'd upon for his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him company in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his second.

Mrs. Sul. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so—For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the count?

Mrs. Sul. The count happened to be the most agreeable man upon the place; and so I chose him to serve me in my design upon my husband—But I should like this fellow better in a design upon myself.

Dor. But now, sister, for an interview with the lord, and this gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. Sul. Patience! you country ladies give

quarter, "if 'once you be entered."—Would you revert their desires, and give the fellows no wishing me?—Look'e, Dorinda, if my lord Aimwell loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way to see you, and here we must leave it—My business comes now upon the tapis—Have you prepared your brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sul. And how did he relish it?

Dor. He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promised to be guided by me—but here he comes—

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. What singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. Sul. The singing in your head, my dear; you complained of it all day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. Sul. I was ever so, since I became one flesh with you.

Sul. One flesh; rather two carcasses joined unnaturally together.

Mrs. Sul. Or rather, a living soul coupled to a dead body.

Dor. So, this is fine encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my wife shews what you must do.

Mrs. Sul. And my husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath! why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sul. 'Sdeath! why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sul. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, heark'e—[*Whispers.*] I shan't be home till it be late. [Exit.

Mrs. Sul. What did he whisper to ye?

Dar. That he would go round the back way, come into the closet, and listen as I directed him.—But let me beg once more, dear sister, to drop this project: for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sul. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. Away. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter DORINDA, meeting Mrs. SULLEN and Lady BOUNTIFUL.

Dorinda.

NEWS, dear sister, news, news!

Enter ARCHER running.

Arch. Where, where is my lady Bountiful?—Pray which is the old lady of you three!

L. Boun. I am.

Arch. O, madam, the fame of your ladyship's charity, goodness, benevolence, skill, and ability, have drawn me hither to implore your ladyship's help in

behalf of my unfortunate master, who is this moment breathing his last.

L. Boun. Your master ! where is he ?

Arch. At your gate, madam : drawn by the appearance of your handsome house to view it nearer, and walking up the avenue, he was taken ill of a sudden, with a sort of I know not what : but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. Boun. Here, Scrub, Gipse, all run, get my easy-chair down stairs, put the gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your ladyship for this charitable act.

L. Boun. Is your master used to these fits.

Arch. O yes, madam, frequently.—I have known him have five or six of a night.

L. Boun. What's his name ?

Arch. Lord, madam, he's a dying : a minute's care or neglect, may save or destroy his life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor gentleman ! Come, friend, shew me the way, I'll see him brought in myself.

[Exit with Archer.

Dor. O, sister, my heart flutters about strangely, I can hardly forbear from running to his assistance.

Mrs. Sul. And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it. Did not I tell you that my lord would find a way to come at you ? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physician ; put on all your charms, summon all your fire into your

plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

Dor. O, sister, I'm but a young gunner; I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

Mrs. Sul. Never fear; you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear sister, you have missed your mark so unfortunately, that I sha'nt care for being instructed by you.

Enter AIMWELL in a chair, carried by ARCHER and SCRUB, Lady BOUNTIFUL, GIPSEY; AIMWELL counterfeiting a swoon.

L. Boun. Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops—Gipsey, a glass of fair water, his fit's very strong—Bless me how his hands are clench'd!

Arch. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? Why don't you help us?—Pray, madam, [*To Dorinda.*] take his hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head. [*Dorinda takes his hand.*]

Dor. Poor gentleman!—Oh—he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully—

L. Boun. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. O, madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these cases.—He'll bite you, if you don't have care.

Dor. Oh, my hand! my hand!

L. Boun. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open, you see, with a great deal of ease.

AB IV.

Arch.

somewh
of it dr

Mrs.

these so

Arch.

bled wit
this min

Mrs. S

you.

L. Bou

Arch.

L. Bou

Arch.

L. Bou

Arch.

den touc

first he o

or pleas

L. Bou

should n

—he rec

burn unc

ples—O,

—Gip

Dor. I

Aim. V

Sure I h

And nov



Behold the goddess of those happy plains,
Fair Proserpine—Let me adore thy bright divinity.

[*Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her hand.*]

Mrs. Sul. So, so, so, I knew where the fit would end.

Aim. Eurydice perhaps—

How could thy Orpheus keep his word,
And not look back on thee?

No treasure but thyself could sure have brib'd him
To look one minute off thee.

L. Boun. Delirious, poor gentleman!

Arch. Very delirious, madam, very delirious.

Aim. Martin's voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my lord.—How does your lordship?

L. Boun. Lord! did you mind that, girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good hands, sir.—You were taken just now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by this good lady's house; her ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to your self, as you see—

Aim. I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I can now only beg pardon—and refer my acknowledgments for your ladyship's care, till an opportunity offers of making some amends.—I dare to be no longer troublesome.—Martin, give two guineas to the servants. [*Going.*]

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the air; you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

[*Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in dumb show.*]

AE IV.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Aim. That I shall never be, madam; my present illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry my grave.

L. Boun. Come, sir, your servant has been tell me that you're apt to relapse, if you go into the air. Your good manners sha'n't get the better of ours—You shall sit down again, sir—Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies in the country—Here, sir, my service t'ye—You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making. [*Aimwell drinks.*] Drink it off, sir.—And how d'ye find yourself now, sir?

Aim. Somewhat better—tho' very faint still.

L. Boun. Ay, ay, people are always faint after those fits. Come, girls, you shall shew the gentleman the house: 'tis but an old family building, sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the air:—but you'll find some tolerable pictures.—Dorinda, shew the gentleman the way. [*Exit.*] I must go to the poor woman below.

Dor. This way, sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait on you, for he understands pictures very well.

Mrs. Sull. Sir, we understand originals as well as he does pictures, so he may come along.

[*Exeunt Dorinda, Mrs. Sullen, Archer.* *Aimwell leads Dorinda.*

Enter FOIGARD and SCRUB meeting.

Foig. Save you, master Scrub.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a priest, I abhor the French, and I defy the devil.—Sir, I am a bold Briton, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

Foig. Master Scrub, you would put me down in politics, and so I would be speaking with Mrs. Gipsy.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's—dead two months ago, sir.

Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. How now, impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the doctor? Pray, sir, don't take it ill; for the common people of England are not so civil to strangers, as—

Scrub. You lie, you lie—'tis the common people, such as you are, that are civilest to strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out, I say.

Scrub. I won't.

Gip. You won't, sauce-box—Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night?

Scrub. The captain! ah, the devil! there she hampers me again;—the captain has me on one side, and the priest on t'other—So, between the gown and sword, I have fine time on't.

[Going.]

Gip. What, sir

Scrub. No, my

—And I'll mal

Gip. Indeed, d
rously treated, th

Foig. Ah, Mrs
his complainings
bones, and move
he weeps, and he
and he laughs, ar
clusion, joy, he's
ger would not k
him.

Gip. What wou

Foig. Noting,]
Sullen's closet, w

Gip. Nothing !
a sin and a shame

Foig. Here an
shame ; and I wil

Gip. But won't

Foig. Dat is ac
receive the mon
bribe : but if you
a gratification.

Gip. Well, doc
must I do with n

Foig. Leave di
gra ; and your co



Gip. But should I put the count into the closet—

Foig. Vell, is dere any shin for a man's being in a closhet? One may go to prayers in a closhet.

Gip. But if the lady should come into her chamber, and go to bed?

Foig. Vell, and is dere any shin in going to-bed, joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the parties should meet, doctor?

Foig. Vel den—the parties must be responsible.—Do you begone after putting the count into the closet; and leave the shins wid themselves.—I will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

Gip. Well, doctor, your religion is so pure—"Me thinks I'm so easy after an absolution, and can sin afresh with so much security," that I'm resolved to die a martyr to't—Here's the key of the garden door; come in the back way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whiper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count, and follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here? There's twenty Lewidores; I heard that, and saw the purse: but I must give room to my betters.

Enter Mrs. SULLEN and ARCHER.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, sir, [*To Archer.*] how d'ye like that piece?

'tis Leda—You find, madam, how Jupiter
'd to make love——

Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner

madam, 'tis poor Ovid in his *exile*.

What was he banish'd for?

ambitious love, madam. [*Bowing.*] His
duches me.

Was he successful in his amours?

ere he has left us in the dark——He was
gentleman to tell.

If he were secret, I pity him.

ie were successful, I envy him.

How d'ye like that Venus over the chim-

us! I protest, madam, I took it for your
t, now I look again, 'tis not handsome

Oh, what a charm is flattery! If you
ny picture, there it is, over the cabinet—
ie it?

ust admire any thing, madam, that has
emblance of you.—But, methinks, ma-
ks at the picture and Mrs. Sullen, three or
turns.] Pray, madam, who drew it?

A famous hand, sir.

[*Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.*
amous hand, madam!—Your eyes, in-
atured here; but where's the sparkling
ining fluid, in which they swim? The
ed, has your dimples; but where's the

swarm of killing Cupids that should ambush there? The lips too are figured out; but where's the carnation dew, the pouting ripeness, that tempts the taste in the original?

Mrs. Sul. Had it been my lot to have match'd with such a man!

[*Aside.*

Arch. Your breasts too, presumptuous man! what! paint Heaven! A-propos, madam, in the very next picture is Salmoneus, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate Jove's thunder; I hope you serv'd the painter so, madam.

Mrs. Sul. Had my eyes the power of thunder, they should employ their lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest bed in that room, madam; I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bed-chamber.

Mrs. Sul. And what then, sir?

Arch. I think the quilt is the richest that I ever saw—I can't at this distance, madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery. Will you give me leave, madam?

Mrs. Sul. The devil take his impudence—Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not be rude. I have a great mind to try——[*Going, returns.*]
'Sdeath! what am I doing!—And alone too!—Sister, sister!

Arch. I'll follow her close——

For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,

A Briton sure may well the work perform. [*Going.*

Enter SCRUB.

Scrub. Martin! Brother Martin!

Arch. O brother Scrub, I beg your pardon, I was not a going: here's a guinea my master order'd you.

Scrub. A guinea! hi, hi, hi, a guinea! eh—by this light it is a guinea; but I suppose you expect twenty shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for Gipsev.

Scrub. A guinea for her! Fire and faggot for the witch—Sir, give me that guinea; and I'll discover a plot.

Arch. A plot!

Scrub. Ay, sir, a plot, a horrid plot—First, it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't: secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't: thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's French gold in't: and fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother Scrub.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery, and a riddle—This I know, that here has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other, and Gipsev has sold herself to the devil; I saw the price paid down; my eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about Gipsev?

Scrub. That's not all; I could hear but a word here and there; but I remember they mentioned a count, a closet, a back-door, and a key.

Arch. The count! did you hear nothing of Mrs. Sullen?

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way: but whether it was Sullen or Dorinda, I could not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody, brother?

Scrub. Told! No, sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one word, pro nor con, till we have a peace.

Arch. You're i' th' right, brother Scrub. Here's a treaty a-foot between the count and the lady.—The priest and the chamber-maid are plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty. Where's the doctor now?

Scrub. He and Gipsev are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

Aim. [*From without.*] Martin, Martin!

Arch. I come, sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forget the other guinea, brother Martin.

Arch. Here, I give it with all my heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my soul. [*Exeunt severally.*] I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. Gipsev: and if you should set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mrs. SULLEN and DORINDA, meeting.

Mrs. Sul. Well, sister.

Dor. And well, sister.

Mrs. Sul. What's become of my lord?

Dor. What's become of his servant?

ACT IV.

BE

Mrs. Sul. Servant
finer gentleman, by

Dor. O my conscience
fellow at the gallop

Mrs. Sul. O my
could put a friend

Dor. You desir'd
transgress'd the border

Mrs. Sul. Thou dost
dost mean? You call
bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find
thought; while the
blood, it must cost
penny.

Mrs. Sul. How a
prove a woman! V
You never spoke but

Dor. Because I
has told me that
any of my sex; and
is sincere.

Mrs. Sul. You're
life of a woman, and
I'll lay you a guinea
than you had.

Dor. Done.—W

Mrs. Sul. My fel

mine.

Dor. But my lov

Mrs. Sul. Common cant! Had my spark call'd Venus directly, I should have believed him to footman in good earnest,

Dor. But my lover was upon his knees to me

Mrs. Sul. And mine was upon his tiptoes to

Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. Sul. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my hand ten thousand times

Mrs. Sul. Mine has all that pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sul. Mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine offered marriage.

Mrs. Sul. O Lard! D'ye call that a moving th

Dor. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my sister:—Why, my twenty thousand pounds m brooding here these seven years, and hatch nothing last but some ill-natur'd clown like yours:—why if I marry my lord Aimwell, there will be title, and precedence, the park, the play, and the drawing room, splendour, equipage, noise, and flambeau! Hey, my lady Aimwell's servants there—Lights, to the stairs—My lady Aimwell's coach forward—Stand by; make room for her ladyship! Are not these things moving? What, melancholy a sudden!

Mrs. Sul. Happy, happy sister! Your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine slept regardless of his charge—Long smiling years circling joys for you; but not one hour for me

[

ACT IV. BE.

Dor. Come, my

Mrs. Sul. O Do
of my sex, a gentle
“ing to soft desir
“and all his train
apartment of my
to lie in?

Dor. Meaning y

Mrs. Sul. Husb
soft a name for hi
here to-night or t
my father marry'd
make me easy.

Dor. Will you
in the mean time

Mrs. Sul. You
us as among the
greatest cowards:
spirits evaporate in
chief if they took
fess the truth, I d
him drest as he sh
be——Look'e, si
——I can't swear
though I can safe
much as the best

Enter AIM

Arch. And the
therly old gentlev

Aim. And the coming easiness of the young one.—
‘Sdeath, ’tis a pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can’t stop, for I love her to distraction.

Arch. ‘Sdeath, if you love her a hair’s breadth beyond discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at White’s, Tom’s, or Will’s, “and be stinted to bare looking at our old acquaintance, the cards, because our impotent pockets can’t afford us a guinea for the mercenary drabs; and ten thousand such rascally tricks——had we out-liv’d our fortunes among our acquaintance”——But now——

Arch. Aye, now is the time to prevent all this.—Strike while the iron is hot.—This priest is the luckiest part of our adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

“*Aim.* But I should not like a woman that can be so fond of a Frenchman.

“*Arch.* Alas, sir, necessity has no law; the lady may be in distress.” But if the plot lies as I suspect—I must put on the gentleman.—But here comes the doctor. I shall be ready. [Exit.

Enter FOIGARD,

Foig. Save you, noble friend.

Aim. O sir, your servant. Pray, doctor, may I crave your name?

Foig. Fat naam is u
joy.

Aim. Foigard ! a ve
Pray, doctör Foigard,

Foig. Ireland ! no,
saam Ireland ? Dey sa
when dey are young.

Aim. And some of
as for example—[*Tak*
I arrest you as a tra
you're a subject of En
ed me a commission,
lain in the French arr
and your reverence m

Foig. Upon my sho
news you tell me ; fac
land ! the son of a bu
of England ! Ubooboi

Aim. The son of
your tongue will conc
the kingdom.

Foig, And is my to

Aim. That's enoug

Foig. No, no, joy,
no more.

Aim. Sir, I have
tin, you know this fe

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. [*In a brogue.*] Saave you, my dear cussen, how does your health?

Foig. Ah! upon my shoul dere is my countryman, and his brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynhere, Ich wet neat watt hey zacht, Ich Universton ewe neat, sacramant.*

Aim. Altering your language won't do, sir; this fellow knows your person, and will swear to your face.

Foig. Faash! Fey, is dere brogue upon my faash too?

Arch. Upon my soulvation dere ish, joy—But, cussen Mackshane, vill you not put a remembrance upon me?

Foig. Mackshane! by St. Paatrick, dat is my naame shure enough. [*Aside.*]

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have it.

Foig. The devil hang you, joy—By fat acquaintance are you my cussen?

Arch. O, de devil hang yourshelf, joy; you know we were little boys togeder upon de school, and your foster-moder's son was marry'd upon my nurse's shister, joy, and so we are Irish cussens.

Foig. De devil take de relation! Vel joy, and fat school was it?

Arch. I think it was—Aay—'twas Tipperary.

Foig. Now, upon my shoul, joy, it was Kilkenny.

Aim. That's enough for us—Self confession—

Come, sir, we must deliver you into the hands of the next magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to gaol, you're try'd next assizes, and away you go swing into purgatory.

Foig. And is it so wid you, cussen?

Arch. It vil be so vid you, cussen, if you don't immediately confess the secret between you and Mrs. Gipsy—Look'ee, sir, the gallows or the secret, take your choice.

Foig. The gallows! Upon my shoul I hate that shame gallows, for it is a diseashe dat is fatal to our family—Vel, den, there is noting, shentlemens, but Mrs. Sullen wou'd speak wid de count in her chamber at midnight, and dere is no harm, joy, for I am to conduct the count to de plaash myself.

Arch. As I guess'd—Have you communicated the matter to the count?

Foig. I have not sheen him since.

Arch. Right agen; why then, doctor,—you shall conduct me to the lady instead of the count.

Foig. Fat, my cussen to the lady! Upon my shoul, gra, dat's too much upon the brogue.

Arch. Come, come, doctor, consider we have got a rope about your neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your wind-pipe, most certainly; we shall have another job for you in a day or two, I hope.

Am. Here's company coming this way; let's into my chamber, and there concert our affairs farther.

Arch. Come, my dear cussen, come along.

Foig. Arra, the devil taake our relashion. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BONIFACE, HOUNSLOW, and BAGSHOT, at one door, GIBBET at the opposite.

Gib. Well, gentlemen, tis a fine night for our enterprize.

Houns. Dark as hell.

Bag. And blows like the devil ; our landlord here has shew'd us the window where we must break in, and tells us the plate stands in the wainscot cupboard in the parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. Bagshot, as the saying is, knives and forks, cups and cans, tumblers, and tankards — There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon as big as me ; it was a present to the squire from his god-mother, and smells of nutmeg and toast like an East-India ship.

Houns. Then you say we must divide at the stair head.

Bon. Yes, Mr. Hounslow, as the saying is — At one end of the gallery lies my lady Bountiful and her daughter ; and, at the other, Mrs. Sullen — As for the 'squire —

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half seas over already — But such a parcel of scoundrels are got about him there, that, I gad, I was asham'd to be seen in their company.

Bon. 'Tis now twelve, as the saying is — Gentlemen, you must set out at one.

Gib. Hounslow, do you and Bagshot see our arms fix'd, and I'll come to you presently.

ACT IV.

BEAUX

Houns. and Bag. We

Gib. Well, my dear
Scrub is a coward.

Bon. A chicken, as the
creature to deal with be

Gib. And I can assure
deal of address and goo
I am the most a gentleman
led the road—But, my
be a galleon, a Vigo but
shall bring off three or

Bon. In plate, jewels
you may.

Gib. Why then, Tyb
to town, sell off my horse
pretty employment in the
honest as e'er a long ge

Bon. And what thin
Cherry for a wife?

Gib. Look'e my dear
dessa I adore, as the son
that man and wife should
to hang one another; if
have mercy upon them

on't. Besides, sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding may'nt be long enough.

Sul. Look'e, sir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth, but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the county.

Bon. I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a man that I lik'd before.

Bon. Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: Are not man and wife one flesh?

Sir Ch. You and your wife, Mr. Guts, may be one flesh, because you are nothing else—But rational creatures have minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir Ch. Ay, minds, sir. Don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

Sul. In some people.

Sir Ch. Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of the servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow—Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir Ch. Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, “kiss one another,” help one another in all actions of life; but I could not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir Ch. Why don't you part with her, sir?

Sul. Sir, I am an
thousand pounds a year
a cup of ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very

Sul. Ay, sir—And
and smoke one pipe with
my wife, and I had rather

Sir Ch. But I presume
wife to-night, she'll be
to lie with your wife

Sul. What! not lie
take me for an atheist

Sir Ch. If you hate
lie from her.

Sul. I think so too,
of peace, and must do

Sir Ch. Law! As I
serves law for law's sake
for whom it was made

Sul. But if the law
you must lie there, must

Sir Ch. Not unless

Sul. A crime? Oo

Sir Ch. Nay, sir, if
must disown it for a

Sul. Eh!—I must
But, sir, I should be
this matter.

Sir Ch. Truth, sir,
be that dare wade down

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body else with the news.

Cher. No, no, sir ; I wanted to have discover'd the whole plot, and twenty other things, to your man Martin ; but I have search'd the whole house, and can't find him ; where is he ?

Aim. No matter, child ; will you guide me immediately to the house ?

Cher. With all my heart, sir ; my lady Bountiful is my godmother, and I love Mrs. Dorinda so well——

Aim. Dorinda ! the name inspires me ; the glory and the danger shall be all my own.—Come, my life, let me but get my sword. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Changes to the bed-chamber in Lady BOUNTIFUL'S house. Enter Mrs. SULLEN, and DORINDA, undress'd ; a table and lights.

Dor. 'Tis very late, sister ; no news of your spouse, yet ?

Mrs. Sul. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then, perhaps, I may be executed with his company.

Mr. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; I'll go directly to bed, I suppose.

Mrs. Sul. I don't know what to do; hey-ho!

Mr. That's a desiring sigh, sister.

Mrs. Sul. This is a languishing hour, sister.

Mr. And might prove a critical minute, if the right fellow were here.

Mrs. Sul. Here I what in my bed-chamber, at twelve o'clock i'th' morning, I undress'd, the family up, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet—O gad, sister.

Mr. Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow. So, my dear, good night. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Sul. A good rest to my dear Dorinda—Thoughts are free! are they so? Why then, suppose him here, dress'd like a youthful, gay, and winning bridegroom, *[Here Archer steals out of the t.]* with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, and imploring. *[Turns a little on one side, and sees her in the posture she describes.]* Ah! *[Shrieks, runs to the other side of the stage.]* Have my thoughts rais'd a spirit?—What are you, sir, an angel or a devil?

Arch. A man, a man, madam. *[Rising.]*

Mrs. Sul. How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute. *[Takes her hand.]*

Mrs. Sul. What, sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, madam, if you please.

Mrs. Sul. In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the skies, madam—I'm a Jupiter in love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

Mrs. Sul. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the window, madam; your cousin Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus open'd the casement.

Mrs. Sul. I'm struck dumb with admiration.

Arch. And I with wonder. [*Looks passionately at her.*] How beautiful she looks!—the teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face, and when she was conceiv'd her mother smelt to roses, look'd on lilies—

*Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,
When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.*

[*Runs to her.*]

Mrs. Sul. Ah! [*Shricks.*]

Arch. Oons, madam, what do you mean? You'll raise the house.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, I'll wake the dead before I'll bear this.—What! approach me with the freedom of a keeper.—I'm glad on't.—Your impudence has cur'd me.

Arch. If this be impudence, [*Kneels.*] I leave to your partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious, painful voyage, e'er bow'd before his saint with more devotion.

Mrs. Sul. Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. [*Aside.*] Rise, thou prostrate engineer, not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart. Rise, and

ACT V.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

know I am a woman without my sex ; I can love the tenderness of wishes, sighs and tears——But no farther——Still to convince you that I'm more than woman, I can speak my frailty, confess my weakness even for you——But——

Arch. For me !

Mrs. Sul. Hold, sir, build not upon that——for my most mortal hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now——leave me this minute——If he denies, I'm lost.

Arch. Then you'll promise——

Mrs. Sul. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come ?

Mrs. Sul. To-morrow ; when you will.

Arch. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw !

Arch. They must, they must. [Kisses her.] Raptures and paradise ! And why not now my angel ? The time, the place, silence and secrecy all conspire——And now the conscious stars have pre-ordain'd this moment for my happiness.

Mrs. Sul. You will not, cannot, sure.

Arch. If the sun rides fast, and disappoints not mortals of to-morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my joys.

Mrs. Sul. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you.

Mrs. Sul. Thieves, thieves, murder——

[Carrying her off.]

Enter SCRUB, in his breeches, and one shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, thieves, murder, popery !

Arch. Ha ! the very timorous stag will kill
ting time. [*Draws and offers to stab*

Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O pray, sir, spare all I ha
take my life.

Mrs. Sul. [*Holding Archer's hand.*] What c
fellow mean ?

Scrub. O madam, down upon your knee
marrow-bones—he's one of them.

Mrs. Sul. Of whom ?

Scrub. One of the rogues—I beg your
one of the honest gentlemen that just now ar
into the house.

Arch. How !

Mrs. Sul. I hope you did not come to rob m

Arch. Indeed I did, madam ; but I woul
taken nothing but what you might very w
spar'd ; but your crying thieves has wak'd this
ing fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted ! 'tis granted, sir ; take all w

Mrs. Sul. The fellow looks as if he were br
of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, madam, they're broke into the
with fire and sword ; I saw them, heard them,
be here this minute.

Arch. What, thieves !

Scrub. Under favour, sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sul. What shall we do, sir ?

Arch. Madam, I wish your ladyship a good

Mrs. Sul. Will you leave me ?

Arch. Leave you ! Lord, madam, did you no

ACT V.

BEAUX ST

mand me to be gone just
mortal hatred ?

Mrs. Sul. Nay, but pray

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now
vish'd—You see, madam,
or another ; but take thi
that none but a fool will
courage, unless you'll tak
How are they arm'd, frie

Scrub. With sword and

Arch. Hush !—I see a
the gallery—Madam,
you, or lose my life.

Mrs. Sul. Your life ! N
nothing that I value half
sir, let me intreat you to

Arch. No, madam, I'll
the sake of yours ; I'll w
courage enough to stand

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, sin
I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, I
know me ?

Scrub. Eh ? my dear h

Arch. This way—Here

[Archer

Enter GIBBET with a da

pistol

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the



Arch. Convey him into the cellar? there bind him:—take the pistol, and, if he offers to resist, shoot him thro' the head—and come back to us with all the speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, doctor, do you hold him fast, and I'll guard him. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Sul. But how came the doctor?

Arch. In short, madam—[*Shrieking without.*]
'Sdeath! the rogues are at work with the other ladies;—"I'm vex'd I parted with the pistol;" but I must fly to their assistance—Will you stay here, madam, or venture yourself with me?

Mrs. Sul. Oh, dear sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the arm and exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to another apartment in the house. Enter HOUNSLOW dragging in Lady BOUNTIFUL, and BAGSHOT hauling in DORINDA; the rogues with swords drawn.

Houn. Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

Bag. Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

Enter AIMWELL.

Aim. Turn this way, villains! I durst engage an army in such a cause. [*He engages them both.*]

Enter ARCHER *and* Mrs. SULLEN.

Hold, hold, my lord; every man his bird,
*[They engage man to man; the rogues are
 thrown down and disarmed.]*

Will we kill the rogues?

No, we'll bind them.

Yes, ay; here, madam, lend me your garter?

[To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.]

The devil's in this fellow; he fights,
 banters, all in a breath. Here's a cord,
 rogues brought with them, I suppose.

Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to
 himself—Come, my lord,—this is but a scandalous
 office. *[Binding the rogues together.]* If
 affairs should end in this sort of hangman
 hope there is something in prospect that—

Enter SCRUB.

Will you have you secured your Tartar?

Yes, sir, I left the priest and him disputing
 in vain.

And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the
 harvest of the controversy.

Leads the prisoners to Scrub, who leads them out.

Pray, sister, how came my lord here?

And pray, how came the gentleman here?

I'll tell you the greatest piece of villany.

[They talk apart.]

Aim. I fancy, Archer, you have been more successful in your adventures than the house-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal—Press her this minute to marry you—now while she's hurried between the palpitation of her fear and the joy of her deliverance; now while the tide of her spirits is at high flood—throw yourself at her feet, speak some romantic nonsense or other—confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her—The priest is now in the cellar, and dares not refuse to do the work.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observed?

Arch. You a lover! and not find a way to get off.—Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this wound will do the business. I'll amuse the old lady and Mrs. Sul-len about dressing my wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

Enter Lady BOUNTIFUL.

L. Boun. Gentlemen, could we understand how you would be gratified for the services——

Arch. Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments; I'm wounded, madam.

L. Boun. and Mrs. Sul. How, wounded!

Dor. I hope, sir, you have received no hurt!

Aim. None but what you may cure—

[*Makes love in dumb shew.*]

L. Boun. Let me see
some powder-sugar to
ugly gash ; upon my

Arch. Ay, my lady
Madam, [*To Mrs. Sul*
to conduct me to a ch

L. Boun. Do, do, d
and the probe, and th

[*Runs out one wa*

Arch. Come, mada
mother's commands ?

Mrs. Sul. How can
the confidence to ask

Arch. And, if you ;
what is past, have the
not this blood shed in
posed for your prote
none of your romant
monsters for nothing
Swiss ; I am a soldier

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis unge
me with your services

Arch. 'Tis ungene
ward 'em.

Mrs. Sul. How ! at

Arch. Honour ! Ca
tude ? If you would d
like a man of honour
in such a case ?



Enter GIPSEY.

Gip. Madam, my lady ordered me to tell you, that your brother is below, at the gate.

Mrs. Sul. My brother ! Heavens be prais'd !—Sir he shall thank you for your services, he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your brother, madam ?

Mrs. Sul. Sir Charles Freeman. You'll excuse me, sir, I must go and receive him.

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman ! 'Sdeath and hell !—my old acquaintance. Now, unless Aimwell has made good use of his time, all our fair machine goes souse into the sea like the Edystone. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Changes to the gallery in the same house. Enter AIMWELL and DORINDA.

Dor. Well, well, my lord, you have conquered. Your late generous action, will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding ; though I must own, your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

Aim. The sweets of Hybla dwell upon her tongue.
—Here, doctor—

Enter FOIGARD with a book.

Foig. Are you prepared, bote ?

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BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Dor. I'm ready : but first, my lord, I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage—Pray, my lord, consider a little—

Am. Consider ! Do you doubt my honour love ?

Dor. Neither. I do believe you equally brave—And were your whole sex drawn out to chuse, I should not cast a look upon the multitude, if you were absent—But, my lord, I'm a man : colours, concealments may hide a thousand faults in me—Therefore know me better first hardly dare affirm I know myself in any thing except my love.

Am. Such goodness who could injure ? I find myself unequal to the task of villain. She has gained my soul, and made it honest like her own—I cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor retire. [*Exit Foigard.*] Madam, behold your lover and your proselyte, and judge of my passion by my conversion—I'm all a lie, nor dare I give a fiction to your arms ; I'm all a counterfeit, except my passion.

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven ! A counterfeit !
Am. I am no lord, but a poor needy man, come with a mean and scandalous design, to prey upon your fortune :—but the beauties of your mind and person have so won me from myself, that, like a trusty servant, I prefer the interest of my mistress to my own.

Dor. Sure, I have had the dream of some
I ij

“mariner; a sleeping image of a welcome port, and
“wake involv’d in storms.”—Pray, sir, who are
you?

Aim. Brother to the man whose title I usurped,
but stranger to his honour or fortune.

Dor. Matchless honesty!—Once I was proud, sir,
of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that
you want it. Now I can shew my love was justly
levelled, and had no aim but love. Doctor, come in.

*Enter FOIGARD at one door, GIPSEY at another, who
whispers DORINDA.*

Your pardon, sir; we sha’n’t want you now, sir.
You must excuse me—I’ll wait on you presently.

[Exit with Gipsev.

Foig. Upon my shoul, now dis is foolish. *[Exit.*

Aim. Gone! and bid the priest depart—It has an
ominous look.

Enter ARCHER.

Arch. Courage, Tom—shall I wish you joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons! man, what ha’ you been doing?

Aim. O, Archer, my honesty, I fear, has ruin’d me.

Arch. How!

Aim. I have discovered myself.

Arch. Discovered! and without my consent!
What! Have I embark’d my small remains in the
same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all
without my partnership?

117. BEAUFORT

Aim. O, Archer, I

Arch. After con-
viction.—You n-
that you propos'd th-
it—Henceforth I'll
farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear

Arch. Stay! What,
laughed at!—No, I w-
with the worst of the
bear one scornful smil-
once I treated as my e-

Aim. What knight?

Arch. Sir Charles
that I had almost—
cursed night's work,
best on't.

Aim. Freeman!—
have hopes; methoug-
with pleasure.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who

Aim. She consented
dare believe she will

Arch. To herself, I
been.

Aim. By all my
comes.

Enter Dor.

Dor. Come, my d-



to your arms——The minutes of my absence were a tedious year. Where's this priest?

Enter FOIGARD.

Arch. Oons, a brave girl!

Dor. I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

Dor. Come, priest, do your office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste, couple 'em any way
[*Takes Aimwell's hand.*] Come, madam, I'm to give you——

Dor. My mind's altered; I won't.

Arch. Eh——

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my shoul, and so is my shelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, madam?

Dor. Look'e, sir, one generous action deserve another——This gentleman's honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him; in short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true lord viscount Aimwell, and I wish your lordship joy. Now, priest, you may be gone; if my lord is now pleas'd with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

Aim. Archer, what does she mean?

Dor. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter Sir CHARLES and Mrs. SULLEN.

Sir Ch. My dear lord Aimwell, I wish you joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir Ch. Of your ho
 died the day before I l
 have writ after you to
 myself the honour.

Arch. Hearn'e, sir

Sir Ch. 'Tis truth,

Aim. Thanks to the
 accident.

Arch. Thanks to th
 forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to m
 the prize——

Arch. And double
 Freeman. My lord,
 you joy——I'gad, Si
 fellow living——'Sde
 upon this matter—M
 lord. Don't you res
 agreement that entitl
 fortune, which, I thi
 pounds?

Aim. Not a penny
 my throat just now,
 lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll
 deceive her now.

Aim. That's what
 the lady's fortune is



divide stakes; take the twenty thousand pounds, or the lady.

Dor. How! Is your lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, madam, his lordship knows very well that I'll take the money; I leave you to his lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter FOIGARD,

Foig. Arra fait, de people do say you be all robb'd, joy.

Aim. The ladies have been in some danger, sir, as you saw.

Foig. Upon my shoul our inn be robb'd too.

Aim. Our inn! By whom?

Foig. Upon my shalvation, our landlord has robb'd himself, and run away wid de money.

Arch. Robbed himself!

Foig. Ay fait! and me too of a hundred pounds.

Arch. Robb'd you of a hundred pounds!

Foig. Yes, fait honny, that I did owe to him.

Aim. Our money's gone, Frank.

Arch. Rot the money, my wench is gone——

Sçavez vous quelquechose de Mademoiselle Cherry?

Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and Letter.

Fell. Is there one Martin here?

Arch. Ay, ay—who wants him?

Fell. I have a box here, and a letter, for him.

Aim. [Taking the box.] Ha, ha, ha, what's here?

Legerdemain! By this light, my lord, our money again. But this unfolds the riddle. [*Opening the letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum—O, 'tis for the public good, and must be communicated to the company.

Mr. Martin,

My father, being afraid of an impeachment by the rogues that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you can procure him a pardon, he'll make great discoveries that may be useful to the country. Could I have met you instead of your master to-night, I would have deliver'd myself into your hands, with a sum that much exceeds that in your strong box, which I have sent you, with an assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful friend till death,

Cherry Boniface.

There's a billet-doux for you—As for the father, I think he ought to be encouraged; and for the daughter—pray, my lord, persuade your bride to take her into her service instead of Gipsev.

Aim. I can assure you, madam, your deliverance was owing to her discovery.

Dor. Your command, my lord, will do without the obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir Ch. This good company meets opportunely in favour of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister. I intend to part her from her husband—Gentlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! 'Sdeath, who would not?

Foig. Ay, upon my shoul, we'll all ashist.

Enter SULLEN.

Sul. What's all this? They tell me, spouse, that you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. Sul. Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it—— had not these two gentlemen interpos'd.

Sul. How came these gentlemen here?

Mrs. Sul. That's his way of returning thanks, you must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my conscience de question be à-propos for all dat.

Sir Ch. You promis'd last night, sir, that you would deliver your lady to me this morning.

Sul. Humph.

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by Humph? —Sir, you shall deliver her——In short, sir, we have sav'd you and your family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the rogues, join with 'em, and set fire to your house——What does the man mean? Not part with his wife!

Foig. Arra, not part wid your wife! Upon my shoul, de man dosh not understand common shivility.

Mrs. Sul. Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move by consent. Compulsion would spoil us. Let my dear and I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know first, who are to be our judges. ——Pray, sir, who are you?

Sir Ch. I am sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your wife.

Sul. And you, good

Aim. Thomas viscous
your sister.

Sul. And you, pray,

Arch. Francis Arche

Sul. To take away n
men, you're heartily
three more obliging
now, my dear, if you pl
word.

Arch. And the last,

Mrs. Sul. Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. Sul. How long

Sul. By the almanack
my account, fourteen y

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis therea

Foig. Upon my const

Mrs. Sul. Pray, spou

Sul. To get an heir t

Sir Ch. And have yo

Sul. No.

Arch. The condition
dam, what did you mar

Mrs. Sul. To support
strength of his, and to e
able society.

Sir Ch. Are your exp

Mrs. Sul. No.



Foig. Arra, honeys, a clear caase; a clear caase!

Sir Ch. What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. Sul. In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. Sul. I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sul. I hate cocking and racing.

Sul. I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. Sul. Your silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your prating is worse.

Mrs. Sul. Have we not been a perpetual offence to each other—a gnawing vulture at the heart?

Sul. A frightful goblin to the sight.

Mrs. Sul. A porcupine to the feeling.

Sul. Perpetual wormwood to the taste."

Mrs. Sul. Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?

Sul. Yes—to part.

Mrs. Sul. With all my heart.

Sul. Your hand.

Mrs. Sul. Here.

Sul. These hands joined us, these shall part us—
Away——

Mrs. Sul. East.

Sul. West.

Mrs. Sul. North.

Sul. South; far as the poles asunder.

Foig. Upon my shoe

Sir Ch. Now, Mr. Sullen, I'll make your sister's fortune to make

Sul. Sir Charles, you shall not make her fortune; every one

Arch. Then you won't

Sul. Not a stiver.

Arch. What is her portion?

Sir Ch. Twenty thousand pounds.

Arch. I'll pay it.

enabled me, and, if the
with me. This night's
lucky to us all—For cause
made bold, Mr. Sullen,
and has taken out all the
the articles of marriage
leases, receipts to an inventory
him, and will deliver them

“ [Gives him a paper]

Sul. How, my writing
ly. Well, gentlemen, I
I can't talk. If you like
merry, and celebrate my
vorce, you may command
aches consumedly—So

Arch. 'Twould be better
ties is the better plea
couple parted; the original
tasted happiness, and
from an experienced

Both happy in their several states we find;
These parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee;
Consent is law enough to set you free.





•

•

1871

Act IV.

THE GAMESTER.

Scene III.



De Wilde pinxt.

Long scul.

MR. HULL as JARVIS.

Has, Sir! forget your griefs, I let me lead you to her.

London. Prints 3 for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Aug. 4 1732





THE GAMESTER.

A

TRAGEDY,

By MR. EDWARD MOORE.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON :

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Seller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES,

MDCXCII.



RIGHT
HENRY

SIR,

*It was a very fine piece of
silver at the bar, who, a
man, observed that it
of a certain quantity of
silver, cut into circular pieces
image of a king and
with it the necessary
luxuries of life. I'll
country gentleman who
flourishing fool does not
said it in one word, what
implied?*

*Just such a censure as
an address to Mr. Pelham
merits the qualities he
great men are generally
and it is impossible for
Mr. Pelham, without
mind, the virtues of his*



*It is therefore sufficient that I desire his acceptance
of this Play; that I acknowledge the obligations I
owe him, and that I subscribe myself*

His most grateful,

And most obedient servant,

EDW. MOORE.

THE GAMESTER.

Is there be one vice more pernicious than all the rest of the black catalogue which debases humanity, it is that of **GAMING**.—To that pernicious passion this Play is a noble antidote.—The present age is unhappily more distinguished by this than any other pursuit; it infects those most who are to lead in fashion, and subverts every generous quality of our nature in its progress.

He, whose ill-luck and deficiency of resource reduce him to the necessity of trick and deception, when detected, is expelled the company of *honourable* Gamblers, and reduced to gull inferior credulity with the manners of the fashionable, and the artifices of a villain.—By degrees, society is armed against this degraded plunderer—shut out from the haunts which admit *every* description of **RUFFIAN** but his *own*, he is driven to unlicensed depredations upon the highway, and in regular progression of association from the Peer down to the pickpocket, the *gibbet* but finishes what the *hazard-table* began.

If **MOORE**, the Author of the present affecting Tragedy, had done nothing else for mankind, he deserves to rank among the best benefactors to Society of the Republic of Letters.

PROLOGUE.

Written and Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

LIKE fam'd La Mancha's knight, who, lance in hand,
Mounted his steed to free th' enchanted land,
Our Quixote bard sets out a monster taming,
Arm'd at all points, to fight that hydra—Gaming.
Aloft on Pegasus he waves his pen,
And hurls defiance at the caitiff's den :
The first on fancy'd giants spent his rage,
But this has more than windmills to engage.
He combats passion, rooted in the soul,
Whose powers at once delight ye and controul ;
Whose magic bondage each lost slave enjoys,
Nor wishes freedom, though the spell destroys.
To save our land from this magician's charms,
And rescue maids and matrons from his arms,
Our knight poetic comes—And, Oh, ye fair !
This black Enchanter's wicked arts beware !
His subtle poison dims the brightest eyes,
And, at his touch, each grace and beauty dies.
Love, gentleness, and joy, to rage give way,
And the soft dove becomes a bird of prey.
May this our bold advent'rer break the spell,
And drive the dæmon to his native hell.

PROLOGUE.

*passion, and ye dupes of chance,
our pow'rs from this destructive trance!
the shackles of this tyrant vice:
calls than those of cards and dice:
in nobler arts than arts of play,
debts than those of honour pay.
ive insensible to shame,
country, families, and fame.
omantic muse this work achieve,
one honest heart in Britain grieve?
, though wild, would not in vain be made,
nest hand would lend its aid.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

BEVERLEY,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Kemble.
LEWSON,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bensley.
STUKELY,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
JARVIS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
BATES,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Packer.
DAWSON,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.
Waiter,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lyons.

Women.

Mrs. BEVERLEY,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Siddons.
CHARLOTTE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Kemble.
LUCY,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Heard.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

BEVERLEY,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Pope.
LEWSON,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
STUKELY,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
JARVIS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hull.
BATES,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Fearon.
DAWSON,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
Waiter,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Ledger.

Women.

Mrs. BEVERLEY,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
CHARLOTTE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Wells.
LUCY,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Platt.



THE C

ACT

Enter Mrs. BEVER

Mrs.

Be comforted, my dear
now, methinks, the look
ther face. Oh, sister!
hardships; if all I had
than quitting my house,
your pity would be wear

Char. Is poverty not

Mrs. Bev. Nothing in
me. While we had a
the rich: and now 'tis
sistence and my husband
piest of the poor. To
nothing but their master

Char. That I may have

Mrs. Bev. Don't talk

Char. Has he not un-
cious vice of gaming!



of four or five in the morning might have contented him ; 'twas misery enough to wake for him till then. Need he have staid out all night ?——I shall learn to detest him.

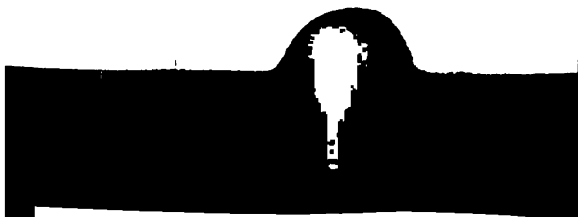
Mrs. Bev. Not for the first fault. He never slept from me before.

Char. Slept from you ! No, no, his nights have nothing to do with sleep. How has this one vice driven him from every virtue !——Nay, from his affections, too !——The time was, sister——

Mrs. Bev. And is. I have no fear of his affections. Would I knew that he were safe !

Char. From ruin and his companions.—But that's impossible. His poor little boy, too ! What must become of him ?

Mrs. Bev. Why, want shall teach him industry. From his father's mistakes he shall learn prudence, and from his mother's resignation, patience. Poverty has no such terrors in it as you imagine. There's no condition of life, sickness and pain excepted, where happiness is excluded. The husbandman, who rises early to his labour, enjoys more welcome rest at night for't. His bread is sweeter to him ; his home happier ; his family dearer ; his enjoyments surer. The sun that rouses him in the morning, set's in the evening to release him. All situations have their comforts, if sweet contentment dwell in the heart. But my poor Beverley has none. The thought of having ruined those he loves, is misery for ever to him. Would I could ease his mind of that !



Char. If he alone were ruined, 'twere just he should be punished. He is my brother, 'tis true ; but when I think of what he has done ; of the fortune you brought him ; of his own large estate too, squandered away upon this vilest of passions, and among the vilest of wretches ! Oh, I have no patience ! My own little fortune is untouched, he says. Would I were sure on't.

Mrs. Bev. And so you may——'twould be a sin to doubt it.

Char. I will be sure on't——'twas madness in me to give it to his management. But I'll demand it from him this morning. I have a melancholy occasion for it.

Mrs. Bev. What occasion ?

Char. To support a sister.

Mrs. Bev. No ; I have no need on't. Take it, and reward a lover with it.——The generous Lewson deserves much more.——Why won't you make him happy ?

Char. Because my sister's miserable.

Mrs. Bev. You must not think so. I have my jewels left yet. I'll sell them to supply our wants ; and when all's gone, these hands shall toil for our support. The poor should be industrious——Why those tears, Charlotte ?

Char. They flow in pity for you.

Mrs. Bev. All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose I shall fetter him in these arms again ; and then what is it to be poor ?

Char. Cure him but of this destructive passion, and my uncle's death may retrieve all yet.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, Charlotte, could we cure him. But the disease of play admits no cure but poverty; and the loss of another fortune would but increase his shame and his affliction. Will Mr. Lewson call to-morrow?

Char. He said so last night. He gave me his word, too, that he had suspicions of our friend Stukely.

Mrs. Bev. Not of treachery to my husband? Though he loves play, I know, but surely he's honest.

Char. He would fain be thought so; therefore doubt him. Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.

Enter LUCY.

Mrs. Bev. What now, Lucy?

Lucy. Your old steward, madam. I had not the heart to deny him admittance, the good old man being aged so hard for't. [Exit Lucy]

Enter JARVIS.

Mrs. Bev. Is this well, Jarvis? I desired you to avoid me.

Jar. Did you, madam? I am an old man, and have forgot. Perhaps, too, you forbid my tears; but I am old, madam, and age will be forgetful.

Mrs. Bev. The faithful creature! how he moves me! [To Charlotte]

Char. Not to have seen him had been cruelty.

Jar. I have forgot these apartments too. I remember

181.

ber none such
I have lived in
good father won

Mrs. Bev. He

Jar. I was fa
he died, he beq
faithful to him,

Mrs. Bev. I k

Char. We bot

Jar. I am an
time to live. I
he dismissed me

Mrs. Bev. Pr
verty that dismis

Jar. Is he inc
joy of my old he
all?—And have
built it when he
that I have carri
says he, when a
should people b
if I were a king,
poor. And ther
brave little boy I
killed the gnat tl

Mrs. Bev. Spe

Char. When

Jar. I have a
been more, but I
is yours.

Mrs. Bev. No, Jarvis; we have enough yet. I thank you, though, and will deserve your goodness.

Jar. But shall I see my master? And will he let me attend him in his distresses? I'll be no expence to him; and 'twill kill me to be refused. Where is he, madam?

Mrs. Bev. Not at home, Jarvis. You shall see him another time.

Char. To-morrow, or the next day—Oh, Jarvis! what a change is here?

Jar. A change indeed, madam! my old heart aches at it. And yet, methinks—But here's somebody coming.

Enter LUCY with STUKELY.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam.

[Exit.

Stuke. Good morning to you, ladies. Mr. Jarvis, your servant. Where's my friend, madam?

[To Mrs. Bev.

Mrs. Bev. I should have asked that question of you. Have you seen him to-day?

Stuke. No, madam.

Char. Nor last night?

Stuke. Last night! Did he not come home, then?

Mrs. Bev. No. Were you not together?

Stuke. At the beginning of the evening; but not since. Where can he have staid?

Char. You call yourself his friend, sir; why do you encourage him in this madness of gaming?

Stuke. You have asked me that question before,

um ; and I told you my concern was that I could save him ; Mr. Beverley is a man, madam ; and most friendly entreaties have no effect upon him, he has no other means. My purse has been his, even at the injury of my fortune. If that has been encouragement, I deserve censure ; but I meant it to reach him.

rs. Bev. I don't doubt it, sir ; and I thank you—where did you leave him last night ?

he. At Wilson's, madam, if I ought to tell ; in any I did not like. Possibly he may be there still. Jarvis knows the house, I believe.

r. Shall I go, madam ?

s. Bev. No, he may take it ill.

tr. He may go as from himself.

he. And, if he pleases, madam, without naming I am faulty myself, and should conceal the error of a friend. But I can refuse nothing here.

[*Bowing to the ladies.*]

r. I would fain see him, methinks.

s. Bev. Do so, then ; but take care how you upbraid him—I have never upbraided him.

r. Would I could bring him comfort ! [Exit.

he. Don't be too much alarmed, madam. All men have their errors, and their times of seeing them. Perhaps my friend's time is not come yet. But he has a long life ; and old men don't live for ever. You should look forward, madam ; we are taught how to recover a second fortune by the loss of a first.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

B ij

Mrs. Bev. Hark!—No—that knocking was too rude for Mr. Beverley. Pray heaven he be well!

Stuke. Never doubt it, madam. You shall be well, too—Every thing shall be well. [*Knocking again.*]

Mrs. Bev. The knocking is a little loud, though—Who waits there? Will none of you answer?—None of you, did I say?—Alas, what was I thinking of! I had forgot myself.

Char. I'll go, sister—But don't be alarmed so.

[*Exit.*]

Stuke. What extraordinary accident have you to fear, madam?

Mrs. Bev. I beg your pardon; but 'tis ever thus with me in Mr. Beverley's absence. No one knocks at the door, but I fancy it is a messenger of ill news.

Stuke. You are too fearful, madam; 'twas but one night of absence; and if ill thoughts intrude (as love is always doubtful), think of your worth and beauty, and drive them from your breast.

Mrs. Bev. What thoughts? I have no thoughts that wrong my husband.

Stuke. Such thoughts indeed would wrong him. The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his neighbour with like passions; and by the general frailty hides his own—If you are wise, and would be happy, turn a deaf ear to such reports. 'Tis ruin to believe them.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, worse than ruin. 'Twould be to sin against conviction. Why was it mentioned?

Stuke. To guard you against rumour. The sport of

rankind is mischief ; and for a single error they
men devils. If their tales reach you, disbelieve

s. Bev. What tales ? By whom ? Why told ? I
heard nothing—or if I had, with all his errors,
everley's firm faith admits no doubt—It is my
, my seat of rest and joy, while the storm threat-
und me. I'll not forsake it. [*Stukely sighs and*
lown.] Why turn you, sir, away ? and, why, that

te. I was attentive, madam ; and sighs will come
ow not why. Perhaps I have been too busy—
should seem so, impute my zeal to friendship,
eant to guard you against evil tongues. Your
ley is wronged, slandered most vilely—My life
his truth.

s. Bev. And mine too. Who is't that doubts it ?
o matter—I am prepared, sir—Yet why this
n ?—You are my husband's friend ; I think
ine too ; the common friend of both. [*Pauses.*]
been unconcerned else.

ke. For Heaven's sake, madam, be so still ! I
t to guard you against suspicion, not to alarm it.

s. Bev. Nor have you, sir. Who told you of sus-
n ? I have a heart it cannot reach.

ike. Then I am happy—I would say more—but
revented.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

rs. Bev. Who was it, Charlotte ?

B iij

Char. What a heart has that Jarvis!—A creditor, sister. But the good old man has taken him away—Don't distress his wife; don't distress his sister, I could hear him say. 'Tis cruel to distress the afflicted—And when he saw me at the door, he begged pardon that his friend had knocked so loud.

Stuke. I wish I had known of this. Was it a large demand, madam?

Char. I heard not that; but visits, such as these, we must expect often—Why so distress'd, sister? This is no new affliction.

Mrs. Bev. No, Charlotte; but I am faint with watching—quite sunk and spiritless—Will you excuse me, sir? I'll to my chamber, and try to rest a little.

Stuke. Good thoughts go with you, madam. My bait is taken then, [*Aside.*—Poor Mrs. Beverley! How my heart grieves to see her thus!

Char. Cure her, and be a friend then.

Stuke. How cure her, madam?

Char. Reclaim my brother.

Stuke. Ay, give him a new creation, or breathe another soul into him. I'll think on't, madam. Advice, I see, is thankless.

Char. Useless I am sure it is, if thro' mistaken friendship, or other motives, you feed his passion with your purse, and sooth it by example. Physicians, to cure fevers, keep from the patient's thirsty lip the cup that would inflame him. You give it to his hands. [*A knocking.*] Hark, sir!—These are

Act I. THE

my brother's desperado.
ditor.

Stuke. One not so ea

Ent

Lew. Madam, your
enquiring for you at y

Stuke. This morning

Lew. You'll call i
Where's Mr. Beverley

Char. We have sent

Lew. Is he abroad t
so early.

Char. No, nor stay c

Lew. Is that the case
Stukely, perhaps, may

Stuke. I have alread
siness with me ?

Lew. To congratulat
at play. Poor Beverle
and there's a comfort i

Stuke. And what am

Lew. That Beverle
friend ; that's all.

Stuke. Your words v
pose. Another time, si

Lew. And why not
sentences. A minute

Stuke. But not for n
hension, and must hav

presence engages my attention. Another morning I may be found at home.

Lew. Another morning, then, I'll wait upon you.

Stuke. I shall expect you, sir. Madam, your servant.
[Exit Stukely.]

Char. What mean you by this?

Lew. To hint to him that I know him.

Char. How know him? Mere doubt and supposition!

Lew. I shall have proof soon.

Char. And what then? Would you risque your life to be his punisher?

Lew. My life, madam! Don't be afraid. And yet I am happy in your concern for me. But let it content you that I know this Stukely—'Twould be as easy to make him honest as brave.

Char. And what do you intend to do?

Lew. Nothing, till I have proof. Yet my suspicions are well-grounded—But, methinks, madam, I am acting here without authority. Could I have leave to call Mr. Beverley brother, his concerns would be my own. Why will you make my services appear officious?

Char. You know my reasons, and should not press me. But I am cold, you say; and cold I will be, while a poor sister's destitute—My heart bleeds for her; and till I see her sorrows moderated, love has no joys for me.

Lew. Can I be less a friend by being a brother? I would not say an unkind thing—But the pillar of

your house is shaken ; prop it with another, and it shall stand firm again. You must comply.

Char. And will, when I have peace within myself. But let us change this subject—Your business here this morning is with my sister. Misfortunes press too hard upon her ; yet, till to-day, she has borne them nobly.

Lew. Where is she ?

Char. Gone to her chamber. Her spirits failed her.

Lew. I hear her coming. Let what has passed with Stukely be a secret—She has already too much to trouble her.

Enter Mrs. BEVERLEY.

Mrs. Bev. Good morning, sir ; I heard your voice, and, as I thought, enquiring for me. Where's Mr. Stukely, Charlotte ?

Char. This moment gone—You have been in tears, sister ; but here's a friend shall comfort you.

Lew. Or, if I add to your distresses, I'll beg your pardon, madam. The sale of your house and furniture was finished yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, sir ; I know too your generous reason for putting me in mind of it. But you have obliged me too much already.

Lew. There are trifles, madam, which I know you have set a value on ; those I have purchased, and will deliver. I have a friend too, that esteems you—He has bought largely, and will call nothing his, till

he has seen you. If a visit to him would not be painful, he has begged it may be this morning.

Mrs. Bev. Not painful in the least. My pain is from the kindness of my friends. Why am I to be obliged beyond the power of return?

Lew. You shall repay us at your own time. I have a coach waiting at the door—Shall we have your company, madam? [*To Charlotte.*]

Char. No; my brother may return soon; I'll stay and receive him.

Mrs. Bev. He may want a comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, Charlotte. We sha'n't be absent long. Come, sir, since I must be so obliged.

Lew. 'Tis I that am obliged. An hour, or less, will be sufficient for us. We shall find you at home, madam. [*To Char. and exit with Mrs. Bev.*]

Char. Certainly. I have but little inclination to appear abroad. Oh, this brother, this brother! to what wretchedness has he reduced us! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to STUKELY's Lodgings. Enter STUKELY.

Stuke. That Lewson suspects me 'tis too plain. Yet why should he suspect me?—I appear the friend of Beverley as much as he. But I am rich, it seems; and so I am, thanks to another's folly, and my own wisdom. To what use is wisdom, but to take advantage of the weak? This Beverley's my fool; I

Act I.

TH

cheat him, and he cannot
ness must be done y
sold ; so is the reverse
have these too. And
all—I love his wife—
ley I loved her ; but,
a distance, while he
ver, never will I forg
well as love, is wound
have vengeance. Th
well thrown in——A
her. If jealousy shou
may corrupt her virtue
hope——These jewels
mand them of her ; w
verted to special purpo

En

Bates. Is it a wonder
are all in readiness, and
Beverley ?

Stuke. At last night
Is Dawson with you ?

Bates. Dressed like
pocket, and a set of di

Stuke. That fellow
but for the rest, the
looking dogs, I wonder
them.

Bates. No matter for



supply them with money, and they are gentlemen by profession—The passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best company.

Stuke. There's that Williams too. It was he, I suppose, that called at Beverley's with the note this morning. What directions did you give him?

Bates. To knock loud, and be clamorous. Did not you see him?

Stuke. No, the fool sneaked off with Jarvis. Had he appeared within doors, as directed, the note had been discharged. I waited there on purpose. I want the women to think well of me; for Lewson's grown suspicious; he told me so himself.

Bates. What answer did you make him?

Stuke. A short one—That I would see him soon, for farther explanation.

Bates. We must take care of him. But what have we to do with Beverley? Dawson and the rest are wondering at you.

Stuke. Why, let them wonder. I have designs above their narrow reach. They see me lend him money, and they stare at me. But they are fools. I want him to believe me beggared by him.

Bates. And what then?

Stuke. Ay, there's the question; but no matter; at night you may know more. He waits for me at Wilson's. I told the women where to find him.

Bates. To what purpose?

Stuke. To save suspicion. It looked friendly, and y thanked me. Old Jarvis was dispatched to him. *lates.* And may intreat him home——

Stuke. No; he expects money from me; but I'll ve none. His wife's jewels must go——Women easy creatures, and refuse nothing where they e. Follow to Wilson's; but be sure he sees you . You are a man of character, you know; of idence and discretion. Wait for me in an outer om; I shall have business for you presently.—— me, sir,

Let drudging fools by honesty grow great;

The shorter road to riches is deceit.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Gaming House, with a Table, Box, Dice, &c.

BEVERLEY discovered sitting.

Beverley.

HY, what a world is this! The slave that digs for d, receives his daily pittance, and sleeps contented; while those for whom he labours, convert his good to mischief, making abundance the means want. Oh, shame, shame! Had Fortune given but a little, that little had been still my own. But envy leads to waste; and shallow streams maintain their currents, while swelling rivers beat down their

banks, and leave their channels empty. What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing. My wishes and my means were equal. The poor followed me with blessings, love scattered roses on my pillow, and morning waked me to delight—Oh, bitter thought, that leads to what I was by what I am! I would forget both—Who's there?

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. A gentleman, sir, enquires for you.

Bev. He might have used less ceremony. Stukely, I suppose?

Wait. No, sir, a stranger.

Bev. Well, shew him in. *[Exit Waiter.]*

A messenger from Stukely then; from him that has undone me! yet all in friendship—And now he lends me his little, to bring back fortune to me.

Enter JARVIS.

Jarvis!—Why this intrusion?—Your absence had been kinder.

Jar. I came in duty, sir. If it be troublesome—

Bev. It is—I would be private—hid even from myself. Who sent you hither?

Jar. One that would persuade you home again. My mistress is not well; her tears told me so.

Bev. Go with thy duty there then—"But does she weep? I am to blame to let her weep." Pry-thee, begone: I have no business for thee.

Jar. Yes, sir; to lead you from this place. I am

your servant still. Your prosperous fortune blessed my old age. If that has left you, I must not leave you.

Rev. Not leave me! Recall past time, then; or, thro' this sea of storms and darkness, shew me a star to guide me——But what canst thou?

Jar. The little that I can I will. You have been generous to me—I would not offend you, sir—but—

Rev. No. Think'st thou I'd ruin thee too? I have enough of shame already——My wife, my wife! Wouldst thou believe it, Jarvis? I have not seen her all this long night——I who have loved her so, that every hour of absence seemed as a gap in life. But other bonds have held me——Oh, I have played the boy! dropping my counters in the stream, and reaching to redeem them, lost myself. “Why wilt thou follow misery? Or if thou wilt, go to thy mistress: she has no guilt to sting her; and therefore may be comforted.”

Jar. For pity's sake, sir!——I have no heart to see this change.

Rev. Nor I to bear it——How speaks the world of me, Jarvis?

Jar. As of a good man dead. Of one, who, walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

Rev. Ay, and pities me. Says it not so? But I was born to infamy——I'll tell thee what it says; it calls me villain, a treacherous husband, a cruel father, a false brother, one lost to nature and her cha-

rities; or, to say all in one short word, it calls me—Gamester.—Go to thy mistress; I'll see her presently.

Jar. And why not now? Rude people press upon her; loud, bawling creditors; wretches, who know no pity—I met one at the door; he would have seen my mistress: I wanted means of present payment, so promised it to-morrow. But others may be pressing, and she has grief enough already. Your absence hangs too heavy on her.

Bev. Tell her I'll come then. I have a moment's business. But what hast thou to do with my distresses? Thy honesty has left thee poor; and age wants comfort—Keep what thou hast “for cordials,” lest between thee and the grave, misery steal in. I have a friend shall counsel me—This is that friend.

Enter STUKELY.

Stuke. How fares it, Beverley? Honest Mr. Jarvis, well met; I hoped to find you here. That viper, Williams! Was it not he that troubled you this morning?

Jar. My mistress heard him then?—I am sorry that she heard him.

Bev. And Jarvis promised payment.

Stuke. That must not be. Tell him I'll satisfy him.

Jar. Will you, sir? Heaven will reward you for't.

Bev. Generous Stukely! Friendship like yours, had it ability like will, would more than balance the wrongs of fortune.

Stuke. You think too kindly of me—Make haste to Williams; his clamours may be rude else. [*To Jar.*

Jar. And my master will go home again—Alas! Sir, we know of hearts there breaking for his absence. [*Exit.*

Bev. Would I were dead!

Stuke. “Or turn’d hermit, counting a string of beads in a dark cave; or under a weeping willow, praying for mercy on the wicked.” Ha, ha, ha!—Pr’ythee, be a man, and leave dying to disease and old age. Fortune may be ours again; at least we’ll try for’t.

Bev. No; it has fool’d us on too far.

Stuke. Ay, ruin’d us; and therefore we’ll sit down contented. These are the despondings of men without money; but let the shining ore chink in the socket, and folly turns to wisdom. We are fortune’s children—True, she’s a fickle mother; but shall we droop because she’s peevish?—No; she has smiles in store. And these her frowns are meant to brighten ’em.

Bev. Is this a time for levity? But you are single in the ruin, and therefore may talk lightly of it. With me ’tis complicated misery.

Stuke. You censure me unjustly—I but assumed these spirits to cheer my friend. Heaven knows he wants a comforter.

Bev. What new misfortune?

Stuke. I would have brought you money, but lend-

ers want securities. What's to be done? All that was mine is yours already.

Bev. And there's the double weight that sinks me. I have undone my friend too; one, who to save a drowning wretch, reached out his hand, and perished with him.

Stuke. Have better thoughts.

Bev. Whence are they to proceed? I have nothing left.

Stuke [*Sighing.*] Then we're indeed undone. What nothing? No moveables, nor useless trinkets? Bawbles locked up in caskets to starve their owners? I have ventured deeply for you.

Bev. Therefore this heart-ache; for I am lost beyond all hope.

Stuke. No; means may be found to save us. Jarvis is rich. Who made him so? This is no time for ceremony.

Bev. And is it for dishonesty? The good old man shall I rob him too? My friend would grieve for't. No; let the little that he has buy food and clothing for him.

Stuke. Good morning then.

[*Going*]

Bev. So hasty! Why then, good morning.

Stuke. And when we meet again, upbraid me. Say it was I that tempted you. Tell Lewson so; and to him I have wrong'd you—He has suspicions of me and will thank you.

Bev. No; we have been companions in a rash voy

ge, and the same storm has wreck'd us both. Mine hall be self-upbraidings.

Stuke. And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrow'd for you, while and or credit lasted; and now, when fortune should be try'd, and my heart whispers me success, I am deserted; turn'd loose to beggary, while you have hoards.

Bev. What hoards? Name 'em, and take 'em.

Stuke. Jewels.

Bev. And shall this thriftless hand seize them too? My poor, poor wife! Must she lose all? I would not wound her so.

Stuke. Nor I, but from necessity. One effort more, and fortune may grow kind. I have unusual hopes.

Bev. Think of some other means then.

Stuke. I have; and you rejected 'em.

Bev. Pr'ythee, let me be a man.

Stuke. Ay, and your friend a poor one. But I have done. And for these trinkets of a woman, why, let her keep 'em to deck out pride with, and shew a laughing world that she has finery to starve in.

Bev. No; she shall yield up all. My friend demands it. But need we have talk'd lightly of her? The jewels that she values are truth and innocence—Those will adorn her ever; and for the rest, she wore 'em for a husband's pride, and to his wants will give 'em. Alas! you know her not. Where shall we meet?

Stuke. No matter. I have chang'd my mind. Leave me to a prison; 'tis the reward of friendship.

Bev. Perish mankind first—Leave you to a prison! No; fallen as you see me, I'm not that wretch. Nor would I change this heart, o'ercharg'd as 'tis with folly and misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if callous to a friend's distress.

Stuke. You are too warm.

Bev. In such a cause, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell. I'll meet you at your lodgings.

Stuke. Reflect a little. The jewels may be lost. Better not hazard 'em—I was too pressing.

Bev. And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up time. I have no leisure for't. Within an hour expect me. [Exit.]

Stuke. The thoughtless, shallow prodigal! We shall have sport at night, then—But hold—The jewels are not ours yet—The lady may refuse 'em—The husband may relent too—'Tis more than probable—I'll write a note to Beverley, and the contents shall spur him to demand 'em—But am I grown this rogue thro' avarice? No; I have warmer motives, love and revenge—Ruin the husband; and the wife's virtue may be bid for. " 'Tis of uncertain value, and sinks or rises in the purchase, as war or wealth, or passion governs. The poor part cheaply with it; rich dames, tho' pleased with selling, will have high prices for't. Your loose sick girls give it for oaths and lying. But ten wives, who boast of honour and affections, keep against famine—Why, let famine come then; I in haste to purchase."

Enter BATES.

to your men, Bates; there's money stirring. Meet to-night upon this spot. Hasten, and tell . Beverley calls upon me at my lodgings, and turn together. Hasten, I say, the rogues will else.

s. Not till their leader bids 'em.

e. Come on, then. Give 'em the word and me; I must advise with you—This is a day iness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

to BEVERLEY's Lodgings. Enter BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

. Your looks are chang'd too; there's wild-ness 'em. My wretched sister! How will it grieve see you thus!

No, no—a little rest will ease me. And for Lawson's kindness to her, it has my thanks; I no more to give him.

r. Yes; a sister and her fortune. I trifle with and he complains—My looks, he says, are cold him. He thinks too——

. That I have lost your fortune—He dares think so.

r. Nor does he—You are too quick at guessing. I know not if you had. That care is mine—I lent to husband, and now I claim it.

Bev. You have suspicions then.

Char. Cure 'em, and give it me.

Bev. To stop a sister's chiding?

Char. To vindicate her brother.

Bev. How if he needs no vindication?

Char. I would fain hope so.

Bev. Ay, would and cannot. Leave it to time then; 'twill satisfy all doubts.

Char. Mine are already satisfied.

Bev. 'Tis well. And when the subject is renewed speak to me like a sister, and I will answer like brother.

Char. To tell me I'm a beggar. Why, tell it now I that can bear the ruin of those dearer to me, the ruin of a sister and her infant, can bear that too.

Bev. No more of this—you wring my heart.

Char. Would that the misery were all your own. But innocence must suffer——Unthinking rioter whose home was heaven to him; an angel dwelt there and a little cherub, that crowned his days with blessings.—How he has lost this heaven to league with devils!

Bev. Forbear, I say; reproaches come too late they search, but cure not. And for the fortune you demand, we'll talk to-morrow on't; our tempers may be milder.

Char. Or, if 'tis gone, why farewell all. I claim'd it for a sister. "She holds my heart in hers; and every pang she feels tears it in pieces"—But I'll upbraid no more. What Heaven permits, perhaps

it may ordain; "and so
that the husband! father
instruments of vengeance
that.

Bev. If you're my sister
it wounds too deeply.
and when the worst is known
your fears. Comfort my
absence, I'll make atone
go well with us.

Char. See where she
upon her——Affections s
lend those eyes that read

Enter Mrs. BEVERLY

Mrs. Bev. My life!

Bev. My love! how far
husband.

Mrs. Bev. But we meet
Doubts and alarms I have
brace I bury and forget '
ing to Lewson] has been
'tis you must thank him
mine are of too little value

Bev. Yet what we have
sir, and am obliged. I
your goodness to the wife
lies. Had I been wise,
your bounty.

Lew. Nor has she trespassed. The little I have done, acceptance overpays.

Char. So friendship thinks——

Mrs. Bev. And double obligations by striving conceal 'em——We'll talk another time on't——You are too thoughtful, love.

Bev. No, I have reason for these thoughts.

Char. And hatred for the cause——Would you have that too!

Bev. I have——The cause was avarice.

Char. And who the tempter?

Bev. A ruined friend——ruined by too much kindness.

Lew. Ay, worse than ruined; stabbed in his family mortally stabbed——riches can't cure him.

Bev. Or if they could, those I have drained him of. Something of this he hinted in the morning——that Lewson had suspicions of him——Why these suspicions? [*Angrily.*]

Lew. At school we knew this Stukely. A cunning, plodding boy he was, sordid and cruel, slow in his task, but quick at shifts and tricking. He schemed out mischief, that others might be punished; and would tell his tale with so much art that for the lash he merited, rewards and praise were given him. Shew me a boy with such a mind, at a time, that ripens manhood in him, shall ripen vice too——I'll prove him, and lay him open to you——Till then be warned——I know him, and therefore shun him.

Bev. As I would those that wrong him.—You are too busy, sir.

Mrs. Bev. No, not too busy——Mistaken, perhaps——That had been milder.

Lew. No matter, madam. I can bear this, and praise the heart that prompts it—Pity such friendship should be so placed!

Bev. Again, sir! But I'll bear too—You wrong him, Lewson, and will be sorry for't.

Char. Ay, when 'tis proved he wrongs him. The world is full of hypocrites.

Bev. And Stukely one—so you would infer, I think.—I'll hear no more of this—my heart aches for him—I have undone him.

Lew. The world says otherwise.

Bev. The world is false then—I have business with you, love. [*To Mrs. Bev.*] We'll leave 'em to their rancour. [*Going.*]

Char. No; we shall find room within for't.—Come this way, sir. [*To Lew.*]

Lew. Another time my friend will thank me; that time is hastening too. [*Exeunt Lew. and Char.*]

Bev. They hurt me beyond bearing—Is Stukely false? Then honesty has left us! 'Twere sinning against Heaven to think so.

Mrs. Bev. I never doubted him.

Bev. No; you are charity. Meekness and ever-during patience live in that heart, and love that knows no change.—Why did I ruin you?

Mrs. Bev. You have not ruined me. I have no

wants when you are present, nor wishes in your absence but to be blest with your return. Be but resign'd to what has happened, and I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Bev. My generous girl!—But memory will be busy; still crowding on my thoughts, to sour the present by the past. I have another pang too.

Mrs. Bev. Tell it, and let me cure it.

Bev. That friend—that generous friend, whose fame they have traduced—I have undone him too. While he had means he lent me largely; and now a prison must be his portion.

Mrs. Bev. No; I hope otherwise.

Bev. To hope must be to act. The charitable wish feeds not the hungry—Something must be done.

Mrs. Bev. What?

Bev. In bitterness of heart he told me, just now he told me, I had undone him. Could I hear that, and think of happiness? No; I have disclaimed it, while he is miserable.

Mrs. Bev. The world may mend with us, and then we may be grateful. There's comfort in that hope.

Bev. Ay; 'tis the sick man's cordial, his promised cure; while in preparing it the patient dies.—What now?

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. A letter, sir.

[Delivers it, and exits]

Bev. The hand is Stukely's.

[Opens it, and reads it to himself]

AB II.

Mrs. Bev. Al
so——What say

Bev. Why th
directs me to c
your haste to se
for me. . I have
adieu to Engla
country, than o
talked of. Kee
the ruined
Ruined by frien
him.

Mrs. Bev. Fo
lost indeed !

Bev. O this in
vice, whose high
piness. Yet ho
comforts to bitte
Damn'd, damn'd

Mrs. Bev. Be
the letter talks
Tell me, and ea
wretched.

Bev. No, no;
sinned ; 'tis I a
those means to b
ther from want :

Mrs. Bev. Wh

Bev. I came



not—Those jewels are your sole support—I should be more than monster to request 'em.

Mrs. Bev. My jewels! Trifles, not worth the speaking of, if weighed against a husband's peace; but let 'em purchase that, and the world's wealth is of less value.

Bev. Amazing goodness! How little do I seem before such virtues!

Mrs. Bev. No more, my love. I kept 'em till occasion called to use 'em; now is the occasion, and I'll resign 'em cheerfully.

Bev. Why we'll be rich in love then. "But this excess of kindness melts me. Yet for a friend one would do much—He has denied me nothing."

Mrs. Bev. Come to my closet—But let him manage wisely. We have no more to give him.

Bev. Where learnt my love this excellence? "'Tis Heaven's own teaching: that Heaven, which to an angel's form has given a mind more lovely." I am unworthy of you, but will deserve you better.

*Henceforth my follies and neglects shall cease,
And all to come be penitence and peace;
Vice shall no more attract me with her charms,
Nor pleasure reach me, but in these dear arms.*

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

STUKELY's Lodgings. Enter STUKELY and BATES.

Stukely.

Runs the world, Bates. Fools are the natural prey
 of wolves; Nature designed them so, when she made
 laws for wolves. The laws that fear and policy have
 made, Nature declaims: she knows but two, and
 those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force;
 when there's danger in't; while cunning, like a
 subtile miner, works safely and unseen.

Bates. And therefore wisely. Force must have
 muscles and sinews; cunning wants neither. The
 law that has it shall trip the giant's heels up.

Stukely. And bind him to the ground. Why, we'll
 make a shrine for Nature, and be her oracles. Con-
 science is weakness; fear made it, and fear maintains
 it. The dread of shame, inward reproaches, and
 anxious burnings swell out the phantom. Nature
 knows none of this; her laws are freedom.

Bates. Sound doctrine, and well delivered!

Stukely. We are sincere, too, and practise what we
 preach. Let the grave pedant say as much.—But now
 to business—The jewels are disposed of: and Bever-
 idge has gained worth money. He waits to count his gold
 and then comes hither. If my design succeeds,
 to-night we finish with him—Go to your lodgings,

D iij

and be busy— You understand conveyances, and ruin sure.

Bates. Better stop here. The sale of this may be talked of—There's danger in it.

Stuke. No, 'tis the mark I aim at. We'll then laugh. You are the purchaser, and there's the payment, [*Giving a pocket-book.*] He thinks you rich so you shall be. Enquire for titles, and deal 'twill look like honesty.

Bates. How if he suspects us.

Stuke. Leave it to me. I study hearts, and to work upon them. Go to your lodgings; and come, be busy over papers. Talk of a thousand, of gaming and extravagance; you have a fair

Bates. A feeling too that would avoid it. I'm too far; but I have cautioned you. If it's yours you'll think of me—and so, adieu.

Stuke. This fellow sins by halves; his fears of science to him. I'll turn these fears to use. That dread shame, will still be greater rogue than their guilt—This shall be thought of. Lewson troublesome—We must get rid of him—He knows much. I have a tale for Beverley; part of it too—He shall call Lewson to account—If it's 'tis well; if not, we must try other means—If he comes—I must dissemble.

Enter BEVERLEY.

Look to the door there!—[*In a seeming fright.*] friend!—I thought of other visitors.

Bev. No; these shall guard you from them—[*Offering notes.*] Take them, and use them cautiously—The world deals hardly by us.

Stuke. And shall I leave you destitute? No: your wants are the greatest. Another climate may treat me kinder. The shelter of to-night takes me from this.

Bev. Let these be your support then—Yet is there need of parting? I may have means again; we'll share them, and live wisely.

Stuke. No: I should tempt you on. Habit is nature in me: ruin can't cure it. Even now I would be gaming. Taught by experience as I am, and knowing this poor sum is all that's left us, I am for venturing still—And say I am to blame—Yet will this little supply our wants? No, we must put it out to usury. Whether 'tis madness in me, or some restless impulse of good fortune, I yet am ignorant; but—

Bev. Take it, and succeed then. I'll try no more.

Stuke. 'Tis surely impulse; it pleads so strongly—But you are cold—We'll e'en part here then. And for this last reserve, keep it for better uses; I'll have none on't. I thank you though, and will seek fortune singly—One thing I had forgot—

Bev. What is it?

Stuke. Perhaps, 'twere best forgotten. But I am open in my nature, and zealous for the honour of my friend—Lewson speaks freely of you.

Bev. Of you, I know he does.

Stuke. I can forgive him for't; but, for my friend I'm angry.

Bev. What says he of me?

Stuke. That Charlotte's fortune is embezzled—talks on't loudly.

Bev. He shall be silenced, then—How heard of it?

Stuke. From many. He questioned Bates about You must account with him, he says.

Bev. Or he with me—and soon, too.

Stuke. Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

Bev. I'll think on't—But whither go you?

Stuke. From poverty and prisons—No matter whither. If fortune changes you may hear from me.

Bev. May these be prosperous, then. [*Offering notes, which he refuses.*] Nay, they are yours—I have sworn it, and will have nothing—Take them and them.

Stuke. Singly I will not—My cares are for my friend; for his lost fortune and ruined family. My separate interests I disclaim. Together we have fallen; together we must rise. My heart, my honour, and affections, all will have it so.

Bev. I am weary of being fooled.

Stuke. And so am I—Here let us part, then—These bodings of good-fortune shall all be stifled—call them folly, and forget them—This one embrace, and then farewell. [*Offering to embrace.*]

Bev. No; stay a moment—How my poor head

Bev. No ; these shall guarantee notes.] Take them, and the world deals hardly by us.

Stuke. And shall I leave wants are the greatest. A me kinder. The shelter of this.

Bev. Let these be your supply need of parting? I may have them, and live wisely.

Stuke. No : I should temper in me : ruin can't cure it, gaming. Taught by experience this poor sum is all that is left still—And say I am to supply our wants? No, we Whether 'tis madness in me of good fortune, I yet am ignorant.

Bev. Take it, and succeed.

Stuke. 'Tis surely impulsive But you are cold——We'll for this last reserve, keep it none on't. I thank you though singly—One thing I had for

Bev. What is it?

Stuke. Perhaps, 'twere better open in my nature, and zealous friend——Lewson speaks for

Bev. Of you, I know he is

SCENE III.

George in Brownson's Lodgings. Enter Mrs. Brownson, and Charlotte.

Char. 'Twas all a scheme, a mean one; unworthy my brother.

Mrs. Bev. No, I am sure it was not—Stokely is not so; I know her is—This madman has un-
dermined both.

Char. My brother inaccessible—You are too pitiless a wife—A mournful tale, mixed with a few words, will steal away your soul. The world's subtle for such goodness. Had I been by, he should have asked your life sooner than those jewels.

Mrs. Bev. He should have had it, then. [*War* I live but to oblige him. She who can love, at beloved like me, will do as much. Men have more for mistresses, and women for a base delusion and still a wife do less? Your chidings hurt Charlotte.

Char. And come too late; they might have saved you else. How could he use you so?

Mrs. Bev. 'Twas friendship did it. His heart breaking for a friend.

Char. The friend that has betrayed him.

Mrs. Bev. Pr'ythee don't think so.

Char. To-morrow he accounts with me.

Mrs. Bev. And fairly—I will not doubt it.

Char. Unless a friend has wanted—I have

patience——Sister! sister! we are bound to curse this friend.

Mrs. Bev. My Beverley speaks nobly of him.

Char. And Lewson truly——But I displease you with this talk.——To-morrow will instruct us.

Mrs. Bev. Stay till it comes then——I would not think so hardly.

Char. Nor I, but from conviction——Yet we have hope of better days. My uncle is infirm, and of an age that threatens hourly——Or if he lives, you never have offended him; and for distresses so unmerited he will have pity.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, and am cheerful. We have no more to lose; and for what's gone, if it brings prudence home, the purchase was well made.

Char. My Lewson will be kind too. While he and I have life and means, you shall divide with us——And see, he's here.

Enter LEWSON.

We were just speaking of you.

Lew. 'Tis best to interrupt you then. Few characters will bear a scrutiny; and where the bad outweighs the good, he's safest that's least talked of. What say you, madam? [To Charlotte.

Char. That I hate scandal, though a woman——therefore talk seldom of you.

Mrs. Bev. Or, with more truth, that, though a woman, she loves to praise——Therefore talks always of you. I'll leave you to decide it. [Exit.

Stuke. To vent your curses on—You have bestowed them liberally. Take your own counsel; and should a desperate hope present itself, 'twill suit your desperate fortune. I'll not advise you.

Bev. What hope? By Heaven I'll catch at it, however desperate. I am so sunk in misery, it cannot lay me lower.

Stuke. You have an uncle.

Bev. Ay, what of him?

Stuke. Old men live long by temperance; while their heirs starve on expectation.

Bev. What mean you?

Stuke. That the reversion of his estate is yours; and will bring money to pay debts with—Nay more, it may retrieve what's past.

Bev. Or leave my child a beggar.

Stuke. And what's his father? A dishonourable one; engaged for sums he cannot pay——That should be thought of.

Bev. It is my shame—The poison that inflames me. Where shall we go? To whom? I'm impatient till all's lost.

Stuke. All may be your's again—Your man is Bates—He has large funds at his command, and will deal justly by you.

Bev. I am resolved—Tell them within we'll meet them presently; and with full purses, too——Come, follow me.

Stuke. No. I'll have no hand in this; nor do I counsel it—Use your discretion, and act from that. I'll find me at my lodgings.

Act III.

Lew. Time and a
may have brought c
ment, if you have w
here I acquit you of
and with such plain
answer. Have you

Char. Stay, sir.
shall find me change

Lew. My doubts a
and you have observ
words or actions, you
me, or even a wish fo
is nothing.

Char. You startle
swere first. Is it fro
you wish me changed

Lew. Heaven know
lotte are so connecte
both. Yet for a pro
meant for binding;
should change opinio
force.

Char. Why, now I
prophecies—I am

Lew. Indeed!

Char. I could tor
but it is not in my na
own: for what at fir
reason in me; and fr
nay, were I poorer

had business with her Lewson ; which, when I pressed to know, tears only were her answer.

Lucy. She seemed in haste, too—Yet her return may bring you comfort.

Mrs. Bev. No, my kind girl ; I was not born for't—But why do I distress thee ? Thy sympathizing heart bleeds for the ills of others—What pity that thy mistress can't reward thee ! But there's a Power above, that sees, and will remember all. [*Knocking.*]

“ Pr'ythee sooth me with the song thou sungest last night. It suits this change of fortune ; and there's a melancholy in't that pleases me.

“ *Lucy.* I fear it hurts you, madam. Your goodness, too, draws tears from me—But I'll dry them, and obey you.

SONG.

“ *When Damon languish'd at my feet,*

“ *And I believ'd him true,*

“ *The moments of delight how sweet !*

“ *But, ah ! how swift they flew !*

“ *The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,*

“ *The garden and the grove,*

“ *Have echo'd to his ardent tale,*

“ *And vows of endless love.*

“ *The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,*

“ *He left her to complain,*

“ *To talk of joy with weeping eyes,*

“ *And measure time by pain.*

“ *But Heav’n will take the mourner’s part,
“ In pity to despair ;
“ And the last sigh that rends the heart,
“ Shall waft the spirit there.*

“ *Mrs. Bev.* I thank thee, Lucy ; I thank Heaven
“ too, my griefs are none of these. Yet Stukely
“ deals in hints ; he talks of rumours ; I’ll urge him
“ to speak plainly.”——Hark ! there’s some one en-
tering.

Lucy. Perhaps ’tis my master, madam. [Exit.

Mrs. Bev. Let him be well too, and I am satisfied.
[Goes to the door and listens.] No, ’tis another’s voice ;
his had been music to me. Who is it, Lucy ?

Re-enter LUCY with STUKELY.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam. [Exit.

Stuke. To meet you thus alone, madam, was what
I wished. Unseasonable visits, when friendship war-
rants them, need no excuse—therefore I make none.

Mrs. Bev. What mean you, sir ? And where is your
friend ?

Stuke. Men may have secrets, madam, which their
best friends are not admitted to. We parted in the
morning, not soon to meet again.

Mrs. Bev. You mean to leave us then ; to leave
your country too. I am no stranger to your reasons,
and pity your misfortunes.

Stuke. Your pity has undone you. Could Bever-
ley do this ? That letter was a false one ; a mean

contrivance to rob you of your jewels—I wrote it not.

Mrs. Bev. Impossible! Whence came it then?

Stuke. Wrong'd as I am, madam, I must speak plainly.

Mrs. Bev. Do so, and ease me. Your hints have troubled me. Reports, you say, are stirring—Reports of whom? You wished me not to credit them. What, sir, are these reports?

Stuke. I thought them slander, madam; and cautioned you in friendship, lest from officious tongues the tale had reached you with double aggravation.

Mrs. Bev. Proceed, sir.

Stuke. It is a debt due to my fame; due to an injured wife too—We are both injured.

Mrs. Bev. How injured? And who has injured us?

Stuke. My friend, your husband.

Mrs. Bev. You would resent for both then—But know, sir, my injuries are my own, and do not need a champion.

Stuke. Be not too hasty, madam. I come not in resentment, but for acquittance. You thought me poor; and to the feign'd distresses of a friend gave up your jewels.

Mrs. Bev. I gave them to a husband.

Stuke. Who gave them to a——

Mrs. Bev. What, whom did he give them to?

Stuke. A mistress.

Mrs. Bev. No, on my life he did not.

. Himself confessed it, with curses on her

Bev. I'll not believe it—He has no mistress ;
has, why is it told to me ?

. To guard you against insults. He told me,
to move you to compliance, he forged that let-
tending I was ruin'd, ruin'd by him too. The
succeeded ; and what a trusting wife bestowed
was lavished on a wanton.

Bev. Then I am lost indeed ! and my afflic-
tion too powerful for me. His follies I have
without upbraiding, and saw the approach of
without a tear—My affections, my strong
sensations, supported me through every trial.

. Be patient, madam.

Bev. Patient ! The barbarous, ungrateful
And does he think that the tenderness of my
sensations his best security for wounding it ? But he
thinks that injuries such as these can arm my weak-
ness with vengeance and redress.

. Ha ! then I may succeed. [*Aside.*] Redress
our power.

Bev. What redress ?

. Forgive me, madam, if, in my zeal to serve
I hazard your displeasure. Think of your
degraded state. Already want surrounds you—Is it
possible to bear that ? To see your helpless little
deprived of his birth-right ? A sister, too, with
lingering tears lamenting her lost fortune ? No com-

fort left you, but ineffectual pity from the few, outweigh'd by insults from the many.

Mrs. Bev. Am I so lost a creature?—Well, sir, my redress?

Stuke. To be resolv'd is to secure it. The marriage vow, once violated, is, in the sight of Heaven, dissolved—Start not, but hear me. 'Tis now the summer of your youth; time has not cropt the roses from your cheek, tho' sorrow long has washed them—Then use your beauty wisely, and, freed by injuries, fly from the cruellest of men for shelter with the kindest.

Mrs. Bev. And who is he?

Stuke. A friend to the unfortunate; a bold one too, who, while the storm is bursting on your brow, and lightning flashing from your eyes, dares tell you that he loves you.

Mrs. Bev. Would that these eyes had Heaven's own lightning, that, with a look, thus I might blast thee! Am I then fallen so low? Has poverty so humbled me, that I should listen to a hellish offer, and sell my soul for bread? Oh, villain, villain!—But now I know thee, and thank thee for the knowledge.

Stuke. If you are wise, you shall have cause to thank me.

Mrs. Bev. An injured husband too, shall thank thee.

Stuke. Yet know, proud woman, I have a heart as stubborn as your own; as haughty and imperious; and as it loves, so can it hate

" *But Heaven will take the m*

" *In pity to despair ;*

" *And the last sigh that rend*

" *Shall waft the spirit the*

" *Mrs. Bev.* I thank thee, L
" too, my griefs are none of
" deals in hints; he talks of ru
" to speak plainly."—Hark!
tering.

Lucy. Perhaps 'tis my master

Mrs. Bev. Let him be well to
[*Goes to the door and listens.*] No
his had been music to me. W

Re-enter LUCY with

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam.

Stuke. To meet you thus al
I wished. Unseasonable visits
rants them, need no excuse—tl

Mrs. Bev. What mean you, s
friend ?

Stuke. Men may have secre
best friends are not admitted
morning, not soon to meet ag

Mrs. Bev. You mean to lo
your country too. I am no st
and pity your misfortunes.

Stuke. Your pity has undo
ley do this? That letter w

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BEVERLEY'S Lodgings. Enter Mrs. BEVERLEY,
CHARLOTTE, and LEWSON.

Charlotte.

THE smooth-tongu'd hypocrite !

Lew. But we have found him, and will requite him
——Be cheerful, madam; [*To Mrs. Bev.*] and for
the insults of this ruffian you shall have ample retri-
bution.

Mrs. Bev. But not by violence——Remember, you
have sworn it; I had been silent else.

Lew. You need not doubt me; I shall be cool as
patience.

Mrs. Bev. See him to-morrow then.

Lew. And why not now? By Heaven, the veriest
worm that crawls is made of braver spirit than this
Stukely——Yet, for my promise, I'll deal gently with
him—I mean to watch his looks—From those, and
from his answers to my charge, much may be learnt.
Next I'll to Bates, and sift him to the bottom: if I
fail there, the gang is numerous, and for a bribe will
each betray the other——Good night; I'll lose no
time. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Bev. These boisterous spirits, how they wound
me! But reasoning is in vain. Come, Charlotte,
we'll to our usual watch. The night grows late.

Char. I am fearful of events; yet pleased——To-
morrow may relieve us. [*Going.*]

Enter JARVIS.

How now, good Jarvis?

Jar. I have heard ill news, madam.

Mrs. Bev. What news? Speak quickly.

Jar. Men are not what they seem. I fear me Mr. Stukely is dishonest.

Char. We know it, Jarvis. But what's your news?

Jar. That there's an action against my master, at his friend's suit.

Mrs. Bev. Oh, villain, villain! 'twas this he threatened then. Run to that den of robbers, Wilson's—Your master may be there. Entreat him home, good Jarvis. Say I have business with him—But tell him not of Stukely—It may provoke him to revenge—Haste, haste, good Jarvis. [*Exit Jarvis.*]

Char. This minister of hell! Oh, I could tear him piece-meal!——

Mrs. Bev. I am sick of such a world—Yet Heaven is just; and, in its own good time, will hurl destruction on such monsters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to STUKELY's Lodgings. Enter STUKELY and BATES meeting.

Bates. Where have you been?

Stuke. Fooling my time away; playing my tricks, like a tame monkey, to entertain a woman—No mat-

F ij

ter where—I have been vexed and disappointed. Tell me of Beverley ; how bore he his last shock ?

Bates. Like one (so Dawson says) whose senses had been numb'd with misery. When all was lost, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and stood some time, with folded arms, stupid and motionless ; then snatching his sword, that hung against the waincot, he sat him down, and with a look of fix'd attention, drew figures on the floor. At last, he started up, look'd wild, and trembled ; and, like a woman seized with her sex's fits, laughed out aloud, while the tears trickled down his face—so left the room.

Stuke. Why, this was madness.

Bates. The madness of despair.

Stuke. We must confine him then. A prison would do well. [*A knocking at the door.*] Hark ! that knocking may be his. Go that way down. [*Exit Bates.*]—Who's there ?

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. An enemy—an open and avowed one.

Stuke. Why am I thus broke in upon ? This house is mine, sir ; and should protect me from insult and ill-manners.

Lew. Guilt has no place of sanctuary ; wherever found, 'tis virtue's lawful game. The fox's hold and tyger's den are no security against the hunter.

Stuke. Your business, sir ?

Lew. To tell you that I know you—Why this confusion ? That look of guilt and terror ? Is Be-

verley awake; or has his
that dares like you, should
deeds, and courage to conf
coward's fear, to shrink be

Stuke. Who waits there?

Lew. By Heaven, he dies
ring the door.] You sho
strength, sir; and then, in
fortune, the world had mar
a little paltry villain.

Stuke. You think I fear?

Lew. I know you fear
[Pulls him by the sleeve.] Yo
dy's presence took up your
alone, sir. Why, what a
him.] The vilest insect in
trampled on; yet has this
cunning and mean arts und
found you, sir; trac'd yo
rinxth. If you would save
sion: no mercy will be sh

Stuke. First prove me wh
your threatenings are in vai
vengeance may yet be min

Lew. Infamous coward
[Draws, and Stukely retire
Yet that a wretch like this
ley! It fills me with aston
mean of soul, that even
]



Enter BATES.

Bates. What is the matter? 'Twas Lewson, and not Beverley, that left you—I heard him loud—You seem alarmed too.

Stuke. Ay, and with reason—We are discovered.

Bates. I feared as much; and therefore cautioned you. But you were peremptory.

Stuke. Thus fools talk ever; spending their idle breath on what is past, and trembling at the future. We must be active. Beverley, at worst, is but suspicious; but Lewson's genius, and his hate to me, will lay all open. Means must be found to stop him.

Bates. What means?

Stuke. Dispatch him—Nay, start not—Desperate occasions call for desperate deeds—We live but by his death.

Bates. You cannot mean it?

Stuke. I do, by Heaven.

Bates. Good night, then.

[*Going.*]

Stuke. Stay. I must be heard, then answered. Perhaps the motion was too sudden; and human weakness starts at murder, tho' strong necessity compels it. I have thought long of this; and my first feelings were like yours; a foolish conscience awed me, which soon I conquered. The man that would undo me, Nature cries out, undo. Brutes know their foes by instinct; and where superior force is given, th
r destruction. Shall man do less? Lew-
to our ruin; and shall we, with the

means to crush him, fly from our hunter, or turn and tear him? 'Tis folly even to hesitate.

Bates. He has obliged me, and I dare not.

Stuke. Why, live to shame then, to beggary and punishment. You would be privy to the deed, yet want the soul to act it. Nay, more, had my design been levelled at his fortune, you had stepped in the foremost—And what is life without its comforts? Those you would rob him of, and by a lingering death add cruelty to murder. Henceforth adieu to half-made villains—There's danger in them. What you have got is yours; keep it, and hide with it—I'll deal my future bounty to those that merit it.

Bates. What's the reward?

Stuke. Equal division of our gains. I swear it, and will be just.

Bates. Think of the means then.

Stuke. He's gone to Beverley's—Wait for him in the street—'Tis a dark night, and fit for mischief. A dagger would be useful.

Bates. He sleeps no more.

Stuke. Consider the reward. When the deed's done, I have farther business with you. Send Dawson to me.

Bates. Think it already done—and so, farewell.

[Exit

Stuke. Why, farewell Lewson, then; and farewell to my fears. This night secures me. I'll wait the event within.

[Exit

SCENE III.

Changes to the Street. Stage darkened. Enter BEVERLEY.

Bev. How like an out-cast do I wander? Loaded with every curse that drives the soul to desperation—The midnight robber, as he walks his rounds, sees by the glimmering lamp my frantic looks, and dreads to meet me. Whither am I going? My home lies there; all that is dear on earth it holds too; yet are the gates of death more welcome to me—I'll enter it no more—Who passes there? 'Tis Lewson—He meets me in a gloomy hour; and memory tells me he has been meddling with my fame.

Enter LEWSON.

Lew. Beverley! Well met. I have been busy in your affairs.

Bev. So I have heard, sir; and now must thank you as I ought.

Lew. To-morrow I may deserve your thanks. Let as it is, I go to Bates. Discoveries are making that an arch villain trembles at.

Bev. Discoveries are made, sir, that you shall tremble at. Where is this boasted spirit, this demeanour, that was to call me to account? You have wrong'd my sister—Now say as much. I first be ready for defence, as I am for resentment.

[D]

Lew. What mean you? I understand you not.

Bev. The coward's stale acquaintance! who, when spreads foul calumny abroad, and dreads just vengeance on him, cries out, What mean you? I understand you not.

Lew. Coward and calumny! Whence are those words? But I forgive, and pity you.

Bev. Your pity had been kinder to my fame. But you have traduced it; told a vile story to the public; that I have wronged my sister.

Lew. 'Tis false. Shew me the man that dares accuse me.

Bev. I thought you brave, and of a soul superior to low malice; but I have found you, and will have vengeance. This is no place for argument.

Lew. Nor shall it be for violence. Imprudent man! you, in revenge for fancied injuries, would pierce the heart that loves him. But honest friendship acts from itself, unmoved by slander "or ingratitude. The life you thirst for shall be employed to serve you.

"*Bev.* 'Tis thus you would compound then——
First, do a wrong beyond forgiveness, and, to redress it, load me with kindnesses unsolicited. I'll not receive it. Your zeal is troublesome.

"*Lew.* No matter. It shall be useful.

"*Bev.* It will not be accepted.

"*Lew.* It must." You know me not.

Bev. Yes, for the slanderer of my fame; who, under shew of friendship, arraigns me of injustice;

buzzing in every ear foul breach of trust, and family dishonour.

Lew. Have I done this? Who told you so?

Bev. The world——'Tis talked of every where. It pleased you to add threats too. You were to come to account——Why, do it now, then: I shall be proud of such an arbiter.

Lew. Put up your sword, and know me better. I never injured you. The base suggestion comes from Stukely: I see him and his aims.

Bev. What aims? I'll not conceal it; 'twas Stukely that accused you.

Lew. To rid him of an enemy——Perhaps of two. He fears discovery, and frames a tale of falsehood to ground revenge and murder on.

Bev. I must have proof of this.

Lew. Wait till to-morrow then.

Bev. I will.

Lew. Good night——I go to serve you——Forget what's past, as I do; and cheer your family with smiles. To-morrow may confirm them, and make all happy. [Exit]

Bev. [Pausing.] How vile, and how absurd is man! His boasted honour is but another name for pride, which easier bears the consciousness of guilt, than the world's just reproofs. But 'tis the fashion of the times; and in defence of falsehood and false honour men die martyrs. I knew not that my nature was so bad. [Stands musing]

ACT IV.

Bev. The c
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geance on him
stand you not.

Lew. Cowa
words? But I

Bev. Your p
you have tradi
ear, that I hav

Lew. 'Tis fa
cuse me.

Bev. I thou
to low malice ;
vengeance. T

Lew. Nor sh
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the heart that
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"The life you
"you.

"*Bev.* 'Tis
"First, do a v
"dress it, loa
"not receive i

"*Lew.* No r

"*Bev.* It wi

"*Lew.* It m

Bev. Yes, f
under shew of



Jar. Such thoughts are best disturbed.

Bev. I tell thee that they will not. Who sent thee hither?

Jar. My weeping mistress.

Bev. Am I so meek a husband then, that a commanding wife prescribes my hours, and sends to chide me for my absence?—Tell her I'll not return.

Jar. Those words would kill her.

Bev. Kill her! Would they not be kind, then? But she shall live to curse me—I have deserved it of her. Does she not hate me, Jarvis?

Jar. Alas, sir, forget your griefs, and let me lead you to her! The streets are dangerous.

Bev. Be wise, and leave me then. The night's black horrors are suited to my thoughts—These stones shall be my resting-place. [*Lies down.*] Here shall my soul brood o'er it's miseries, till, with the fiends of hell, and guilty of the earth, I start and tremble at the morning's light.

Jar. For pity's sake, sir—Upon my knees, I beg you to quit this place, and these sad thoughts.—Let patience, not despair, possess you—Rise, I beseech you—There's not a moment of your absence, that my poor mistress does not groan for.

Bev. Have I undone her, and is she still so kind [*Starting up.*] It is too much—My brain can't hold it—Oh, Jarvis, how desperate is that wretch's state which only death or madness can relieve.

Jar. Appease his mind, good Heaven, and give him resignation! Alas, sir, could beings in the other world

AB IV.

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blessed spirits
me conjure y
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your manhood

Bev. Thou
thy entreaties
miseries.

“ Jar. Be t
be yours.

“ Bev. Pr’y
“ sery.

Jar. I do not
this way ; we

Bev. “ We
thou say ? Ala
I have made a
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to me !——I w
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have warred a
now am forced

Changes to

Stuke. Come



Stuke. In the street, did you say? And no one near him?

Bates. By his own door; he was leading me to his house. I pretended business with him, and stabbed him to the heart, while he was reaching at the bell.

Stuke. And did he fall so suddenly?

Bates. The repetition pleases you, I see. I told you he fell without a groan.

Stuke. What heard you of him this morning?

Bates. That the watch found him in their round and alarmed the servants. I mingled with the crowd just now, and saw him dead in his own house——The sight terrified me.

Stuke. Away with terrors, till his ghost rise and accuse us. We have no living enemy to fear, unless 'tis Beverley; and him we have lodged safe in prison.

Bates. Must he be murdered too?

Stuke. No; I have a scheme to make the law his murderer. At what hour did Lewson fall?

Bates. The clock struck twelve as I turned to leave him. 'Twas a melancholy bell, I thought, tolling for his death.

Stuke. The time was lucky for us——Beverley was arrested at one, you say? [To Dawson]

Daw. Exactly.

Stuke. Good. We'll talk of this presently. The women were with him, I think?

Daw. And old Jarvis. I would have told you

them last night, but your thoughts were too busy.—
'Tis well you have a heart of stone; the tale would
melt it else.

Stake. Out with it, then.

Daw. I stated him to his lodgings; and, pretend-
ing pity for his misfortunes, kept the door open, while
the officers seized him. 'Twas a damned deed—but
no matter—I followed my instructions.

Stake. And what said he?

Daw. He upbraided me with treachery, called you
a villain, acknowledged the sums you had lent him,
and submitted to his fortune.

Stake. And the women—

Daw. For a few minutes astonishment kept them
silent. They looked wildly at one another, while the
tears streaming down their cheeks. But rage and
fury soon gave them words; and then, in the very
bitterness of despair, they cursed me, and the monster
that had employed me.

Stake. And you bore it with philosophy?

Daw. 'Till the scene changed, and then I melted.
I ordered the officers to take away their prisoner. The
women shrieked and would have followed him; but
we forbade them. 'Twas then they fell upon their
knees, the wife fainted, the sister raving, and both,
with all the eloquence of misery, endeavouring to
soften us. I never felt compassion till that moment;
and had the officers been moved like me, we had left
the business undone, and fled with curses on our-
selves. But their hearts were steeled by custom.

The tears of beauty, and the pangs of affliction beneath their pity. They tore him from home and lodged him in prison, with only Jarvis for his comfort.

Stuke. There let him lie, 'till we have fairness with him—"And for you, sir, let me have more of your compassion—A fellow of such villany, and employed from childhood in the business of hell, should have no dealings with your compassion."

Daw. Say you so, sir?—You should have seen the devil that tempted me——

Stuke. 'Tis false. I found you a villain; therefore employed you—but no more of this. You have embarked too far in mischief to recede. Your son is dead, and we are all principals in his death. Think of that—There's time enough for repentance, if ourselves are out of danger—Beverley is still though in a gaol—His ruin will sit heavy on you, and discoveries may be made to undo us. A great thing must be done, and speedily.—You were quarrelling with Lewson in the street last night.

[*Bates.* I did; his steward, Jarvis, saw me.]

Stuke. And shall attest it. Here's matter to lay upon.—An unwilling evidence carries weight with him." Something of my design I have hinted before—Beverley must be the author of this, and we the parties to convict him—But hasty proceeding will require time and thought—C

with me; the room within is fitted for privacy—But no compassion, sir [*To Dawson.*—We want leisure for't—This way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to BEVERLEY's Lodgings. Enter Mrs. BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. Bev. No news of Lewson yet?

Char. None. He went out early, and knows not what has happened.

Mrs. Bev. The clock strikes eight—I'll wait no longer.

Char. Stay but 'till Jarvis comes. He has sent twice to stop us 'till we see him.

Mrs. Bev. I have no life in this separation—Oh, what a night was last night! I would not pass another such to purchase worlds by it—My poor Beverley too! What must he have felt?—The very thought distracts me—To have him torn at midnight from me! A loathsome prison his habitation! A cold damp room his lodging! The bleak winds perhaps blowing upon his pillow! No fond wife to lull him to his rest! and no reflections but to wound and tear him!—'Tis too horrible—I wanted love for him, or they had not forced him from me.—They should have parted soul and body first—I was too tame.

Char. You must not talk so.—All that we could

we did ; and Jarvis did the rest—The faithful creature will give him comfort. Why does he delay coming ?

Mrs. Bev. And there's another fear. His poor master may be claiming the last kind office from him—His heart perhaps is breaking.

Char. See where he comes—His looks are cheerful too.

Enter JARVIS.

Mrs. Bev. Are tears then cheerful ? Alas, he weeps ! Speak to him, Charlotte—I have no tongue to ask him questions.

Char. How does your master, Jarvis ?

Jar. I am old and foolish, madam ; and tears will come before my words—But don't you weep ; [*To Mrs. Bev.*] I have a tale of joy for you.

Mrs. Bev. What tale ?—Say but he's well, and I have joy enough.

Jar. His mind too shall be well—all shall be well—I have news for him, that will make his poor heart bound again—Fie upon old age—How childish it makes me ! I have a tale of joy for you, and my tears drown it.

Char. Shed them in showers then, and make haste to tell it.

Mrs. Bev. What is it, Jarvis ?

Jar. Yet why should I rejoice when a good man dies ? Your uncle, madam, died yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. My uncle !—Oh, Heavens !

Char. How heard you of his death?

Jar. His steward came express, madam—I met him in the street, enquiring for your lodgings—I should not rejoice perhaps—but he was old, and my poor master a prisoner—Now he shall live again—Oh, 'tis a brave fortune! and 'twas death to me to see him a prisoner.

Char. Where left you the steward?

Jar. I would not bring him hither, to be a witness of your distresses; and besides, I wanted, once before I die, to be the messenger of joy to you. My good master will be a man again.

Mrs. Bev. Haste, haste then; and let us fly to him! We are delaying our own happiness.

Jar. I had forgot a coach, madam, and Lucy has ordered one.

Mrs. Bev. Where was the need of that? The news has given me wings.

Char. I have no joy, 'till my poor brother shares it with me. How did he pass the night, Jarvis?

Jar. Why now, madam, I can tell you. Like a man dreaming of death and horrors. When they led him to his cell—For 'twas a poor apartment for my master—He flung himself upon a wretched bed, and lay speechless 'till day-break. A sigh now and then, and a few tears that follow those sighs, were all that told me he was alive. I spoke to him, but he would not bear me; and when I persisted, he raised his hand at me, and knit his brow so—I thought he would have struck me.

Mrs. Bev. Oh, miserable! but what said he, Jarvis? Or was he silent all night?

Jar. At day-break he started from the bed, and looking wildly at me, asked who I was. I told him, and bid him be of comfort—Begone, old wretch, says he—I have sworn never to know comfort.—My wife! my child! my sister! I have undone them all, and will know no comfort. Then falling upon his knees, he imprecated curses upon himself.

Mrs. Bev. This is too horrible!—But you did not leave him so?

Char. No, I am sure he did not.

Jar. I had not the heart, madam. By degrees I brought him to himself. A shower of tears came to his relief; and he called me his kindest friend, and begged forgiveness of me like a child.—My heart throbbed so, I could not speak to him. He turned from me for a minute or two, and suppressing a few bitter sighs, enquired after his wretched family.—“Wretched was his word, madam—Asked how you bore the misery of last night—If you had the goodness to see him in prison: and then begged me to hasten to you. I told him he must be more himself first—He promised me he would; and bating a few sudden intervals, he became composed and easy—And then I left him; but not without an attendant—a servant in the prison whom I hired to wait upon him—’Tis an hour since we parted—I was prevented in my haste to be the messenger of joy to you.”

Mrs. Rev. What a tale is this?—But we have staid too long——“A coach is needless.

“*Clar.* Hark! I hear one at the door.”

Jar. “And Lucy comes to tell us”——We’ll away this moment.

Mrs. Rev. To comfort him, or die with him. [*Ex.*]

“SCENE III.

“*Changes to STUKELY’s Lodgings. Enter STUKELY, BATES, and DAWSON.*

“*Stuke.* Here’s presumptive evidence at least—or
 “if we want more, why we must swear more. But
 “all unwillingly—We gain credit by reluctance—I
 “have told you how to proceed. Beverley must die
 “——We hunt him in view now, and must not
 “slacken in the chace. ’Tis either death for him, or
 “shame and punishment for us. Think of that, and
 “remember your instructions—You, Bates, must to
 “the prison immediately. I would be there but a
 “few minutes before you; and you, Dawson, must
 “follow in a few minutes after. So here we divide
 “——But answer me; are you resolved upon this
 “business like men?

“*Bates.* Like villains rather—But you may depend
 “upon us.

“*Stuke.* Like what we are then—You make no an-
 “swer, Dawson—Compassion, I suppose, has seized
 “you.

“*Daw.* No; I have disclaimed it—My answer
“is Bates’s—You may depend upon me.

“*Stuke.* Consider the reward! Riches and secu-
“rity! I have sworn to divide with you to the last
“shilling—So here we separate till we meet in pri-
“son—Remember your instructions, and be men.
“ [Exeunt.]”

SCENE IV.

*Changes to a Prison. BEVERLEY is discovered sitting.
After a short pause, he starts up, and comes forward.*

Bev. Why, there’s an end then, I have judged de-
liberately, and the result is death. How the self-
murderer’s account may stand, I know not. But
this I know—the load of hateful life oppresses me too
much—The horrors of my soul are more than I can
bear—[Offers to kneel.] Father of mercy!—I cannot
pray—Despair has laid his iron hand upon me, and
sealed me for perdition—Conscience! Conscience!
thy clamours are too loud—Here’s that shall silence
thee. [Takes a phial out of his pocket, and looks at it.]
Thou art most friendly to the miserable. Come
then, thou cordial for sick minds—Come to my
heart. [Drinks.] Oh, that the grave would bury me-
mory as well as body! For if the soul sees and feels
the sufferings of those dear ones it leaves behind, the
Everlasting has no vengeance to torment it deeper—
I’ll think no more on’t—Reflection comes too late—

Once there ~~was~~ a time for't—but now 'tis past.—
Who's there ?

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. One that hoped to see you with better looks—
Why d'you turn so from me ? I have brought comfort with me. And see who comes to give it welcome.

Bev. My wife and sister ! Why, 'tis but one pang more then, and farewell world. [*Aside.*]

Enter Mrs. BEVERLEY and CHARLOTTE.

Mrs. Bev. Where is he ? [*Runs and embraces him.*]
Oh, I have him ! I have him ! And now they shall never part us more—I have news, love, to make you happy for ever——“ But don't look coldly on me.

“*Char.* How is it, brother ?

“*Mrs. Bev.*” Alas ! he hears us not——Speak to me, love. I have no heart to see you thus.

Bev. “ Nor I to bear the sense of so much shame”
—This is a sad place !

Mrs. Bev. We came to take you from it. To tell you the world goes well again. That Providence has seen our sorrows, and sent the means to help them—Your uncle died yesterday.

Bev. My uncle !—No, do not say so !—Oh, I am sick at heart !

Mrs. Bev. Indeed !—I meant to bring you comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives then——If you would bring me comfort, tell me he lives.

Mrs. Bev. And if I did—I have no power to raise the dead—He died yesterday.

Bev. And I am heir to him?

Jar. To his whole estate, sir—But bear it patiently—pray bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well—[*Pausing.*] Why, fame says I am rich then?

Mrs. Bev. And truly so—Why do you look so wildly?

Bev. Do I? The news was unexpected. But has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, sir—He could not leave it from you.

Bev. I am sorry for it.

Char. Sorry! Why sorry?

Bev. Your uncle's dead, Charlotte.

Char. Peace be with his soul then—Is it so terrible that an old man should die?

Bev. He should have been immortal."

Mrs. Bev. "Heaven knows I wished not for his death. 'Twas the will of Providence that he should die"—Why are you disturbed so?

Bev. Has death no terrors in it?

Mrs. Bev. Not an old man's death. Yet if it troubles you, I wish him living.

Bev. And I, with all my heart.

Char. Why, what's the matter?

Bev. Nothing—How heard you of his death?

Mrs. Bev. His steward came express. Would I had never known it!

Bev. "Or had heard it one day sooner"—For I

ACT V. THE

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the power of speech
and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Alas! w
we to curse you—I'll

Bev. No; I have
world holds not such :
fortune, this second I
have healed our sorr
hopes, in a cursed hou

Char. Sold! How se

Mrs. Bev. Impossibl

Bev. That devil Stu
tempted me to the dee
nour, and to redeem p
—Sold it for a scant
lains.

Char. Why, farewel

Bev. Liberty and life

Mrs. Bev. Then hear
down with mercy on
his looks, and quiet to
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spair! On me! on me
either, multiply misfor
ly, so he is happy! T
support! These eyes b
on him! And every du
be doubly done to chee
me! So reward me!

Bev. I would kneel too, but that offended Heaven would turn my prayers into curses. "What have I to ask for! I, who have shook hands with hope? Is it for length of days that I should kneel? No; my time is limited. Or is it for this world's blessings upon you and yours? To pour out my heart in wishes for a ruined wife, a child, and sister? Oh, no!" for I have done a deed to make life horrible to you——

"*Mrs. Bev.* Why horrible? Is poverty so horrible?—The real wants of life are few. A little industry will supply them all—And cheerfulness will follow—It is the privilege of honest industry, and we'll enjoy it fully.

"*Bev.* Never, never—Oh, I have told you but in part. The irrevocable deed is done."

Mrs. Bev. What deed?—"And why do you look so at me?

"*Bev.* A deed that dooms my soul to vengeance—That seals your misery here, and mine hereafter.

"*Mrs. Bev.* No, no; you have a heart too good for't—Alas! he raves, Charlotte—His looks too terrify me—Speak comfort to him—He can have done no deed of wickedness.

"*Char.* And yet I fear the worst—What is it, brother?"

Bev. A deed of horror.

Jar. Ask him no questions, madam—This last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

Act V.

Bev. Why

Stuke. To
dam's, his di
ley.] Let him

was meant in

Char. What

Stuke. The
kept his hands

Mrs. Bev. I

—Oh, wretch

Stuke. From

Char. No, v
quickly.

Stuke. You
the murderer at

Char. What
Not Lewson's
ship you.

Stuke. In pit
of all cry murd
to save the brot
son's dead.

Char. O horr
" And yet it can
" mitted that he
" lives and shal

" *Mrs. Bev.* P

" *Char.* O, 'tis

"*Mrs. Bev.* He comes in pity, he says! O, execrable villain! The friend is killed then, and this "the murderer?"

Bev. Silence, I charge you.—Proceed, sir.

Stuke. No. Justice may stop the tale—and here's an evidence.

Enter BATES.

Bates. The news, I see, has reached you. But take comfort, madam. [*To Char.*] There's one without enquiring for you.—Go to him, and lose no time.

Char. O misery! misery! [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bev. Follow her, Jarvis. If it be true that Lewson's dead, her grief may kill her.

Bates. Jarvis must stay here, madam. I have some questions for him.

Stuke. Rather let him fly. His evidence may crush his master.

Bev. Why ay; this looks like management.

Bates. He found you quarrelling with Lewson in the streets last night. [*To Bev.*

Mrs. Bev. No; I am sure he did not.

Jar. Or if I did——

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis false, old man—They had no quarrel; there was no cause for quarrel.

Bev. Let him proceed, I say—Oh! I am sick! sick!——Reach a chair. [*He sits down.*

Mrs. Bev. You droop and tremble, love.—Your eyes are fixed too——Yet you are innocent. If Lewson's dead, you killed him not,

Enter

Stuke. Who sent for

Bates. 'Twas I——

He think of—— Witho

Stuke. What witness

Bates. A right one.

Enter Lewson

Stuke. Lewson! O v

Mrs. Bev. Risen from
expected happiness!

Char. Or is't his ghost
would please you, sir.

Jar. What riddle's t

Bev. Be quick and t
few.

Mrs. Bev. Alas! wh
happily.

Lew. While shame a
viper. [*Pointing to Stuke*
too busy in his secrets,
Bates, to prevent the
aloof to give it credit.—

Char. And give me

Lew. I felt 'em all,
But vengeance wanted
was but half executed.
lowed the supposed mu

on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverley.

Mrs. Bev. O! execrable wretch!

Bates. Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

Lew. And of a thousand frauds. His fortune ruined by sharpers and false dice; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopped on this side murder, we had been villains still.

Mrs. Bev. Thus Heaven turns evil into good: and by permitting sin, warns men to virtue.

Lew. Yet punishes the instrument. So shall our laws; tho' not with death. But death were mercy. Shame, beggary, and imprisonment, unpitied misery, the stings of conscience, and the curses of mankind shall make life hateful to him—till at last his own hand end him—How does my friend? [*To Bev.*

Bev. Why well. Who's he that asks me?

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis Lewson, love—Why do you look so at him?

Bev. They told me he was murdered. [*Wildly.*

Mrs. Bev. Ay; but he lives to save us.

Bev. Lend me your hand—The room turns round.

Mrs. Bev. O Heaven!

Lew. This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight—And for your lives see that you guard him. [*Stukely is taken off by Dawson and Bates.*] How is it, sir?

Bev. 'Tis here—and here. [*Pointing to his head and heart.*] And now it tears me!

Act V.

TH

Mrs. Bev. You fe
disturbs you?

" Lew. This sudd
" wants rest too——]

" His brain is giddy.

" Char. Ay, never

" —O! I fear! I fea

" Mrs. Bev. Preser
my life! look at me!

Bev. A furnace ra
" been too hasty.

" Mrs. Bev. Indeed

" Jarvis! Fly, fly fo

" —Weep not, but fl

" hasty deed?—Yet d

" have guessed.

" Bev. Call back the

" dicine's power to he

" Mrs. Bev. Is it the

" Bev." Down, rest
hand on his heart.] de

There you shall rack m

" Mrs. Bev. Help, (

" [To Lewson.] This i

" Bev. That pang v

" senses."—Where's

give me, love?

Mrs. Bev. Alas! for

" Bev. [*Starting agai*

" —Now all is quiet-

"*Mrs. Bev.* I will——tell me for what?"

Bev. For meanly dying.

Mrs. Bev. No——do not say it.

Bev. As truly as my soul must answer it.—Had Jarvis staid this morning, all had been well. But pressed by shame—pent in a prison—tormented with my pangs for you—driven to despair and madness—I took the advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and—swallowed poison.

Mrs. Bev. O fatal deed!

Char. Dreadful and cruel!

Bev. Ay, most accursed—And now I go to my account. "This rest from pain brings death; yet 'tis
"Heaven's kindness to me. I wished for ease, a moment's ease, that cool repentance and contrition
"might soften vengeance."——Bend me, and let me kneel. [*They lift him from his chair, and support him on his knees.*] I'll pray for you too. Thou Power that madest me, hear me! If for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of death, thy justice dooms me, here I acquit the sentence. But if enthroned in mercy where thou sittest, thy pity has beheld me, send me a gleam of hope; that in these last and bitter moments my soul may taste of comfort! and for these mourners here, O! let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths happy!——"Now raise me."

[*They lift him to the chair.*]

Mrs. Bev. Restore him, Heaven! Stretch forth thy arm omnipotent, and snatch him from the grave!—O save him! save him! or let me die too.

Bev. Alas! that prayer is fruitless. Already death has seized me—Yet Heaven is gracious—I asked for hope, as the bright presage of forgiveness, and like a light, blazing through darkness, it came and cheered me—'Twas all I lived for," and now I die.

Mrs. Bev. Not yet!—Not yet!—Stay but a little and I'll die too."

Bev. No; live, I charge you.—We have a little one.—Tho' I have left him, you will not leave him.—To Lewson's kindness I bequeath him.—Is not this Charlotte?—We have lived in love, tho' I have wronged you.—Can you forgive me, Charlotte?

Char. Forgive you! O my poor brother!

Bev. "Lend me your hand, love—So—raise me—No—'twill not be—My life is finished—" O! for a few short moments, to tell you how my heart bleeds for you—That even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of hereafter, my bosom pang is for your miseries, support her, Heaven!—And now I go—O, mercy! mercy!

[Dies.

Lew. Then all is over—How is it, madam?—My poor Charlotte too!

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. How does my master, madam? Here's help at hand—Am I too late then? [Seeing Bev.

Char. Tears! tears! why fall you not—O wretched sister!—Speak to her, Lewson—' Her grief is speechless.

*And 'tis a horrid scandal, I declare,
That four strange queens should rival all the fair ;
Four jilts with neither beauty, wit, nor parts,
O shame ! have got possession of their hearts :
And those bold sluts, for all their queenly pride,
Have play'd loose tricks, or else they're much bely'd.
Cards were at first for benefits design'd,
Sent to amuse, and not enslave the mind.
From good to bad how easy the transition !
For what was pleasure once, is now perdition.
Fair ladies, then, these wicked gamesters shun,
Whoever weds one, is, you see, undone.*

THE END.

•

17





DOUBLE GALLANT

Early Scene. Ha! what do I see?
my Servant on the Floor and
his Mistress offering rudeness to her

STANFORD LIBRARIES



THE DOUBLE GALLANT;

OR,

THE SICK LADY'S CURE.

A

COMEDY,

By COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

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AS PERFORMED AT THE

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DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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MDCCXCII.



PROLOGUE.

COULD those, who never try'd, conceive the sweat,
The toil requir'd, to make a Play complete ;
They'd pardon, or encourage all that could
Pretend to be but tolerably good.
Plot, Wit, and Humour's hard to meet in one,
And yet, without 'em all—all's lamely done :
One Wit, perhaps, another Humour paints ;
A third designs you well, but Genius wants ;
A fourth begins with fire—but, ah ! too weak to hold it,
faints.

A modern Bard, who late adorn'd the bays,
Whose muse advanc'd his fame to envy'd praise,
Was still observ'd to want his judgment most in plays.
Those, he too often found, required the pain,
And stronger forces of a vig'rous brain :
Nay, even alter'd Plays, like old houses mended,
Cost little less than new, before they're ended ;
At least, our Author finds the experience true,
For equal pains has made this wholly new :
And tho' the Name seems old, the Scenes will show
That 'tis, in fact, no more the same, than now
Fam'd Chatsworth is, what 'twas some years ago.
Pardon the boldness, that a Play should dare,
With works of so much wonder to compare :

*But as that fabric's ancient, walls or wood
Were little worth, to make this new one good
So of this Play, we hope, 'tis understood.
For tho' from former Scenes some hints he
The ground-plot's wholly chang'd from w
Not but he hopes you'll find enough that's
In plot, in persons, wit, and humour too
Yet what's not his, he owns in other's rig
(Nor toils he now for fame, but your delig
(If that's attain'd, what's the matter who
Applaud the Scenes, and strip him of th*



Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir SOLOMON SADLIFE,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Quick.
CLERIMONT,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Macready.
CARELESS,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
ATALL,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
Old Mr. WILFUL,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Cubitt.
Sir HARRY ATALL,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
SUPPLE,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Cross.
Dr. BLISTER,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Powell.
RHUBARB,	-	-	-	-	Mr. C. Powell.
FINDER,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bernard.

Women.

Lady DAINTY,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
Lady SADLIFE,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
CLARINDA,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Bernard.
SYLVIA,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Merry.
WISHWELL,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Harlowe.
SITUP,	-	-	-	-	Miss Stuart.



THE DOUBLE GALLANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Park. Enter CLERIMONT and ATALL.

Clerimont.

[*Enter ATALL, your very humble servant.*

At. O, Clerimont, such an adventure ! I was just
ing to your lodgings ; such a transporting accident !
short, I am now positively in love for altogether.

Cler. All the sex together, I believe.

At. Nay, if thou dost not believe me, and stand my
end, I am ruin'd past redemption.

Cler. Dear sir, if I stand your friend without be-
ving you, won't that do as well ? But why should
u think I don't believe you ? I have seen you twice
love within this fortnight ; and it would be hard
leed to suppose a heart of so much mettle could not
ld out a third engagement.

At. Then, to be serious, in one word, I am ho-
rably in love ; and, if she proves the woman I
sure she must, will positively marry her.

B ij

Cler. Marry! O degenerate virtue!

At. Now, will you help me?

Cler. Sir, you may depend upon me. Pray give me leave first to ask a question or two. What is this honourable lady's name?

At. Faith, I don't know.

Cler. What are her parents?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. What fortune has she?

At. I don't know.

Cler. Where does she live?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. A very concise account of the person you design to marry. Pray, sir, what is it you do know of her?

At. That I'll tell you. Coming yesterday from Greenwich by water, I overtook a pair of oars, whose lovely freight was one single lady, and a fellow in a handsome livery in the stern. When I came up, I had at first resolved to use the privilege of the element, and bait her with waterman's wit, till I came to the bridge; but, as soon as she saw me, she very prudently prevented my design; and, as I passed, bowed to me with an humble blush, that spoke at once such sense, so just a fear, and modesty, as put the loosest of my thoughts to rout. And when she found her fears had moved me into manners, the cautious gloom that sat upon her beauties disappeared; her sparkling eyes resumed their native fire; she looked, she smiled, she talked, while her diffusive

charms new fired my heart, and gave my soul a softness it never felt before.—To be brief, her conversation was as charming as her person, both easy, unconstrained, and sprightly: but then her limbs! O rapturous thought! The snowy down upon the wings of unfledged love had never half that softness.

Cler. Raptures indeed. Pray, sir, how came you so well acquainted with her limbs?

At. By the most fortunate misfortune sure that ever was: for, as we were shooting the bridge, her boat, by the negligence of the waterman, running against the piles, was upset; out jumps the footman to take care of a single rogue, and down went the poor lady to the bottom. My boat being before her, the stream drove her, by the help of her clothes, toward me; at sight of her I plunged in, caught her in my arms, and, with much ado, supported her till my waterman pulled in to save us. But the charming difficulty of her getting into the boat, gave me a transport that all the wide water in the Thames had not power to cool; for, sir, while I was giving her a lift into the boat, I found the floating of her clothes had left her lovely limbs beneath as bare as a new-born Venus rising from the sea.

Cler. What an impudent happiness art thou capable of!

At. When she was a little recovered from her fright, she began to enquire my name, abode, and circumstances, that she might know to whom she owed her life and preservation. Now, to tell you the

you. [*Exit At.*]—What a happy fellow is this, that owes his success with the women purely to his inconstancy? Here comes another too, almost as happy as he, a fellow that's wise enough to be but half in love, and make his whole life a studied idleness.

Enter CARELESS.

So, Careless! you're constant, I see, to your morning's saunter.—Well, how stand matters?—I hear strange things of thee; that after having railed at marriage all thy life, thou hast resolved to fall into the noose at last.

Care. I don't see any great terror in the noose, as you call it, when a man's weary of liberty: the liberty of playing the fool, when one's turned of thirty, is not of much value.

Cler. Hey-day! Then you begin to have nothing in your head now, but settlements, children, and the main chance?

Care. Even so, faith; but in hopes to come at 'em too, I am forced very often to make my way through pills, elixirs, bolus's, ptisans, and gallipots.

Cler. What, is your mistress an apothecary's widow?

Care. No, but she is an apothecary's shop, and keeps as many drugs in her bed-chamber; she has her physic for every hour of the day and night—for 'tis vulgar, she says to be a moment in rude and perfect health. Her bed lined with poppies; the black boys at the feet, that the healthy employ to bear flow-

Act I. THE DOCTOR

ers in their arms, sleep
other sleepy potions :
common and offensive
breathe nothing but the
scents of hartshorn, and

Cler. Why, at this
sort of Hippocrates.
has this extraordinary

Care. She has one,
without being so deep

Cler. What's that ?

Care. Why, two thousand

Cler. No vulgar beauty
thou for any consideration
pital, this box of physick
upon a pill ?

Care. O, dear sir, the
mour is as fantastic as
lish must come near her
impertinencies : her
her dress Indian, and
the coachman came out
Rusisa, Flanders are
trim are a motley crowd
lamots, and pale blue
that comes from beyond
are those of her own
with nothing o' this
caries.

Cler. Apothecaries

ought I see, is a perfect dose of folly and physic; in a month's time she'll grow like an antimonial cup, and a kiss will be able to work with you.

Care. But to prevent that, Tom, I design upon the wedding-day to break all her gallipots, kick the doctor down stairs, and force her, instead of physic, to take a hearty meal of a swinging rump of boiled beef and carrots, and so 'faith I have told her.

Cler. That's something familiar: are you so near man and wife?

Care. O nearer; for I sometimes plague her till she hates the very sight of me.

Cler. Ha, ha! very good! So being a very troublesome lover, you pretend to cure her of her physic by a counter poison.

Care. Right; I intend to see a doctor to prescribe to her an hour of my conversation to be taken every night and morning; and this to be continued till her fever of aversion's over.

Cler. An admirable recipe!

Care. Well, Tom, but how stands thy own affair? Is Clarinda kind yet?

Cler. Faith I cannot say she's absolutely kind, but she's pretty near it: for she's grown so ridiculously ill-humoured to me of late, that if she keeps the same airs a week longer, I am in hopes to find as much ease from her folly, as my constancy would from her good nature.—But to be plain, I'm afraid I have some secret rival in the case; for women's vanity seldom gives them courage enough to use an old love

218 1.

heartily ill
they intend

Care. W

I presume

Cler. Ye

please: th

fortune, th

his fingers

am afraid

marry with

altered in

what to do

Care. W

Changes to
Sir

Sir Sol. :

great confic

some secrets

Sup. Yes

Sir Sol. .

but be secr

Sup. I'll

Sir Sol.]

thee and I,

hates me to

Sup. Ah



to say the truth, my lady's bitter, young, and some.

Sir Sol. But can she have the impudence, thou, to make a cuckold of a knight, one dubbed by the royal sword?

Sup. Alas, sir, I warrant she has the countess; if she's once provoked, she cares she does in her passion; if you were te knight she'd give you dub for dub, sir.

Sir Sol. Ah! Supple when her blood's up she's the devil; and I question if the who of cardinals could lay her. But suppose resolve to give me a sample of her sex, at a cuckold in cool blood?

Sup. Why, if she should, sir, don't t heart; cuckolds are no such monsters t in the city, you know, sir, it's so many t fortune, that no body minds it there; an of the town, a cuckold has as much t wife, for aught I see; for gentlemen do it may be their own case another day, are willing to do as they would be don

Sir Sol. And yet I do not think bu honest—and think she is not—wo tisfied.

Sup. Troth, sir, I don't know wh in my conscience I believe good look do her no harm.

Sir Sol. Right, Supple; and in or demolish her visiting days. For ho

ACT I. THE DOUBLE G

they may be so many private
dom?

Sup. Ah, sir! your worship
against your coming to this end

Sir Sol. Thou wert indeed, a
woman! fair and faithless
worked me to her wishes;—likewise
I let my empire moulder from
all for love.—I must have a yeoman
to me—I hate her too—at least
I'm still jealous of her.—Stay
the fashionable virtues she has
happy. In the first place—I t

Sup. Ah, that's because you

Sir Sol. As for her expences
reach them; she's always long
and useless; she will certainly
ribbands, fans, laces, perfumes,
patches, jessamine gloves, and

Sup. Ah, sir, that's a cruel

Sir Sol. To sum up all would be
only way to put a stop to her
off my coach, turn away her coachman
Swiss porter, bar up the door
and then she'll be less expensiv

Sup. Ay, sir, for few women
while to dress for their husbands

Sir Sol. Then we sha'n't be
Lady Tittle-tattle's howd'ye's
Lady Dainty's spleen, or the
that grim beast her horrible d

C

Sup. No, sir, nor the impertinence of that great fat creature, my Lady Swill-Tea.

Sir Sol. And her squinting daughter.—No, Supple, after this night, nothing in petticoats shall come within ten yards of my doors.

Sup. Nor in breeches neither.

Sir Sol. Only Mr. Clerimont; for I expect him to sign articles with me for the five hundred pounds he is to give me, for that ungovernable jade my niece Clarinda.—But now to my own affairs. I'll step into the park, and see if I can meet with my hopeful spouse there. I warrant, engaged in some innocent freedom, as she calls it, as walking in a mask, to laugh at the impertinencies of fops that don't know her; but 'tis more likely, I'm afraid, a plot to intrigue with those that do. Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

CLARINDA's Apartment. Enter CLARINDA and SYLVIA.

Clarinda.

HA, ha! poor Sylvia!

Syl. Nay, pr'ythee, don't laugh at me. There's no accounting for inclination: for if there were, you know, why should it be a greater folly in me, to fall in love with a man I never saw but once in my life, than it is in you to resist an honest gentleman, whose

fidelity has deserved your heart an hundred times over.

Clar. Ah, but an utter stranger, cousin, and one that, for aught you know, may be no gentleman.

Syl. That's impossible: his conversation could not be counterfeit. An elevated wit, and good breeding, have a natural lustre that's inimitable. Beside, he saved my life at the hazard of his own; so that part of what I give him, is but gratitude.

“*Clar.* Well;—you are the first woman that ever “took fire in the middle of the Thames, sure.” But suppose now he is married, and has three or four children.

Syl. Psha! pr'ythee don't tease me with so many ill-natured objections. I tell you he is not married: I am sure he is not: for I never saw a face look more in humour in my life. Beside, he told me himself, he was a country gentleman, just come to town upon business: and I am resolved to believe him.

Clar. Well, well; I'll suppose you both as fit for one another as a couple of tallies. But, still, my dear, you know there's a surly old father's command against you; he is in articles to marry you to another: and though I know love is a notable contriver, I can't see how you'll get over that difficulty.

Syl. 'Tis a terrible one, I own; but with a little of your assistance, dear Clarinda, I am still in hopes to bring it to an even wager, I prove as wise as my father.

Clar. Nay, you may be sure of me; you may see

by the management of my own amours, I have so natural a compassion for disobedience, I sha'n't be able to refuse you any thing in distress.—There's my hand; tell me how I can serve you?

Syl. Why thus:—because I would not wholly discover myself to him at once, I have sent him a note to visit me here, as if these lodgings were my own.

Clar. Hither! to my lodging! 'Twas well I sent Colonel Standfast word I should not be at home.

[*Aside.*

Syl. I hope you'll pardon my freedom, since one end of my taking it too, was to have your opinion of him before I engage any farther.

Clar. Oh, it needs no apology; any thing of mine is at your service.—I am only afraid my troublesome lover, Mr. Clerimont, should happen to see him, who is of late so impertinently jealous of a rival, though from what cause I know not—not but I lie too. [*Aside.*] I say, should he see him, your country gentleman would be in danger, I can tell you.

Syl. Oh, there's no fear of that; for I have ordered him to be brought in the back way: when I have talked with him a little alone, I'll find an occasion to leave him with you; and then we'll compare our opinions of him.

Enter a Servant to CLARINDA.

Serv. Madam, my Lady Sadlife.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. THE DO

Syl. Psha! she has

Clar. Don't be uneasy
take care of her.

Enter

L. Sad. Oh, my dear
morning, sure, that evening
The park never was

Clar. 'Tis always

L. Sad. 'Tis never

Syl. How civilly
[*Aside.*] Was there a

L. Sad. Abundant
season: for 'twas but
hour you know when
Oh, the air was so
complete the pleasure
by the most charming
young fellow, sure,
with.

Clar. Who was it

L. Sad. Nay, Heaven
now as his conversation
fellows are to him!

Syl. What sort of

L. Sad. Tall, straight
and a look as cheerful

Syl. The picture's
my gentleman's!

Clar. I wish this

Syl. How came you to part with him so soon?

L. Sad. Oh, name it not! that eternal damper all pleasure, my husband, Sir Solomon, came into the Mall in the very crisis of our conversation,—I saw him at a distance, and complained that the air grew tainted, that I was sick o'th' sudden, and left him with such abruptness and confusion, as if he had been himself my husband.

Clar. A melancholy disappointment, indeed!

L. Sad. Oh, 'tis a husband's nature to give them

A Servant enters and whispers SYLVIA.

Syl. Desire him to walk in.—Cousin, you'll be my hand.

Clar. In the next room.—Come, madam, Sylvia has a little business: I'll shew you some of the sweetest, prettiest figured china.

L. Sad. My dear, I wait on you.

[Exeunt L. Sad. and Clar.]

Enter ATALL, as Mr. FREEMAN.

Syl. You find, sir, I have kept my word in seeing you; 'tis all you yet have asked of me; and when I know 'tis in my power to be more obliging, there's nothing you can command in honour I shall refuse you.

At. This generous offer, madam, is so high an obligation, that it were almost mean in me to ask farther favour. But 'tis a lover's merit to be a misanthrope in his wishes and grasp at all occasions to enrich

them. I own I feel your charms too sensibly prevail, but dare not give a loose to my ambitious thoughts, 'till I have passed one dreadful doubt that shakes them.

Syl. If 'tis in my power to clear it, ask me freely.

At. I tremble at the trial; and yet, methinks, my fears are vain: but yet to kill or cure them once for ever, be just and tell me—are you married?

Syl. If that can make you easy, no.

At. 'Tis ease indeed—nor are you promised, nor your heart engaged?

Syl. That's hard to tell you: but to be just, I own my father has engaged my person to one I never saw; and my heart I fear is inclining to one he never saw.

At. Oh, yet be merciful, and ease my doubt; tell me the happy man that has deserved so exquisite a blessing.

Syl. That, sir, requires some pause: first tell me why you're so inquisitive, without letting me know the condition of your own heart.

At. In every circumstance my heart's the same with yours; 'tis promised to one I never saw, by a commanding father, who, by my firm hopes of happiness, I am resolved to disobey, unless your cruelty prevents it.

Syl. But my disobedience would beggar me.

At. Banish that fear. I'm heir to a fortune will support you like yourself.—May I not know your family.

Syl. Yet you must not.

At. Why that nicety? Is not it in my power to inquire whose house this is when I am gone?

Syl. And be never the wiser. These lodgings are a friend's, and are only borrowed on this occasion: but to save you the trouble of any further needless questions, I will make you one proposal. I have a young lady here within, who is the only confident of my engagements to you: on her opinion I rely; nor can you take it ill, if I take no farther steps without it: 'twould be miserable indeed should we both meet beggars. I own your actions and appearance merit all you can desire; let her be as well satisfied of your pretensions and condition, and you shall find it sha'n't be a little fortune shall make me ungrateful.

At. So generous an offer exceeds my hopes.

Syl. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Desire my cousin Clarinda to walk in.

At. Ha! Clarinda! If it should be my Clarinda now, I'm in a sweet condition—by all that's terrible the very she!—this was finely contrived of fortune.

[*Aside.*]

Enter CLARINDA.

Clar. Defend me! Colonel Standfast!—She has certainly discovered my affairs with him, and has a mind to insult me by an affected resignation of her pretensions to him.—I'll disappoint her.—I won't know him.

[*Aside.*]

Act II. THE DO

Syl. Cousin, pray, man I am so much obliged to you for the mention of mine, and the

At. I shall be proud of your friends.

Clar. Soh! he takes to know me neither: am confounded!—I unconcerned he looks before my face.

Lady S.

L. Sad. What do you know that talked with him is the luckiest accident to him.

Syl. Cousin, and I make any apology—my leaving you together wait on you again.

At. So! I'm in a hurry: buff's the word: I'll

Clar. Mr. Freeman his name too! How senses sure, and yet as if he had a mind could find in my heart see how far he'll carry it, sir?

At. What the devil



a mind to counterface me, and not know me too—
With all my heart: if her ladyship won't know me,
I'm sure 'tis not my business at this time to know her.

[*Aside.*]

Clar. Certainly that face is cannon proof. [*Aside,*

At. Now for a formal speech, as if I had never seen
her in my life before. [*Aside.*] Madam—a hem!
Madam—I—a hem!

Clar. Curse of that steady face. [*Aside.*

At. I say, madam, since I am an utter stranger to
you, I am afraid it will be very difficult for me to
offer you more arguments than one to do me a friend-
ship with your cousin; but if you are, as she seems
to own you, her real friend, I presume you can't give
her a better proof of your being so, than pleading the
cause of a sincere and humble lover, whose tender
wishes never can propose to taste of peace in life
without her.

Clar. Umph! I'm choked. [*Aside.*

At. She gave me hopes, that when I had satisfied
you of my birth and fortune, you would do me the
honour to let me know her name and family.

Clar. Sir, I must own you are the most perfect
master of your art, that ever entered the lists of as-
surance.

At. Madam!

Clar. And I don't doubt but you'll find it a much
easier task to impose upon my cousin, than me.

At. Impose, madam! I should be sorry any thing
I have said could disoblige you into such hard

thoughts of me. Sure, madam, you are under some misinformation.

Clar. I was indeed, but now my eyes are open; for, 'till this minute, I never knew that the gay Colonel Standfast, was the demure Mr. Freeman.

At. Colonel Standfast! This is extremely dark, madam.

Clar. This jest is tedious, sir—impudence grows dull, when 'tis so very extravagant.

At. Madam, I am a gentleman—but not yet wise enough, I find, to account for the humours of a fine lady.

Clar. Troth, sir, on second thoughts I begin to be a little better reconciled to your assurance; 'tis in some sort modesty to deny yourself; for to own your perjuries to my face, had been an insolence transcendently provoking.

At. Really, madam, my not being able to apprehend one word of all this, is a great inconvenience to my affair with your cousin: but if you will first do me the honour to make me acquainted with her name and family, I don't much care if I do take a little pains afterwards to come to a right understanding with you.

Clar. Come, come, since you see this assurance will do you no good, you had better put on a simple look, and generously confess your frailties: the same slyness that deceived me first, will still find me woman enough to pardon you.

At. That bite won't do [*Aside.*] Sure, madam, you mistake me for some other person.

Clar. Insolent ! audacious villain ! I am not to have my senses then !

At. No.

[*Aside.*

Clar. And you are resolved to stand it to the last !

At. The last extremity.

[*Aside.*

Clar. Well, sir, since you are so much a stranger to Colonel Standfast, I'll tell you where to find him, and tell him this from me ; I hate him, scorn, detest, and loath him : I never meant him but at best for my diversion, and should he ever renew his dull addresses to me, I'll have him used as his vain insolence deserves. Now, sir, I have no more to say, and I desire you would leave the house immediately.

At. I would not willingly disoblige you, madam, but 'tis impossible to stir 'till I have seen your cousin, and cleared myself of these strange aspersions.

Clar. Don't flatter yourself, sir, with so vain a hope, for I must tell you, once for all, you've seen the last of her ; and if you won't be gone, you'll oblige me to have you forced away.

At. I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*] Well, madam, since I find nothing can prevail upon your cruelty, I'll take my leave : but as you hope for justice on the man that wrongs you, at least be faithful to your lovely friend. And when you have named to her my utmost guilt, yet paint my passion as it is, sincere. Tell her what tortures I endured in this severe ex-

clusion from her sight, that till my innocence is clear to her, and she again receives me into mercy,

A madman's frenzy's heav'n to what I feel ;

The wounds you give 'tis she alone can heal. [Exit.

Clar. Most abandoned impudence ! And yet I know not which vexes me most, his out-facing my senses, or his insolent owning his passion for my cousin to my face : 'tis impossible she could put him upon this, it must be all his own ; but be it as it will, by all that's woman I'll have revenge. [Exit.

Re-enter ATALL and Lady SADLIFE at the other side.

At. Hey-day ! is there no way down stairs here ? Death ! I can't find my way out ! This is the oddest house——

L. Sad. Here he is—I'll venture to pass by him.

At. Pray, madam, which is the nearest way out ?

L. Sad. Sir, out——a——

At. Oh, my stars ! is't you, madam, this is fortunate indeed—I beg you'll tell me, do you live here, madam ?

L. Sad. Not very far off, sir : but this is no place to talk with you alone—indeed I must beg your pardon.

At. By all those kindling charms that fire my soul, no consequence on earth shall make me quit my hold, till you've given me some kind assurance that I shall see you again, and speedily ; 'egad I'll have one out of the family at least.

L. Sad. Oh, good, here's company !

At. Oh, do not rack me with delays, but quick, before this dear short-lived opportunity's lost, inform me where you live, or kill me : to part with this soft white hand is ten thousand daggers to my heart.

[*Kissing it eagerly.*]

L. Sad. Oh, lud ! I am going home this minute ; and if you should offer to dog my chair, I protest I — was ever such usage — lord — sure ! Oh — follow me down then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter CLARINDA, and SYLVIA.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha !

Clar. Nay, you may laugh, madam, but what I tell you is true.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha !

Clar. You don't believe then ?

Syl. I do believe, that when some women are inclined to like a man, nothing more palpably discovers it, than their railing at him ; ha, ha ! — Your pardon, cousin ; you know you laughed at me just now upon the same occasion.

Clar. The occasion's quite different, madam ; I hate him. And, once more I tell you, he's a villain, you're imposed on. He's a colonel of foot, his regiment's now in Spain, and his name's Standfast.

Syl. But pray, good cousin, whence had you this intelligence of him ?

Clar. From the same place that you had your false account madam, his own mouth.

Syl. What was his business with you ?

Clar. Much about the same, as his business with you——love.

Syl. Love ! to you !

Clar. Me, madam ! Lord, what am I ? Old, or a monster ! Is it so prodigious that a man should like me ?

Syl. No ! but I'm amazed to think, if he had liked you, he should leave you so soon, for me !

Clar. For you ! leave me for you ! No, madam, I did not tell you that neither ! ha, ha !

Syl. No ! What made you so violently angry with him then ? Indeed, cousin, you had better take some other fairer way ; this artifice is much too weak to make me break with him. But, however, to let you see I can be still a friend ; prove him to be what you say he is, and my engagements with him shall soon be over.

Clar. Look you, madam, not but I slight the tenderness of his addresses ; but to convince you that my vanity was not mistaken in him, I'll write to him by the name of Colonel Standfast, and do you the same by that of Freeman ; and let's each appoint him to meet us at my Lady Sadlife's at the same time : if these appear two different men, I think our dispute's easily at an end ; if but one, and he does not own all I have said of him to your face, I'll make you a very humble curtesy, and beg your pardon.

Syl. And if he does own it, I'll make your ladyship the same reverence, and beg yours.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Clar. Psha ! he here !

Cler. I am glad to find you in such good company, madam.

Clar. One's seldom long in good company, sir.

Cler. I am sorry mine has been so troublesome of late ; but I value your ease at too high a rate, to disturb it. [*Going.*]

Syl. Nay, Mr. Clerimont, upon my word you sha'n't stir. Hark you—[*Whispers.*] Your pardon, cousin.

Clar. I must not lose him neither—Mr. Clerimont's way is, to be severe in his construction of people's meaning.

Syl. I'll write my letter, and be with you, cousin.

[*Exit.*]

Cler. It was always my principle, madam, to have an humble opinion of my merit ; when a woman of
✓ sense frowns upon me, I ought to think I deserve it.

Clar. But to expect to be always received with a smile, I think, is having a very extraordinary opinion of one's merit.

Cler. We differ a little as to fact, madam : for these ten day's past, I have had no distinction, but a severe reservedness. You did not use to be so sparing of your good-humour ; and while I see you gay to all the world but me, I can't but be a little concerned at the change.

Clar. If he has discovered the colonel now, I'm undone ! he could not meet him, sure.——I must hu-

mour him a little. [*Aside.*] Men of your sincere temper, Mr. Clerimont, I own, don't always meet with the usage they deserve: but women are giddy things, and had we no errors to answer for, the use of good-nature in a lover would be lost. Vanity is our inherent weakness: you must not chide, if we are sometimes fonder of your passions than your prudence.

Cler. This friendly condescension makes me more your slave than ever. Oh, yet be kind, and tell me, have I been tortured with a groundless jealousy?

Cler. Let your own heart be judge—but don't take it ill if I leave you now—I have some earnest business with my cousin Sylvia: but to-night at my Lady Dainty's I'll make you amends; you'll be there.

Cler. I need not promise you.

Cler. Your servant.—Ah, how easily is poor sincerity imposed on! Now for the colonel. [*Aside. Exit.*]

Cler. This unexpected change of humour more stirs my jealousy than all her late severity.—I'll watch her close;

*For she that from a just reproach is kind,
Gives more suspicion of her guilty mind,
And throws her smiles, like dust, to strike the lover blind.*
[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Lady DAINTY's Apartment: a Table, with Phials, Gal-
lipots, Glasses, &c. Lady DAINTY, and SITUP her
Woman.*

Lady Dainty.

SITUP! Situp!

Sit. Madam!

L. Dain. Thou art strangely slow; I told thee the
hartshorn; I have the vapours to that degree!

Sit. If you ladyship would take my advice you
should e'en fling your physic out of the window; if
you were not in perfect health in three days, I'd be
bound to be sick for you.

L. Dain. Peace, goody impertinence! I tell thee,
no woman of quality is, or should be in perfect health
——Huh, huh! [*Coughs faintly.*] To be always in
health is as vulgar as to be always in humour, and
would equally betray one's want of wit and breeding:
——where are the fellows?

Sit. Here, Madam——

Enter two Footmen.

L. Dain. Cæsar!—run to my Lady Roundsides; de-
sire to know how she rested; and tell her the violence
of my cold is abated: huh, huh! Pompey, step you
to my Lady Killchairman's; give my service; say, I
have been so embarrassed with the spleen all this

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L. Dain. Indeed, I have sometimes wished the “creatures were not, but that the niceness of their “frame so much distinguishes them from the herd of “common people:” nay, even most of their diseases, you see, are not prophaned by the crowd: the apoplexy, the gout, and vapours, are all peculiar to the nobility.—Huh, huh! and I could almost wish, that colds were only ours;—there’s something in them so genteel, so agreeably disordering—huh, huh!

Sit. That, I hope, I shall never be fit for them—Your ladyship forgot the spleen.

L. Dain. Oh!—my dear spleen—I grudge that even to some of us.

Sit. I knew an ironmonger’s wife, in the city, that was mightily troubled with it.

L. Dain. Foh! What a creature hast thou named! An ironmonger’s wife have the spleen! Thou mightest as well have said her husband was a fine gentleman—Give me something.

Sit. Will your ladyship please to take any of the steel drops? or the bolus? or the electuary? or—

L. Dain. This wench will smother me with questions—huh, huh! bring any of them—these healthy sluts are so boisterous, they split one’s brains: I fancy myself in an inn while she talks to me; I must have some decayed person of quality about me; for the commons of England are the strangest creatures—huh, huh!

Enter Servant.

Sylvia, madam, is come to wait on your

and I will bid her to walk in; let the physician have a little of her company; she's mighty well recovered.

Enter SYLVIA.

My dear Dainty!

What a good creature, I'm overjoyed to see you!

How glad I am to see your ladyship wrapt up thus; I should have had your company to the In-

crease of any thing could tempt me abroad, to any place, and such agreeable company; but you, dear Sylvia, to be reconciled to the Indian house? you used to have a great inclination for our own odious man-

Madam, I am only going to recruit my health from the rest of their trumpery, I am as much in love with it as ever.

Well, thou art a pleasant creature, thy husband is so virtuous.

Your ladyship is so expensive, that really I cannot come into it.

How it is to me prodigious! how some

women can muddle away their money upon housewifery, children, books, and charities, when there are so many well-bred ways, and foreign curiosities, that more elegantly require it—I have every morning the rarities of all countries brought to me, and am in love with every new thing I see.—Are the people content yet, Situp?

Sit. They have been below, madam, this half hour.

L. Dain. Dispose them in the parlour, and we'll be there presently. [*Exit. Situp.*]

Syl. How can your ladyship take such pleasure being cheated with the baubles of other countries?

L. Dain. Thou art a very infidel to all finery.

Syl. And you are a very bigot—

L. Dain. A person of all reason, and no complaisance.

Syl. And your ladyship all complaisance, and no reason.

L. Dain. Follow me, and be converted. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter SITUP, a Woman with China Ware; an Indian Man with Screens, Tea, &c. a Birdman with a Paroquet, Monkey, &c.

Sit. Come, come into this room.

Chi. I hope your ladyship's lady won't be long in coming.

Sit. I don't care if she never comes to you.—It seems you trade with the ladies for old clothes, and give them china for their gowns and petticoats; I'm

to have a fine time on't with 'such creatures as indeed !

hi. Alas, madam, I'm but a poor woman, and am
 ed to do any thing to live : will your ladyship be
 ised to except of a piece of china ?

it. Puh! no;—I don't care.—Though I must
 ds say you look like an honest woman.

[*Looking on it.*

hi. Thank you, good madam.

it. Our places are like to come to a fine pass in-
 d, if our ladies must buy their china with our per-
 sites : at this rate, my lady sha'n't have an old fan,
 glove I but——

hi. Pray, madam, take it.

it. No, not I ; I won't have it, especially without
 ucer to't. Here, take it again.

hi. Indeed you shall accept of it.

it. Not I, truly—come, give it me, give it me;—
 e's my lady.

Enter Lady DAINTY, and SYLVIA.

. Dain. Well, my dear, is not this a pretty sight
 ?

yl. It's better than so many doctors and apothec-
 es, indeed.

. Dain. All trades must live, you know ; and those
 more than these could subsist, if the world were all
 ;, or healthy.

yl. I am afraid our real diseases are but few to our

imaginary, and doctors get more by the sound than the sickly.

L. Dain. My dear, you're allowed to say any thing—but now I must talk with the people.—Have you got any thing new there?

Chi. Ind. and Bird. Yes, an't please your ladyship.

L. Dain. One at once.—

Bird. I have brought your ladyship the finest monkey—

Syl. What a filthy thing it is!

L. Dain. Now I think he looks very humourous and agreeable—I vow in a white perriwig he might do mischief. Could he but talk and take snuff, there's ne'er a fop in town would go beyond him.

Syl. Most fops would go farther if they did not speak; but talking, indeed, makes them very often worse company than monkies.

L. Dain. Thou pretty little picture of man!—How very Indian he looks!—I could kiss the dear creature!

Syl. Ah, don't touch him! he'll bite!

Bird. No, madam, he is the tamest you ever saw, and the least mischievous.

L. Dain. Then take him away, I won't have him; for mischief is the wit of a monkey; and I would not give a farthing for one that would not break me three or four pounds worth of china in a morning. Oh, I am in love with these Indian figures!—Do but ob-

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Enter Servant, Doctor, and Apothecary.

Serv. Madam, here's Doctor Bolus, and the apothecary. [Exit.

L. Dain. Oh, doctor, I'm glad you're come; one is not sure of a moment's life without you.

Dr. How did your ladyship rest, madam?

[Feels her pulse.

L. Dain. Never worse, indeed, doctor: I once fell into a little slumber, indeed, but then was disturbed by the most odious, frightful dream, that if the fright had not wakened me, I had certainly perished in my sleep, with the apprehension.

Dr. A certain sign of a disordered brain, madam; but I'll order something that shall compose your ladyship.

L. Dain. Mr. Rhubarb, I must quarrel with you—you don't disguise your medicines enough; they taste all physic.

Rhub. To alter it more might offend the operation, madam.

L. Dain. I don't care what is offended, so my taste is not.

Dr. Hark you, Mr Rhubarb, withdraw the medicine, rather than to make it pleasant: I'll find a reason for the want of its operation.

Rhub. But, sir, if we don't look about us, she'll grow well upon our hands.

Dr. Never fear that; she's too much a woman of

quality to dare to be well without her doctor's opinion.

Rhub. Sir, we have drained the whole catalogue of diseases already; there's not another left to put in her head.

Dr. Then I'll make her go them over again.

Enter CARELESS.

Care. So, here's the old levee, doctor and apothecary in close consultation! Now will I demolish the quack and his medicines before her face.—Mr. Rhubarb, your servant. Pray what have you got in your hand there?

Rhub. Only a julep and composing draught for my lady, sir.

Care. Have you so, sir? Pray, let me see—I'll prescribe to-day. Doctor, you may go—the lady shall take no physic at present but me.

Dr. Sir——

Care. Nay, if you won't believe me——

[Breaks the phials.

L. Dain. Ah!—— *[Frighted, and leaning upon Syl.*

Dr. Come away, Mr. Rhubarb—he'll certainly put her out of order, and then she'll send for us again.

[Exit Dr. and Apoth.

Care. You see, madam, what pains I take to come into your favour.

L. Dain. You take a very preposterous way, I can tell you, sir.

Care. I can't tell how I succeed, but I am sure I

endeavour right; for I study every morning pertinence to entertain you: for since I find but dogs, doctors, and monkies are your favourites, it is very hard if your ladyship won't admit me of the number.

L. Dain. When I find you of an equal me to my monkey, you shall be in the same state of I confess, as a proof of your wit, you have done as much mischief here. But you have not had judgment, nor his spirit; for the creature was a world of pleasant things, without caring whether he likes them or not.

Care. Why, truly, madam, the little gentleman my rival, I believe, is much in the right on't: you observe, I have taken as much pains of disoblige, as to please you.

L. Dain. You succeed better in one than the other can tell you, sir.

Care. I am glad on't; for if you had not done so, and then to plague you, what would you do for sentence to be chagrined, to faint, have the spleen vapours, and all those modish disorders that so distinguish a woman of quality?

L. Dain. I am perfectly confounded!—There are some people too impudent for our company.

Care. Modesty's a starving virtue, madam, in the old threadbare fashion of the last age, and was as oddly on a lover now, as a picked beard and a tachios.

L. Dain. Most astonishing!

Care. I have tried sighing and looking silly a great while, but 'twould not do—nay, had you had as little wit as good-nature, should have proceeded to dance and sing. Tell me but how, what face or form can worship you, and behold your votary.

L. Dain. Not, sir, as the Persians do the sun, with your face towards me. The best proof you can give me of your horrid devotion, is never to see me more. Come, my dear. [Exit with Sylvia.]

Syl. I'm amazed so much assurance should not succeed. [Exit.]

Care. All this sha'n't make me out of love with my virtue. Impudence has ever been a successful quality, and 'twould be hard, indeed, if I should be the first that did not thrive by it. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

CLERIMONT's Lodgings. Enter ATALL, and FINDER, his Man.

At. You are sure you know the house again?

Fin. Ah, as well as I do the upper gallery, sir.—'Tis Sir Solomon Sadlife's, at the two glass lanthorns, within three doors of my Lord Duke's.

At. Very well, sir—then take this letter, enquire for my Lady Sadlife's woman, and stay for an answer.

Fin. Yes, sir. [Exit.]

At. Well, I find 'tis as ridiculous to propose plea-

sure in love without variety of mistresses, as to pretend to be a keen sportsman without a good stable of horses. How this lady may prove I can't tell; but if she is not a deedy tit at the bottom, I'm no jockey.

Re-enter FINDER.

Fin. Sir, here are two letters for you.

At. Who brought them?

Fin. A couple of footmen, and they both desire an answer.

At. Bid them stay, and do you make haste where I ordered you.

Fin. Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

At. To Col. Standfast—that's Clarinda's hand—To Mr. Freeman—that must be my incognita. Ah, I have most mind to open this first;—but if t'other malicious creature should have perverted her growing inclination to me, 'twould put my whole frame in a trembling—Hold, I'll guess my fate by degrees—this may give me a glimpse of it. [*Reads Clarinda's letter.*] Um—um—um—Ha! To meet her at my Lady Sadlife's at seven o'clock to-night, and take no manner of notice of my late disowning myself to her—Something's at the bottom of all this.—Now to solve the riddle. [*Reads the other letter.*] 'My cousin Clarinda has told some things of you that very much alarm me; but I am willing to suspend my belief of them till I see you, which I desire may be at my Lady Sadlife's at seven this evening.'—The devil!

the same place!—‘As you value the real friendship
‘of your Incognita.’

So, now the riddle’s out—the rival queens are fairly
come to a reference, and one or both of them I must
lose, that’s positive.—Hard!

Enter CLERIMONT.

Hard fortune! Now, poor Impudence, what will be-
come of thee? Oh, Clerimont, such a complication
of adventures since I saw thee! such sweet hopes,
fears, and unaccountable difficulties, sure never poor
dog was surrounded with.

Cler. Oh, you are an industrious person! you’ll get
over them. But, pray, let’s hear.

At. To begin, then, in the climax of my misfor-
tunes:—In the first place, the private lodgings that
my incognita appointed to receive me in, prove to be
the very individual habitation of my other mistress,
whom (to complete the blunder of my ill luck) she
civilly introduced in person, to recommend me to her
better acquaintance.

Cler. Ha, ha! Death! how could you stand them
both together?

At. The old way—buff—I stuck like a burr to my
name of Freeman, addressed my incognita before the
other’s face, and with a most unmoved good-breed-
ing, harmlessly faced her down I had never seen her
in my life before.

Cler. The prettiest modesty I ever heard of! Well,
but how did they discover you at last?

L. Sad. I expect a letter from a gentleman
minute; and if it should fall into Sir Solomon
I'm ruined past redemption.

Wish. He won't suspect it, madam, sure, if
directed to me, as they used to be.

L. Sad. But his jealousy's grown so violent
there's no trusting to it now. If he meets I
be locked up for ever.

Wish. Oh, dear madam! I vow your
frights me—Why, he'll kill me for keeping

L. Sad. Run to the window, quick, and v
messenger. [*Exit Wish.*] Ah, there's my r
—I feel it—[*A knocking at the door.*]—Wha
do? Be very insolent, or very humble, and
have known some women, upon these occasi
strut their husbands' jealousy, and make
pardon for finding them out. Oh, lud, here h
—I can't do't; my courage fails me—I n
stick to my handkerchief, and trust to nature

THE DOUBLE GALLANT.

terrible! I sha'n't have a whole one
when I come home to my master. [Exit.

Aside.] I'm lost for ever!

Reads.] 'Pardon, most divine creature,
ice of my heart,'—Very well! these are
t freedoms! Ah, cockatrice!—'which
or an opportunity to convince you of its
—Oh, the tender son of a whore!—
ing could relieve, but the sweet hope of
his evening.'—Poor lady, whose virtue I
d with unjust suspicions!
m ready to sink with apprehension.

Reads.] 'To-night, at seven, expect your
son.'—Die, and be damn'd; for I'll re-
omforter, by cutting her throat. I could
art to ram his impudent letter into her
Ha! what's this!—'To Mrs. Wish-
Sadlife's woman.'—Ad, I'm glad of
y heart! What a happy thing it is to
usy disappointed!—Now have I been
or wife for the mistaken wickedness of
is well I kept my thoughts to myself:
a wife, when wrongfully accused, is
lly insolent. Come, I'll do a great
er, and make her amends—What's
ear? Has any thing frightened you?
g but your hard usage.

come, dry thy tears; it shall be so
rk ye, I have made a discovery

think it, Sir Solomon, positively she sha'n't
nute in the house—Impudent creature!—h
fair with a man!

Sir Sol. But hold, my dear; don't let y
censure too severely neither.

L. Sad. I shudder at the thoughts of her

Sir Sol. Patience, I say—How do we kn
courtship may be honourable?

L. Sad. That, indeed, requires some pau

Wish. [*Peeping in.*] So, all's safe, I see—
the letter's to me—Oh, good madam! I
was to me, the fellow says. I wonder, sir
could serve one so! If my sweetheart sh
you had opened it, I know he would not h
he would not.

Sir Sol. Never fear that; for if he is in
you, he's too much a fool to value being la

L. Sad. If it be yours, here, take your
next time, bid him take better care, than

for he calls her divine creature——A pretty piece of divinity, truly!——But, come, my dear; 'egad, we'll answer it for her. Here's paper——you shall do it.

L. Sad. I, Sir Solomon! Lard, I won't write to fellows, not I——I hope he won't take me at my word. [*Aside.*]

Sir Sol. Nay, you shall do it. Come, it will get her a good husband.

Wish. Ay, pray good madam, do.

Sir Sol. Ah, how eager the jade is!

L. Sad. I cann't tell how to write to any body but you, my dear.

Sir Sol. Well, well, I'll dictate then. Come, begin.

L. Sad. Lard, this is the oddest fancy!——

[*Sits to write.*]

Sir Sol. Come, come——Dear sir——(for we'll be as loving as he, for his ears.)

Wish. No, pray madam, begin, Dear honey, or, My dearest angel.

L. Sad. Out, you fool! you must not be so fond——Dear sir, is very well. [*Writes.*]

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, so 'tis; but these young fillies are for setting out at the top of their speed. But, pr'ythee, Wishwell, what is thy lover; for the stile of his letter may serve for a countess?

Wish. Sir, he's but a butler at present; but he's a good schollard, as you may see by his hand-writing; and in time may come to be a steward; and then we sha'n't be long without a coach, sir.

Sir Sol. Ay, come, I'll lend you a wafer, that he may'n't wait for your divinityship.

Wish. Pshaw! you always flout one so

[*Exeunt Sir Sol. and Wish.*]

L. Sad. So, this is luckily over—Well, I see, a woman should never be discouraged from coming off at the greatest plunge; for though I was half dead with the fright, yet, now I am a little recovered, I find—

That apprehension does the bliss endear;

The real danger's nothing to the fear. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir SOLOMON'S. Enter Lady SADLIFE, ATALL, and WISHWELL, with lights.

Lady Sadlife.

THIS room, I think, is pleasanter; if you please, we'll sit here, sir—Wishwell, shut the door, and take the key o'th' inside, and set chairs.

Wish. Yes, madam.

L. Sad. Lard, sir, what a strange opinion you must have of me, for receiving your visits upon so slender an acquaintance.

At. I have a much stranger opinion, madam, of your ordering your servant to lock herself in with us.

L. Sad. Oh, you would not have us wait upon ourselves!

Act III.

Fin. Oh,
my skin, wh

L. Sad. [

Sir Sol. [

the impatien

her innocent

languishes fo

sincerity ;'—

' which nothi

seeing you thi

have wronged

L. Sad. I'm

Sir Sol. [Re

dying Strepho

move your co

find in my hea

windpipe—

well, my Lady

it, with all my

have one's jeal

cursing my po

that trollop. 'I

for the virtue o

most unmercifi

thing ; I'll kiss

the matter, my

L. Sad. Noth

Sir Sol. Come

no more. But,

here—Your Wishwell, I'm afraid, is a slut; she has an intrigue.

L. Sad. An intrigue! Heavens, in our family!

Sir Sol. Read there—I wish she be honest.

L. Sad. How!—If there be the least ground to think it, Sir Solomon, positively she sha'n't stay a minute in the house—Impudent creature!—have an affair with a man!

Sir Sol. But hold, my dear; don't let your virtue censure too severely neither.

L. Sad. I shudder at the thoughts of her.

Sir Sol. Patience, I say—How do we know but his courtship may be honourable?

L. Sad. That, indeed, requires some pause.

Wish. [*Peeping in.*] So, all's safe, I see—He thinks the letter's to me—Oh, good madam! that letter was to me, the fellow says. I wonder, sir, how you could serve one so! If my sweetheart should hear you had opened it, I know he would not have me, so he would not.

Sir Sol. Never fear that; for if he is in love with you, he's too much a fool to value being laughed at.

L. Sad. If it be yours, here, take your stuff; and next time, bid him take better care, than to send his letter so publicly.

Wish. Yes, madam. But now your ladyship has read it, I'd fain beg the honour of Sir Solomon to answer it for me; for I can't write.

L. Sad. Not write!

Sir Sol. Nay, he thinks she's above that, I suppose;

ACT III. THE DO

for he calls her divine
divinity, truly!—But
answer it for her. He

L. Sad. I, Sir Solo
fellows, not I—I
word.

Sir Sol. Nay, you sh
a good husband.

Wish. Ay, pray goo

Sir Sol. Ah, how ea

L. Sad. I cann't tell
you, my dear.

Sir Sol. Well, well,

L. Sad. Lard, this is

Sir Sol. Come, come
loving as he, for his ea

Wish. No, pray mada
dearest angel.

L. Sad. Out, you foo
Dear sir, is very well.

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, so 't
for setting out at the to
Wishwell, what is thy
ter may serve for a cou

Wish. Sir, he's but a
good schollard, as you
and in time may come
sha'n't be long without

toir; bring it down, and some paper; I will answer it while I think on't.

L. Sad. If you please to lend me your key—But had you not better write in your study, my dear?

Sir Sol. No, no; I tell you, I'm so tired, I am not able to walk. There, make haste.

L. Sad. Would all were well over! [Exit.

Sir Sol. 'Tis so, by her eagerness to be rid of me. Well, since I find I dare not behave myself like a man of honour in this business, I'll at least act like a person of prudence and penetration; for say, should I clap a brace of slugs now in the very bowels of this rascal, it may hang me; but if it does not, it can't divorce me. No, I'll e'en put out the candles, and in a soft, gentle whore's voice, desire the gentleman to walk about his business; and if I can get him out before my wife returns, I'll fairly post myself in his room; and so, when she comes to set him at liberty, in the dark, I'll humour the cheat, till I draw her into some casual confession of the fact, and then this injured front shall bounce upon her like a thunder-bolt.

[Puts out the candles.

Wish. [Behind.] Say you so, sir? I'll take care my lady shall be provided for you. [Exit.

Sir Sol. Hist, hist, sir, sir!

Enter ATALL from the Closet.

At. Is all clear? May I venture, madam?

Sir Sol.—Ay, ay, quick, quick! make haste before

Wish. Now you're unkind. You know I love you, or I should not run such hazards for you.

Sir Sol. Fond whore! [*Aside.*] But I'm afraid you love Sir Solomon, and lay up all your tenderness for him.

Wish. Oh, ridiculous!—How can so sad a wretch give you the least uneasy thought?—I loath the very sight of him.

Sir Sol. Damn'd, infernal strumpet!—I can bear no longer—Lights, lights, within there! [*Seizes her.*

Wish. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Who's this? Help! murder!

Sir Sol. No, traitress, don't think to 'scape me; for, now I've trapped thee in thy guilt, I could find in my heart to have thee flead alive, thy skin stuffed, and hung up in the middle of Guildhall, as a terrible consequence of cuckoldom to the whole city—Lights there!

Enter Lady SADLIFE with a Light.

L. Sad. Oh, Heavens! what's the matter?

[*Sir Solomon looks astonished.*

Ha! what do I see? My servant on the floor, and Sir Solomon offering rudeness to her! Oh, I can't bear it! Oh!

[*Falls into a chair.*

Sir Sol. What has the devil been doing here?

L. Sad. This the reward of all my virtue! Oh, revenge, revenge!

Sir Sol. My dear, my good, virtuous, injured dear, be patient; for here has been such wicked doings—

L. Sad. Oh, torture! Do you own it too! 'Tis

48 IV.

only squabble
comes—I m
mayn't be upo

Enter L

Sir Sol. My
and kiss me.

L. Sad. I di
dear.

Sir Sol. Poo
with a pox to y
have business w

Wish. Yes, si
this good-humo

L. Sad. I sc
not.

Sir Sol. Now
lest the murder
through the ke
thought in my h
whole bottom o
to know one's c
enough to rever

L. Sad. I don

Sir Sol. Odso
my dear, step in
in the uppermo
that I received

Sir Sol. [*Aside.*] I must not let the jade be turned away, for fear she should put it in my wife's head that I hid myself to discover her ladyship, and then the devil would not be able to live in the house with her.

Wish. Now, sir, you know what I can tell of you.

[*Aside to Sir Solomon.*]

Sir Sol. Mum—that's a good girl; there's a guinea for you.

L. Sad. Well, upon your intercession, my dear, I'll pardon her this fault. But, pray, mistress, let me hear of no more such doings. I am so disordered with this fright—Fetch my prayer-book; I'll endeavour to compose myself. [*Exit L. Sad. and Wish.*]

Sir Sol. Ay, do so; that's my good dear—What two blessed escapes have I had! to find myself no cuckold at last, and, which had been equally terrible, my wife not know I wrongfully suspected her!—Well, at length I am fully convinced of her virtue—and now, if I can but cut off the abominable expence that attends some of her impertinent acquaintance, shall shew myself a Machiavel.

Re-enter WISHWELL.

Wish. Sir, here's my Lady Dainty come to upon my lady.

Sir Sol. I'm sorry for't, with all my heart—did you say she was within?

Wish. Sir, she did not ask if she was; but never denied to her.

Act IV. *Tr*

Sir Solomon re-
sistant him. [*Aside*]

At. Whenever
use of an oppor-

Sir Sol. Ha! I
put the finishing

At. Is this the

Sir Sol. Ay, a
danger of being
returns: and if
no better than sh
won't be the con

He goes into the

Wish. So—my
master can give
tion than this, sh
should not do wh
you may come ou

Enter Sir

Sir Sol. So, n
pudent blood in
my penknife. [*At*]
make the kindest

Wish. Not for
come again, I sh
send to you to-m

Sir Sol. Nay, n
let me part else th

L. Dain. Oh, I can't touch any body's dinner but my own!—and I have almost killed myself this week, for want of my usual glass of Tokay, after my ortolans and Muscovy duck-eggs.

Sir Sol. 'Sbud, if I had the feeding of you, I'd bring you, in a fortnight, to neck-beef, and a pot of plain bub. [*Aside.*]

L. Dain. Then I have been so surfeited with the sight of a hideous entertainment to-day, at my Lady Cormorant's, who knows no other happiness, or way of making one welcome, than eating or drinking: for though she saw I was just fainting at her vast limbs of butcher's meat, yet the civil savage forced me to sit down, and heaped enough upon my plate to victual a fleet for an East-India voyage.

L. Sad. How could you bear it? Ha, ha!—Does your ladyship never go to the play?

L. Dain. Never, but when I bespeak it myself; and then not to mind the actors; for 'tis common to love sights. My great diversion is, in reposed posture, to turn my eyes upon the galleries, and bless myself to hear the happy savages laugh; or when an awkward citizen crowds herself in among us, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to contemplate her airs and dress: and they never 'scape me; for I am as apprehensive of such a creature's coming near me, as some people are when a cat is in the room.—But the play is begun, I believe; and if your ladyship has an inclination, I'll wait upon you.

L. Sad. I think, madam, we can't do better; and

2817.

well my love
monster, this

[Runs

Sir Sol. Oh
horrid jade, th
but she has ha
here; which I
and had almost
her iniquity.

L. Sad. Ho
'twas his jealou

Wish. [Kneel
ship will pardon
in bringing my
but I did not th
ers so soon; an
closet: but my
seems; turned h
himself there, a
there was any h
fancied I had be

Sir Sol. Ay,
foundedly fond
and fell upon her

L. Sad. Horr
to stay a minute

Sir Sol. Hold,
man that is to ma
harm done yet.

Wish. Yes, it

Sir Sol. Impudent rogue! But he'll have her.—

[*Aside.*

Care. And is as much below a gentleman as paying one's debts.

Sir Sol. If he is not hanged first.

[*Aside.*

Care. Besides, madam, I considered that my absence might endanger your constitution, which is so very tender, that nothing but love can save it; and so I would e'en advise you to throw away your juleps, your cordials, and slops, and take me all at once.

L. Dain. No, sir, bitter potions are not to be taken so suddenly.

Care. Oh, to choose, madam; for if you stand making of faces, and kicking against it, you'll but increase your aversion, and delay the cure. Come, come, you must be advised.

[*Pressing her.*

L. Dain. What mean you, sir?

Care. To banish all your ails, and be myself your universal medicine.

Sir Sol. Well said! he'll have her,

[*Aside.*

L. Dain. Impudent, robust man; I protest, did not I know his family, I should think his parents had not lived in chairs and coaches, but had used their limbs all their lives! Hu! hu! but I begin to be persuaded health is a great blessing.

[*Aside.*

Care. My limbs, madam, were conveyed to me before the use of chairs and coaches, and it might lessen the dignity of my ancestors, not to use them as they did.

L. Dain. Was ever such a rude understanding? to

ACT IV. THE DOOR

Here comes Mr. Careless.
us.

Sir Sol. Careless!
does, and that's as we

Enter

Care. Ladies, your
the door, madam, may
portunity to—to—you
to be lost in love. *Sir*

Sir Sol. Oh, yours,
dent fellow; and I'm

L. Dain. The assu
grows diverting: all
the least sensible of a cl

L. Sad. Try what
that may fright him.

L. Dain. If it were
would almost do any thi

Care. Which you
marry me, depend upon
you no more.

Sir Sol. This fellow's
have her.

L. Dain. There's no
or else I might; for the
me then, you would tro

Care. Ay, that's true
word, you know, looks



gentleman now?

Syl. I fancy, madam, that would be question to ask you: for really I don't see reason to alter my opinion of him yet.

Clar. Now I could dash her at once, her under his own hand that his name's St. he'll be here in a quarter of an hour. [*dent*] I don't think I ought to refuse you any so power; therefore if you think it worth not to be out of countenance when the col I would advise you to withdraw now; for take his own word for it, he will be here i nutes, as this may convince you. [*G*

Syl. What's here? a letter from Colonel —Really, cousin, I have nothing to say t Mr. Freeman's the person I'm concerned expect to see him here in a quarter of an h

Clar. Then you don't believe them bot person?

Act IV.

impossible b
another to no
two persons.

Clar. I can
one of them.

Enter A

Syl. Ha!

At. Hey! E
chariot set up,
morning. —
impudent fello
solved now to

Clar. I am a
to be good con
man, you see ;
have you parti
ling work on't.

At. I warrar
two ladies and
in the universe.
and tea, that I

Clar. Well, s
balk your good

At. Is the la
honour to be k

Clar. Oh, sir
—Cousin, thi
I hope now she

had no other proof of his not being thee, but that the spark would not know me!

Syl. Strange! I almost think I'm really not deceived.

Cler. 'Twas certainly Clarinda I saw go out in a chair just now—it must be she—the circumstances are too strong for a mistake. [*Aside.*

Syl. Well, sir, to ease you of your fears, now I dare own to you, that mine are over. [*To Atall.*

Cler. What a coxcomb have I made myself, to serve my rival even with my own mistress? But 'tis at least some ease to know him: all I have to hope is, that he does not know the ass he has made of me—that might indeed be fatal to him. [*Aside.*

Enter SYLVIA's Maid.

Maid. Oh, madam, I'm glad I've found you: your father and I have been hunting you all the town over.

Syl. My father in town!

Maid. He waits below in the coach for you: he must needs have you come away this minute; and talks of having you married this very night to the fine gentleman he spoke to you of.

Syl. What do I hear?

At. If ever soft compassion touched your soul, give me a word of comfort in this last distress, to save me from the horrors that surround me.

Syl. You see we are observed—but yet depend upon my faith as on my life.—In the mean time, I'll use my utmost power to avoid my father's hasty will: in two hours you shall know my fortune and

ACT IV. THE DO

with a six-pence and
discharge.

At. Thou insolent,

Clar. Come, let me
way of entertaining my

At. I beg her pardon
lovers, you know, make
cuse for being singular
company.—But we were

Clar. Cousin, what a

Syl. I had rather you
little unfit for play at the

At. What a valuable
I as intrepid as a lawyer

Clar. Bless me! you

Syl. I shall be present
leave to ask you a question

At. So, now it's coming

Syl. Look on my face
face before?

At. Upon my word, I
I have.

Syl. I am satisfied.

At. But pray, madam

Syl. I am too much
But if I'm not deceived

At. This is strange
ports me!

Clar. Her fears have
me to revenge them.

as you are, married he is the same,
your own self's friend.

Syl. I know not what to think——
confused: their features are indeed the
very same's something in their air, their
manners, strangely different: but be it
right or false in present I disclaim, and
for ever.

— *as*. Oh, charming, joyful grief!

Clara. No, cousin, believe it, both our
be deceived; he's individually the same
he thus be true to you, he's miserable
himself with a distant hope of me: I know
him and his falsehood both too well; and
yet I will, as becomes your friend, resent

as. What means this strangeness, ma-

Clara. I'll tell you, sir; and to use few
words, this lady and myself have borne
involence and artifice too long: but that
think to impose on me, at least, I desire
leave the house, and from this moment
more.

as. Madam! What! what is all this?

Riddle me riddle me re,

For the devil take me

For ever from thee,

If I can divine what this riddle

Syl. Not moved! I'm more amazed.

as. Pray, madam, in the name of con-
let me know in two words what the real

ACT IV. THE DOUBLE GALLANTRY

your last terrible speech was ; and you a plain, honest, reasonable man, pleased the next minute to blot my table-book, never more to be introduced into the catalogue of those vain coxcombs who hope to come into your favour.

Clar. This insolence grows tedious. What do you propose by this assurance ?

At. Hey-day !

Syl. Hold, cousin—one moment—send this minute again to Mr. Freeman. He does not immediately appear, the end of no farther argument.

At. Mr. Freeman ! Who the devil have I to do with him ?

Syl. I'll soon inform you, sir.

[*Going, meets Wish.*]

Wish. Madam, here's a footman in breath, says he belongs to Mr. Freeman, and is very earnestly to speak with you.

Syl. Mr. Freeman ! Pray bid him come. What can this mean ?

At. You'll see presently.

Re-enter WISHWELL with Freeman.

Clar. Hal !

Syl. Come hither, friend : do you know Mr. Freeman ?

Fin. Yes, madam, and my poor humble service to your ladyship, and



L. Dain. Where is the Prince?

Page. Reposed in private on a mourning pallet, 'till your commands vouchsafe to raise him.

L. Sad. By all means, receive him here immediately. I have the honour to be a little known to his highness.

L. Dain. The favour, madam, is too great to be resisted: pray tell his highness then, the honour of the visit he designs me, makes me thankful and impatient! huh! huh! [Exit Page.]

Care. Are my sufferings, madam, so soon forgot then! Was I but flattered with the hope of pity?

L. Dain. The happy have whole days, and those they choose. [*Resenting.*] The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose. [Exit repeating.]

L. Sad. Don't you lose a minute then.

Care. I'll warrant you—ten thousand thanks, dear madam, I'll be transformed in a second——

[*Excunt severally.*]

Enter CLARINDA in a Man's habit.

Clar. So! I'm in for't now! how I shall come off I can't tell: 'twas but a bare saving game I made with Clerimont; his resentment had brought my pride to its last legs, dissembling; and if the poor man had not loved me too well, I had made but a dismal humble figure—I have used him ill, that's certain, and he may e'en thank himself for't—he would be sincere—Well, (begging my sex's pardon) we do make the silliest tyrants—we had better be reason-

le; for (to do them right) we don't run half the hazard in obeying the good sense of a lover; at last, I'm reduced now to make the experiment—ere they come.

Enter Sir SOLOMON and CLERIMONT.

Sir Sol. What have we here! another captain? If we were sure he were a coward now, I'd kick him before he speaks—Is your business with me, sir?

Clar. If your name be Sir Solomon Sadlife.

Sir Sol. Yes, sir, it is; and I'll maintain it as ancient as any, and related to most of the families in England.

Clar. My business will convince you, sir, that I think well of it.

Sir Sol. And what is your business, sir?

Clar. Why, sir—You have a pretty kinswoman, called Clarinda.

Cler. Ha!

Sir Sol. And what then, sir?—Such a rogue as that. *[Aside.*

Clar. Now, sir, I have seen her, and am in love with her.

Cler. Say you so, sir?—I may chance to cure you of it. *[Aside.*

Clar. And to back my pretensions, sir, I have a good fifteen hundred pounds a year estate, and am, as you see, a pretty fellow into the bargain.

Sir Sol. She that marries you, sir, will have a choice bargain indeed.

Clar. In short, sir, I'll give you a thousand guinea to make up the match.

Sir Sol. Hum—[*Aside.*]—But, sir, my niece is provided for.

Cler. That's well! [As

Sir Sol. But if she were not, sir, I must tell you she is not to be caught with a smock-face and a feather, sir—And—and—let me see you an hour hence. [As

Clar. Well said, uncle! [Aside.]—But, sir, I'm in love with her, and positively will have her.

Sir Sol. Whether she likes you or no, sir?

Clar. Like me! ha, ha! I'd fain see a woman that dislikes a pretty fellow, with fifteen hundred pound a year, a white wig, and black eye-brows.

Cler. Hark, you, young gentleman, there must be more than all this to the gaining of that lady.

[Takes Clarinda aside]

Sir Sol. [Aside.] A thousand guineas—that's a hundred more than I proposed to get of Mr. Clumt—But my honour is engaged—Ay, but there's a thousand pounds to release it—Now, shall I take the money?—It must be so—Coin will carry it.

Clar. Oh, sir, if that be all, I'll soon remove your doubts and pretensions! Come, sir, I'll try your courage.

Cler. I'm afraid you won't, young gentleman.

Clar. As young as I am, sir, you shall find I so to turn my back to any man.

[Exeunt Clarinda and Cleric]

Sir Sol. Ha! they are gone to fight—with all my heart—a fair chance, at least, for a better bargain: for if the young spark should let the air into my friend Clerimont's midriff now, it may possibly cool his love too, and then there's my honour safe, and a thousand guineas snug. [Exit.

“ *Enter Lady DAINTY, Lady SADLIFE, and CARE-
LESS as Prince ALEXANDER.*

“ *L. Dain.* Your highness, sir, has done me honour in this visit.

“ *Care.* Madam——— [Salutes her.

“ *L. Dain.* A captivating person!

“ *Care.* May the days be taken from my life, and added to yours, most incomparable beauty, whiter than the snow that lies throughout the year unmelted on our Russian mountains!

“ *L. Dain.* How manly his expressions are!—We are extremely obliged to the Czar, for not taking your highness home with him.

“ *Care.* He left me, madam, to learn to be a ship carpenter.

“ *L. Sad.* A very polite accomplishment!

“ *L. Dain.* And in a prince entirely new.

“ *Care.* All his nobles, madam, are masters of some useful science; and most of our arms are quartered with mechanical instruments, as hatchets, hammers, pick-axes, and hand-saws.

“ *L. Dain.* I admire the manly manners of your court.

Cler. That's well.

Sir Sol. But if she were not—
she is not to be caught with a
ther, sir—And—and—
hence.

Clar. Well said, uncle! [*Exit*]
in love with her, and positively

Sir Sol. Whether she likes y

Clar. Like me! ha, ha! I
dislikes a pretty fellow, with
a year, a white wig, and black

Cler. Hark, you, young ge
more than all this to the gaini

Sir Sol. [*Aside.*] A thousa
hundred more than I proposed
mont—But my honour is en
here's a thousand pounds to re
it must be s

ACT 7. THE DO

able; for (to do the
hazard in obeying th
least, I'm reduced now
Here they come.

Enter Sir SOLOMON

Sir Sol. What have
I were sure he were a
fore he speaks—Is y

Clar. If your name b

Sir Sol. Yes, sir, it
cient as any, and relate
England.

Clar. My business
think well of it.

Sir Sol. And what is

Clar. Why, sir—Y
called Clarinda.

Cler. Ha!

Sir Sol. And what t
t'other.

Clar. Now, sir, I ha
with her.

Cler. Say you so, sir
of it.

Clar. And to back
good fifteen hundred po
you see, a pretty fellow

Sir Sol. She that marri
bargain indeed.

L. Sad. Oh, so infinitely beyond the soft idleness
of ours!

Care. 'Tis the fashion, ladies, for the eastern
princes to profess some trade or other. The late
Grand Signior was a locksmith.

L. Dain. How new his conversation is!

Care. Too rude, I fear, madam, for so tender
composition as your divine ladyship's.

L. Dain. Courtly to a softness too!

Care. Were it possible, madam, that so much
delicacy could endure the martial roughness of our
manners and our country, I cannot boast; but if
your province at your feet could make you mine, that
province and its master should be yours.

L. Dain. Ay, here's grandeur with address!—
An odious native lover, now, would have com-
plained of the taxes, perhaps, and have haggled with
one for a scanty jointure out of his horrid le-
gion's, in some uninhabitable mountains, above
an hundred and four-score miles from unheard-of
London.

Care. I am informed, madam, there is a certain
poor, distracted English fellow, that refused to quit
his saucy pretensions to your all-conquering beauty,
though he had heard I had myself resolved to add to
you. Careless, I think they call him.

L. Dain. Your highness wrongs your merit,
give yourself the least concern for one so much be-
low your fear.

Care. When I first heard of him, I on the instant

"ordered one of my retinue to strike off his head with
"a scimitar; but they told me the free laws of Eng-
"land allowed of no such power: so that, though I
"am a prince of the blood, madam, I am obliged
"only to murder him privately.

"*L. Dain.* 'Tis indeed a reproach to the ill-breed-
"ing of our constitution, not to admit your power
"with your person. But if the pain of my entire
"neglect can end him, pray, be easy.

"*Care.* Madam, I'm not revengeful; make him
"but miserable, I'm satisfied.

"*L. Dain.* You may depend upon it.

"*Care.* I'm in strange favour with her. [*Aside.*—
"Please you, ladies, to make your fragrant fingers
"familiar with this box.

"*L. Dain.* Sweet or plain, sir?

"*Care.* Right Mosco, madam, made of the skulls
"of conquered enemies.

"*L. Sad.* Gunpowder, as I live! [*Exeunt.*"]

SCENE II.

Changes to a Field. Enter CLARINDA and CLERIMONT.

Cler. Come, sir, we are far enough.

Clar. I only wish the lady were by, sir, that the
conqueror might carry her off the spot—I warrant
she'd be mine.

Cler. That, my talking hero, we shall soon deter-
mine.

Clar. Not that I think her handsome, or care a rush for her.

Cler. You are very mettled, sir, to fight for a woman you don't value.

Clar. Sir, I value the reputation of a gentleman; and I don't think any young fellow ought to pretend to it, till he has talked himself into a lampoon, lost his two or three thousand pounds, at play, kept his miss, and killed his man.

Cler. Very gallant, indeed, sir! but if you please to handle your sword, you'll soon go through your course.

Clar. Come on, sir—I believe I shall give your mistress a truer account of your heart than you have done. I have had her heart long enough, and now will have yours.

Cler. Ha! does she love you, then?

[*Endeavouring to draw.*]

Clar. I leave you to judge that, sir. But I have lain with her a thousand times; in short, so long, till I'm tired of it.

Cler. Villain, thou liest! Draw, or I'll use you as you deserve, and stab you.

Clar. Take this with you first, Clarinda will never marry him that murders me.

Cler. She may the man that vindicates her honour—therefore be quick, or I'll keep my word—I find your sword is not for doing things in haste.

Clar. It sticks to the scabbard so; I believe I shal

or wipe off the blood of the last man I fought with.

Cler. Come, sir, this trifling sha'n't serve your turn. Here, give me yours, and take mine.

Clar. With all my heart, sir.—Now have at you.

[*Cler. draws, and finds only a hilt in his hand.*]

Cler. Death! you villain, do you serve me so!

Clar. In love and war, sir, all advantages are fair: we conquer, no matter whether by force or stratagem.—Come, quick, sir—your life or mistress.

Cler. Neither. Death! you shall have both or none! Here drive your sword; for only through this art you reach Clarinda.

Clar. Death, sir, can you be mad enough to die for a woman that hates you?

Cler. If that were true, 'twere greater madness, then, to live.

Clar. Why, to my knowledge, sir, she has used you cruelly, falsely, ill, and for no reason.

Cler. No matter; no usage can be worse than the attempt of poorly, tamely parting with her. She may abuse her heart by happy infidelities; but 'tis the pride of mine to be even miserably constant.

Clar. Generous passion! You almost tempt me to resign her to you.

Cler. You cannot if you would. I would indeed have won her fairly from you with my sword; but born to take her as your gift. Be quick and end your insolence.

Clar. Yes, thus—Most generous Clerimont, you

now, indeed, have fairly vanquished me. My woman's follies and my shame be here.

Cler. Ha, Clarinda! Is it possible? rises with my joy!—How came you in this?

Clar. Now you indeed recall my blushes, no other veil to hide them, while I consider the injuries I had done your heart, in fooling I never meant on any terms to engage with you. I knew, from our late parting, your fears would reduce you to comply with Sir S. demands, for his interest in your favour. As you saw, I was resolved to ruin his seeming to raise it; for he secretly too made him.

Cler. 'Twas generously and timely of you, really prevented my signing articles to him; you would heartily convince me that I more have need of his interest, e'en let him be next priest, and honestly put it out of him to part us.

Clar. Why, truly, considering the use he made you, 'twould be ridiculous now to deny you any thing: and if you should refuse me after such usage, I can't blame you.

Cler. Banish that fear; my flame can ne-
For love since I have been up

ook
all
you
have

ring
mailed to
his mother

imp. 22 -
r. 21 -

Seite

Apply
only
to
the
face

[illegible]

only he

no altering him. Did not your lover promise to
to your assistance?

Syl. I expect him every minute; but can't get
from him the least hope of my redemption.—
is he.

Enter ATALL undisguised.

At. My Sylvia, dry those tender eyes; for
there's life there's hope.

L. Sad. Ha! is't he? but I must smother my
fusion.

Wilf. How now, sir! pray, who gave you con-
sion to be so familiar with my daughter?

At. Your pardon, sir; but when you know
right, you'll neither think my freedom or my pa-
sions familiar or dishonourable.

Wilf. Why, sir, what pretensions have you to

At. Sir, I saved her life at the hazard of my
that gave me a pretence to know her; knowing
made me love, and gratitude made her receive.

Wilf. Ay, sir! And some very good reasons
known to myself, make me refuse it. Now,
will you do?

At. I can't tell yet, sir; but if you'll do me
favour to let me know those reasons——

Wilf. Sir, I don't think myself obliged
either;—but I'll tell you what I'll do for you:
you say you love my daughter, and she loves you;
put you in the nearest way to get her.

At. Don't flatter me, I beg you, sir.

*Enter Sir SOLOMON
SADLER*

Sir Sol. Troth,
indeed; you have
pounds bond, you
fine gentleman, as
is fallen in love with

Wilf. Look you
me o' this; for I
starve her.

L. Sad. But, sir
gentleman she loves
circumstances as that
if he does not pre-
morning, she will
impose on her.

Wilf. All shame!
expect my friend
demand performance
nice stomach does not
as I told you before

L. Sad. But, con-
must a forced marriage

Wilf. Discord! I
good a husband as
will set all to right
old saying, Sir Sol
love.

L. Sad. [To Syl.]

Wilf. And if you don't think me in earnest now, here comes one that will convince you of my sincerity.

At. My father! Nay, then my ruin is inevitable.

Enter Sir HARRY ATALL.

Sir Har. [*To At.*] Oh, sweet sir! have I found you at last? Your very humble servant. What's the reason pray, that you have had the assurance to be almost a fortnight in town, and never come near me, especially when I sent you word I had business of such consequence with you.

At. I understood your business was to marry me, sir, a woman I never saw: and to confess the truth, I durst not come near you, because I was at the same time in love with one you never saw.

Sir Har. Was you so, sir? Why, then, sir, I'll find a speedy cure for your passion——Brother Wilful——Hey, fiddles there!

At. Sir, you may treat me with what severity you please; but my engagements to that lady are too powerful and fixed to let the utmost misery dissolve them.

Sir Har. What does the fool mean?

At. That I can sooner die than part with her.

Wilf. Hey!——Why, is this your son, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Hey-day!——Why, did not you know that before?

At. Oh, earth, and all you stars! is this the lady you designed me, sir?

Syl. Oh, fortune! is it possible?

ACT V. TH

Sir Har. And
making such a b

At. Not life, I
to me.

Sir Sol. [*Joining*
keroll!

At. Oh, transj

Sir Har. and *W*
and dancing about

Sir Sol. Hey !
jingo, we'll make

Enter CL

Clar. Save you,
uncle, to hear you
it looks as if you l

Sir Sol. Why, t
madam; but, in
may wish your fri

Clar. Dear Sylv

Syl. Clarinda!

At. Oh, Clerim

Cler. Give you

Clar. I congratu
our little jealousie:
me all, and cured

Syl. What, mar

Clar. You'll se
what do you mea

fancy I have any more patience than the rest of my neighbours?

Sir Sol. Why, truly, madam, I don't suppose you have; but I believe to-morrow will be as soon as their business can be done; by which time I expect a jolly fox-hunter from Yorkshire: and if you are resolved not to have patience till next day, why, the same parson may toss you up all four in a dish together.

Clar. A filthy fox-hunter!

Sir Sol. Odzooks, a mettled fellow, that will ride you from day-break to sun-set! None of your flimsy London rascals, that must have a chair to carry them to their coach, and a coach to carry them to a trapez, and a constable to carry both to the round-house.

Clar. Ay, but this fox-hunter, Sir Solomon, will come home dirty and tired as one of his hounds; he'll be always asleep before he's a-bed, and on horseback before he's awake; he must rise early to follow his sport, and I sit up late at cards for want of better diversion. Put this together, my wise uncle.

Sir Sol. Are you so high fed, madam, that a country gentleman of fifteen hundred pounds a-year won't go down with you?

Clar. Not so, sir; but you really kept me so sharp, that I was e'en forced to provide for myself; and here stands the fox-hunter for my money.

[Claps *Cler.* on the shoulder.

Sir Sol. How!

Cler. Even so, Sir Solomon—Hark in you ear, &c.

—You really held your consent at so high a price, that, to give you a proof of my good husbandry, I was resolved to save charges, and e'en marry her without it.

Sir Sol. Hell and ———

Clar. And hark you in t'other ear, sir——Because I would not have you expose your reverend age by a mistake, know, sir, I was the young spark with a smooth face and a feather, that offered you a thousand guineas for your consent, which you would have been glad to have taken.

Sir Sol. The devil !——If ever I traffic in women's flesh again, may all the bank stocks fall when I have bought them, and rise when I have sold them.——Hey-day ! what have we here ? more cheats ?

Cler. Not unlikely, sir ; for I fancy they are married.

Enter Lady DAINTY and CARELESS.

L. Sad. That they are, I can assure you——I give your highness-joy, madam.

L. Dain. Lard, that people of any rank should use such vulgar salutations ! though, methinks, highness has something of grandeur in the sound. But I was in hopes, good people, that confident fellow, Careless, had been among you.

Care. What say you, madam, (to divert the good company) shall we send for him by way of mortification ?

L. Dain. By all means; for your sake, methinks, I ought to give him full despair.

Care. Why, then, to let you see, that 'tis a much easier thing to cure a fine lady of her sickly taste, than a lover of his impudence—there's Careless for you, without the least tincture of despair about him.

[*Discovers himself.*]

All. Ha, Careless!

L. Dain. Abused! undone!

All. Ha, ha!

Cler. Nay now, madam, we wish you a superior joy; for you have married a man instead of a monster.

Care. Come, come, madam; since you find you were in the power of such a cheat, you may be glad it was no greater: you might have fallen into a rascal's hands; but you know I am a gentleman, my fortune no small one, and, if your temper will give me leave, will deserve you.

L. Sad. Come, e'en make the best of your fortune; for, take my word, if the cheat had not been a very agreeable one, I would never have had a hand in't.—You must pardon me, if I can't help laughing.

L. Dain. Well, since it must be so, I pardon all; only one thing let me beg of you, sir; that is, your promise to wear this habit one month for my satisfaction.

Care. Oh, madam, that's a trifle! I'll lie in the sun a whole summer for an olive complexion, to oblige you.

L. Dain. Well, Mr. Careless, I begin now to think better of my fortune, and look back with apprehension of the escape I have had; you have already cured my folly, and were but my health recoverable, I should think myself completely happy.

Care. For that, madam, we'll venture to save you doctor's fees;

And trust to nature: time will soon discover,

Your best physician is a favour'd lover.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



EPILOGUE.

*WELL, sirs, I know not how the play may pass,
But, in my humble sense—our bard's an ass;
For had he ever known the least of nature,
H' had found his double spark a dismal creature:
To please two ladies he two forms puts on,
As if the thing in shadows could be done;
The women really two, and he, poor soul! but one.
Had he revers'd the hint, h' had done the feat,
Had made th' impostor credibly complete;
A single mistress might have stood the cheat.
She might to several lovers have been kind,
Nor strain'd your faith, to think both pleas'd and blind.
Plain sense had known, the fair can love receive,
With half the pains your warmest vows can give.*

*But, hold!—I'm thinking I mistake the matter—
On second thoughts—The hint's but honest satire,
And only meant t' expose their modish sense,
Who think the fire of love's but impudence.
Our spark was really modest; when he found
Two female claims at once, he one disown'd;
Wisely presuming, though in ne'er such haste,
One would be found enough for him at last.*

*at, to sum the whole, I think the play
oves the usual favours on his day;
t, he swears he'll write the next to music,
ggrel rhimes would make or him or you sick.
groveling sense Italian airs shall crown,
then he's sure ev'n nonsense will go down.
if you'd have the world suppose the stage
quite forsaken in this airy age,
our glad votes our needless fears confound,
speak in claps as loud for sense as sound.*

THE END.

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Act III.

THEODOSIUS.



Ex Will. pin.

MR POPE as VARANES.

Look there! Ha! is't possible?

London Printed for J. E. All, British Library, Dec 3 April 1713



STANDARD LIBRARIES

*So that, to sum the whole, I think the play
Deserves the usual favours on his day;
If not, he swears he'll write the next to music,
In doggrel rhimes would make or him or you sick.
His groveling sense Italian airs shall crown,
And then he's sure ev'n nonsense will go down.
But if you'd have the world suppose the stage
Not quite forsaken in this airy age,
Let your glad votes our needless fears confound,
And speak in claps as loud for sense as sound.*

THE END.

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rison, the best
judges a poem
I must acknowle
ought to have ta
tragedy, because
being the best j*

please make us tremble) yet with exceeding mercy have pardoned the defects of Theodosius, and given it your entire approbation. My genius, madam, was your favourite when the poet was unknown; openly received your smiles, before I had the honour to pay your Grace the most submissive gratitude so illustrious and advantageous a protection. The world too know, that you do not think it beneath you to be officiously good, even from the extreme heights to discern the lowest creatures, and give them all the noblest influence you can, you brought Royal Highness just at the exigent time, whose subsistence on the Poet's day is a subsistence for him the year after. Ah, madam! if all the short-lived happiness that miserable poets can enjoy consists in commendation only; nay, if the most part are content with popular breath, and even for that are thankful, shall I express myself to your Grace, who by a particular goodness and innate sweetness, merely for the sake of doing well, have thus raised me above myself? To have your Grace's favour is, in a word, to have the applause of the whole court, who are the noblest ornament; magnificent and eternal praise. Something there is in your mien, so much above what we vulgarly call charming, that to me it seems adorable, and your presence almost divine, whose dazzling and majestic form is a proper mansion for the most elevated soul. And let me tell the world—no sighing speak it to a barbarous age, (I cannot but

calling it so when I think of Rome or Greece) your extraordinary love for heroic poetry is not the least argument to shew the greatness of your mind and fulness of perfection. To hear you speak with that infinite sweetness and chearfulness of spirit that is natural to your Grace is, methinks, to hear our tutelary angels; it is to bemoan the present malicious times, and remember the golden age; but to behold you too is to make prophets quite forget their heaven, and bind the poets with eternal rapture.

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought.
You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took souls' stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as need small change at the last day.

DR. DONNE.

Ziphares and Semandra were first your Grace's favourites; and though I ought not, madam, to praise your wit by your judgment of my painting, yet I must say such characters every dauber cannot draw. It has been observed against me, that I abound in ungoverned fancy; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth: age, despondence, and dullness, come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game, must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the fall of the quarry. My comfort is, I cannot

B

be so ridiculous a creature to any man as myself; for who should know the house so the good man at home, who when his ne come to see him still sets the best rooms to v if he is not a wild ass keeps the rubbish and l some dark hole whither nobody comes but h mortify at melancholy hours! But how then, in this unsuitable condition, how shall i a infinite honours and obligations your Grace upon me, your Grace, who is the most beau of love and glory, who to that divine cor have the noblest and best natured wit in t. All I can promise, madam, and am able to is, that your Grace shall never see a play that shall give offence to modesty and v in what I humbly offer to the world shall be least, and I hope deserve imitation; wh ought to be, I am sure, the design of all and comedies both ancient and modern. I shume to promise myself too some success in this nature, if your Grace (in whom the beauty, wit, and goodness, seem reconciled) a hour would condescend to correct with your judgment the errors of,

Madam,

your Grace's most humb
most obedient,
and devoted se

NA

THEODOSIUS;
OR,
THE FORCE OF LOVE.

THIS Tragedy, like the far greater number of our
178, is founded upon the passion of love; and dis-
178 to us the effects of its subtle influence, even
in the hearts of those, whom the lust of power
might naturally be expected to withdraw from every
other sensation than that of ambition.

Some exception may be taken to a sort of under-
t in this piece, as it is mean and feeble; yet I
know not whether the loves of Varanes and of Theo-
dorus are not set off by the passion of Mariana—the
contrast is certainly forcible, and nothing therefore
against it but that it contains a monotony of inci-
dent, though not of manners.

Marcian indeed always sullies the splendor of the
scene—his images are frequently impure, and his ex-
pression generally coarse—He once exclaims—

I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
As if some god by miracle had rais'd him,
And, with beholding you, *grow fat again.*

This play is marked strongly by that bold, but irre-
gular flight of imagination which strained the chords

of sanity until they cracked—Yet it obviously bears the stamp of poetic power impressed by the fine favour of a luxuriant fancy.

We are sorry to observe the necessity of genius in dressing a Dutchess of Richmond in the following among other sentences of absurdity :

“ To have your Grace’s favour is magnificent and
“ equal praise.—Something there is in your mien so
“ above that we vulgarly call *charming*; that to me it
“ *adorable*, and your presence almost *divine*,
“ dazzling and majestic form is a proper mansion for
“ most elevated soul.”

One is at a loss to decide which deserves most contempt or pity—the giver or receiver of such some flattery. We are now fortunately estranged from such prostitution of language.

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THIS Tragedy, like plays, is founded upon plays to us the effect upon the hearts of the might naturally be expected, though not of finer sensation than the

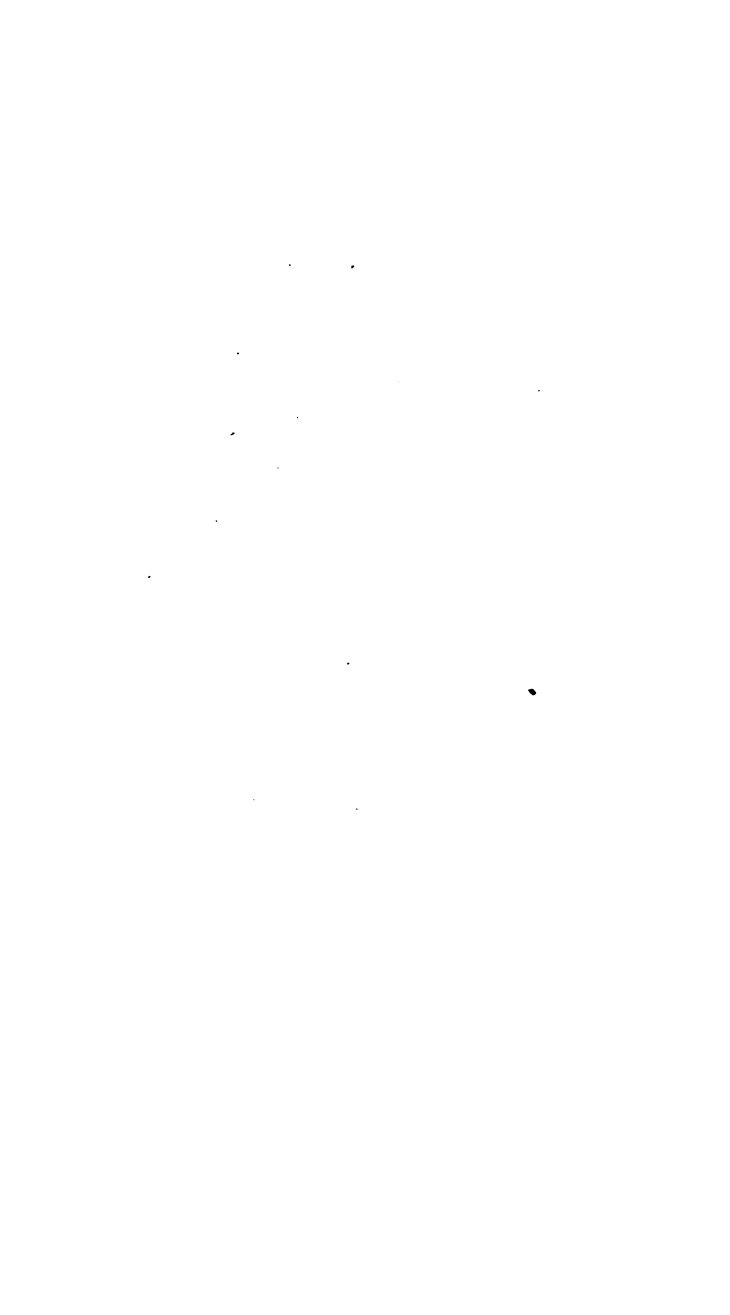
Some exception may plot in this piece, as know not whether the dosius are not set off by contrast is certainly for lies against it but that is dent, though not of mar

Marcian indeed always scene—his images are fi pression generally coarse

I see each starving soul
As if some god by mine
And, with beholding,

This play is marked singular flight of imaginative

*Therefore each female saint he doth advise
With groans, and hums, and has, and goggling eyes,
To rub him down and make the spirit rise,
While with his zeal transported, from the ground
He mounts, and sanctifies the sisters round.
On poets only no kind star e'er smil'd ;
Curst fate has damn'd 'em ev'ry mother's child ;
Therefore he warns his brothers of the stage
To write no more for an ungrateful age.
Think what penurious masters you have serv'd ;
Tasso ran mad, and noble Spenser starv'd :
Turn then, whoe'er thou art, that canst write well,
Thy ink to gall, and in lampoons excel ;
Forswear all honesty, traduce the great,
Grow impudent, and rail against the state ;
Bursting with spleen abroad thy pasquils send,
And choose some libel spreader for thy friend :
The wit and want of Timon point thy mind,
And for thy satire subject choose mankind.*



Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

THEODOSIUS, - - - - -	Mr. Brereton.
VARANES, - - - - -	Mr. Barry.
MARCIAN, - - - - -	Mr. Aickin.
LUCIUS, - - - - -	Mr. Keen.
ATTICUS, Chief Priest, - - - -	Mr. J. Aickin.
LEONTINE, - - - - -	Mr. Hurst.
ARANTHES, - - - - -	Mr. Davies.

Women.

PULCHERIA, - - - - -	Miss Sherry.
ATHENAIS, - - - - -	Mrs. Barry.

Attendants, Chorus.

SCENE, Constantinople.



THEODOSIUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

stately Temple, which represents the Christian Religion as in it's first Magnificence, being but lately established at Rome and Constantinople; the Side-scenes show the horrid Tortures with which the Roman Tyrants persecuted the Church, and the flat Scene, which is the Limit of the Prospect, discovers an Altar richly adorned; before it CONSTANTINE (supposed) kneels, with Commanders about him, gazing at a bloody Cross in the Air, which being encompassed with many Angels offers itself to view with these Words distinctly written, In hoc signo vinces. Instruments are heard, and many Attendants; the Ministers at Divine Service walk basily up and down 'till ATTICUS, the Chief of all the Priests, and Successor of St. CHRYSOSTOM, in rich Robes comes forward with the Philosopher LEONTINE, the Waiters in Ranks bowing all the Way before him.

A Chorus heard at a Distance.

*PREPARE, prepare! the rites begin,
Let none unhallow'd enter in;*

*The temples with new glories shines,
Adorn the altars, wash the shrines,
And purge the place from sin.*

Attic. Oh Leontine! was ever morn like this
Since the celestial incarnation dawn'd?
I think no day since that such glory gave
To Christian altars as this morning brings.

Leon. Great successor of holy Chrysostom,
"Who now triumphs above, a saint of honour,
"Next in degree to those bright sons of heaven
"Who never fell nor stain'd their orient beams,"
What shall I answer, how shall I approach you
Since my conversion, which your breath inspir'd?

Attic. To see this day the emp'ror of the east
Leaves all the pleasures that the earth can yield,
"That Nature can bestow or art invent.
"In his life's spring and bloom of gawdy years,
"Confin'd to narrow rooms and gloomy walks,
"Fasting and exercises of devotion,
"Which from his bed at midnight must awake him,
To undergo the penance of a cloister,
Methinks, oh Leontine! 'tis something more
Than yet philosophy could ever reach.

Leon. True, Atticus; you have amaz'd my reason

Attic. Yet more: to our religion's lasting honour
Mariana and Flavilla, two young virgins
Imperial born, cast in the fairest mould
That e'er the hand of beauty form'd for woman,
"The mirrors of our court, where chastity



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cessor of St. CHR
ward with the Phi
Ranks bowing all*

A Chor

PREPARE, &
Let none unhalle



" As if two souls did but inform one body;
A friendship that may challenge all the world,
And at the proof be matchless.

Attic. I long to read

This gallant prince, who, as you have inform'd me,
Comes from his father's court to see our emperor.

Leon. So he intended till he came to Athens,
And at my homely board beheld my daughter,
When as fate order'd she, who never saw
The glories of a court, " bred up to books
" In closets like a Sybil; she, I say,
" (Long since from Persia brought by me to Athens)"
Unskill'd in charms but those which nature gave her,
Wounded this scornful prince: in short, he forc'd me
To wait him thither, with deep protestations
That moment that bereft him of the sight
Of Athenais gave him certain death.
But see, my daughter honour'd with his presence.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter VARANES and ATHENAI.

Var. 'Tis strange, oh, Athenais! wondrous all,
Wondrous the shrines, and wonderful the altars.
The martyrs—tho' but drawn in painted flames,
Amaze me with the image of their sufferings;
Saints canoniz'd that dar'd with Roman tyrants;
Hermits that liv'd in caves and fed with angels,
By Orosmaes it is wondrous all!
That bloody cross in yonder azure sky,
Above the head of kneeling Constantine,

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While I relate my story once again :
A third comes in and asks me the same favour,
Whereon they laugh, while I, still ignorant,
Go on ; but one behind, more impudent,
Strikes on my shoulder, then they laugh'd outright ;
But then I, guessing the abuse too late,
Return'd my knight behind a box o' the ear,
Then drew, and briefly told them they were rascals :
They, laughing still, cry'd out the general's musty ;
Whereon I drove 'em, madam, as you saw.
This is, in short, the truth ; I leave the judgment
To your own justice : if I have done ill
Sentence me, and I'll leave the court for ever.

Pulch. First, you are welcome, Marcian, from the wars,

And still, whene'er occasion calls for arms,
Heav'n send the emperor a general
Renown'd as Marcian ! As to what is past,
I think the world will rather praise than censure
Pulcheria, when she pardons you the action.

Mar. Gods, gods ! and thou great founder of old Rome !

What is become of all that mighty spirit
That rais'd our empire to a pitch so high ?
“ Where is it pent ? What but almighty pow'r
“ Could thus confine it, that but some few atoms
“ Now run thro' all the east and Occident ? ”

Pulch. Speak calmly, Marcian——

Mar. Who can be temperate
That thinks as I do, madam ? Why ! here 's a fellow

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“Should starve for want of what is necessary
“To life’s convenience, when luxurious bawds
“Are so o’ergrown with fat and cramm’d with riot,
“That they can hardly walk without an engine.”

Pulch. Why did not you inform the emperor?

Mar. Because he will not hear me. Alas! good man,
He flies from this bad world; and still when wars
And dangers come, he runs to his devotions;
To your new thing—I know not what you call it,
Which Constantine began.

Pulch. How, Marcian! are not you
Of that religion which the emp’ror owns?

Mar. No, madam. If you’ll see my honest thoughts,
I am not of their principle that take
A wrong; so far from bearing with a foe
I would strike first, like old Rome; “I would forth,
“Elbow the neighb’ring nations round about,
“Invade, enlarge my empire to the bounds
“Of the too narrow universe. Yes, I own
“That I despise your holy innovations;
“I’m for the Roman gods, for funeral piles,
“For mounting eagles, and the fancy’d greatness
“Of our forefathers.” Methinks my heated spirit
Could utter things worth losing of my head.

Pulch. Speak freely, Marcian, for I know thee honest.

Mar. Oh, madam! long, long may the emp’ror
live!

But I must say his gentle disposition
Suits not, alas! the oriental sway:

“Bid him but look on Pharamond; oh Gods!

Awake him with the image of that spirit
Which, like a pyramid revers'd, is grown
Ev'n from a point to the most dreadful greatness;
His very name already shakes the world,
And still in person heading his fierce squadrons,
Like the first Cæsar o'er the hardy Gauls,
He seems another thunderbolt of war."

Pulch. I oft' have blam'd my brother most for this,
That to my hand he leaves the state affairs;
And how that sounds you know——

Mar. Forgive me, madam!
I think that all the greatness of your sex,
Come's Clelia, and the fam'd Semiramis,
With all the Amazonian valour too,"
Meet in Pulcheria: yet I say forgive me,
With reluctance I behold a woman
Sit at the empire's helm and steer the world!

Pulch. I stand rebuk'd——

Mar. "Mark but the growing French:
The most auspicious omen of their greatness
That I can guess is their late Salique law,
Bless'd by their priests the Salii, and pronounc'd
To stand for ever, which excludes all women
From the imperial crown." But oh! I speak
The least of all those infinite grievances
Which make the subjects murmur. In the army,
How I proceeded still like Hannibal,
And punish'd ev'ry mutineer with death,
Yet oh! it stabb'd me thro' and thro' the soul
To pass the wretches' doom, because I knew

With justice they complain'd ; for hard they fought,
And with their blood earn'd that forbidden bread
Which some at court, and great ones, tho' unnam'd,
Cast to their hounds, while the poor soldiers starv'd—

Pulch. Your pity too, in mournful fellowship,
No doubt might soothe their murmurs.

Mar. Yes, it did ;
That I might put them once again in heart
I said 't was true the emp'ror was to blame,
Who dealt too coldly with his faithful servants,
And paid their great arrears by second-hands :
I promis'd too, when we return'd to court,
Things should be mended——
But how, oh gods ! forgive my blood this transport ;
To the eternal shame of female counsels,
And to the blast of Theodosius' name,
Whom never warlike chronicle shall mention,
“ Oh, let me speak it with a Roman spirit ! ”
We were receiv'd like undone prodigals,
By curs'd ungrateful stewards, with cold looks,
Who yet got all by those poor wretches' ruin,
“ Like malefactors at the hands of justice.
“ I blush, I almost weep, with bursting rage ;
“ If thus receiv'd how paid our long arrears ?
“ Why, as intrusted misers pay the rights
“ Of helpless widows or the orphans' tears.
“ Oh, soldier ! for-to thee, to thee I speak it,
“ Bawds for the drudgery of citizens' wives
“ Would better pay debilitated stallions.”
Madam, I've said perhaps too much ; if so

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THE

matters not ; for he v
n the hard ground, is s

Pulch. I've given y

Marcian,

and as far as I can see i

I speak my serious jud

With strictest consulta

think this seeming plat

an exquisite and most ri

Mar. Ha ! traitor !

Pulch. Yes, a most no

" *Mar.* Your grandfat

the world,

' Would not have call'd

Pulch. " You would h

bus'ness.

Was't not enough, oh he

At first to own yourself :

A bold contemner, ev'n

Of that religion which w

For which your heart's bl

But you must dare, with

Thus to conspire against

I mention not your impu

Taxing the folly of my g

Ev'n to my face, such an

As sure no barb'rous Va

Besides your libelling all

You had engross'd the w



And flatterers, fools, and sycophants, and knaves,
Such was your language, did inhabit there.

Mar. You wrest my honest meaning, by the gods
You do; "and if you thus go on I feel
"My struggling spirit will no longer bear it."

Pulch. I thought the meaning of all rational men
Should still be gather'd out of their discourse;
Nor are you so imprudent without thinking
To vent such words, tho' now you fain would hide it
You find the guilt and balk the accusation.
But think not you shall scape so easily:
Once more I do confront you as a traitor;
And as I am intrusted with full pow'r,
Divest you, in the name of Theodosius,
Of all your offices, commissions, honours;
Command you leave the court within three days,
Loyal, plain-dealing, honest Marcian.

Mar. Gods! gods!

Pulch. "What now? Ha! does the traitor murmur
"If in three days—mark me—'t is I that doom thee
"Rash inconsiderate man, a wretch beneath
"The torments I could execute upon thee,"
If after three days space thou'rt found in court
Thou dy'st; thy head, thy head shall pay the forfeit
"Now rage, now rail, and curse the court;
"Saucily dare t' abuse the best of princes,
"And let thy lawless tongue lash all it can;
"Do, like a madman rave, deplore thy fortune
"While pages laugh at thee." Then haste to th' arm

Grow popular, and lead the multitude;
Preach up thy wrongs, and drive the giddy beast
To kick at Cæsar. Nay, if thou weep'st I 'm gone.
Oh, Julia! if I stay I shall weep too.
Yet 't is but just that I the heart should see
Of him who yet must lord it over me. [Aside.

Exeunt Pulch. and Julia.

Luc. Why do you droop, sir?—Come, no more
o' this;

You are and shall be still our general.
Say but the word, I'll fill the Hippodrome
With squadrons that shall make the emp'ror tremble.
We'll fire the court about his ears.
Methinks, like Junius Brutus, I have watch'd
An opportunity, and now it comes—
Few words and I are friends; but, noble Marcian!
If yet thou art not more than general
Ere dead of night say Lucius is a coward.

Mar. I charge thee, in the name of all the gods,
Come back; I charge thee by the name of friend.
All's well, and I rejoice I am no general.
But hush! within three days we must begone,
And then, my friend, farewell to ceremony:
We'll fly to some far distant lonely village,
Forget our former state, and breed with slaves,
And when night comes,
With bodies coarsely fill'd, and vacant souls,
Sleep like the labour'd hinds, and never think,
For if I think again I shall go mad:

Enter LEONTINE and ATHENAIS.

Therefore no thought. But see, we're interrupted,
Oh court! oh emperor! yet let death threaten
I'll find a time; 'till then be still my soul—

“ No general now; a member of thy country,

“ But most corrupt, therefore to be cut off;

“ Loyal, plain-dealing, honest Marcian.

“ A slave, a traitor! Oh, ye eternal gods!”—

[Exit]

Leon. So Athenais, now our compliment
To the young Persian prince is at an end,
What then remains but that we take our leave,
And bid him everlastingly farewell?

Athen. My lord!

Leon. I say that decency requires
We should be gone, nor can you stay with honour.

Athen. Most true, my lord!

Leon. The court is now at peace,
The emperor's sisters are retir'd for ever,
And he himself compos'd; what hinders then
But that we bid adieu to Prince Varanes?

Athen. Ah, sir! why will ye break my heart?

Leon. I would not;
Thou art the only comfort of my age:
Like an old tree I stand amongst the storms;
Thou art the only limb that I have left me, *[She kneels]*
My dear green branch! and how I prize thee, child
Heaven only knows. Why dost thou kneel and weep!

- n. Because you are so good, and will, I hope,
 'e my faults, who first occasion'd it.
- i. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the prince.
- n. You did! and oh! my lord, I heard too
 much,
 much, I fear, for my eternal quiet.
- i. Rise Athenais; credit him who bears
 years than thou: Varanes has deceiv'd thee.
- n. How do we differ then? You judge the prince
 us and base, while I take Heaven to witness
 k him the most virtuous of men;
 fore take heed, my lord, how you accuse him
 : you make the trial. Alas, Varanes!
 u art false there's no such thing on earth
 id goodness or substantial honour.
- usand times, my lord, he has sworn to give me
 I believe his oaths) his crown and empire
 day I make him master of my heart.
- i. That day he 'll make thee mistress of his
 pow'r,
- i carries a foul name among the vulgar.
- .thenais, let me see thee dead,
 a pale corpse, and gently laid in earth,
 ay say she's chaste and dy'd a virgin,
 r than view thee with these wounded eyes
 l upon the throne of Isdigerdes,
 last of common tongues, the nobles' scorn
 ather's curse, that is, the prince's whore.
- n. Oh, horrid supposition! how I detest it
 nness Heaven that sees my secret thoughts!

" Have I for this, my lord, been taught by you
 " The nicest justice and severest virtue,
 " To fear no death, to know no end of life,
 " And with long search discern the highest good ?
 " No Athenais; when the day beholds thee
 " So scandalously rais'd, pride cast thee down;
 " The scorn of honour and the people's prey !"
 No, cruel Leontine, not to redeem.

That aged head from the descending axe,
 Not tho' I saw thy trembling body rack'd,
 Thy wrinkles all about thee fill'd with blood,
 Would I for empire, to the man I love
 Be made the object of unlawful pleasure.

Leon. Oh greatly said, and by the blood which warms me !

Which runs as rich as any Athens holds,
 It would improve the virtue of the world
 If ev'ry day a thousand votaries
 And thousand virgins came from far to hear thee !

Athen. Look down, ye pow'rs, take notice we obey
 The rigid principles ye have infus'd ;
 Yet oh, my noble father ! to convince you,
 Since you will have it so, propose a marriage,
 Tho' with the thought I'm cover'd o'er with blushes :
 Not that I doubt the prince ; that were to doubt
 The heavens themselves. I know he is all truth :
 But modesty—————

The virgin's troublesome and constant guest,

: prove no greater bar to my relief.
 d the prince : I will retire a while,
 when occasion calls come to thy aid. [*Exit Leon.*

Enter VARANES and ARANTHES.

r. To fix her on the throne to me seems little ;
 : I a god yet would I raise her higher ;
 is the nature of thy prince : but oh !
 the world thy judgment soars above me,
 I am dar'd with this gigantic honour ;
 y forbids her prospect to a crown,
 must she gaze that way : my haughty soul
 day when she ascends the throne of Cyrus,
 leave my body pale, and to the stars
 e in blushes, and quite lost for ever.

an. What do you purpose then ?

r. I know not what.

ee, she comes, the glory of my arms ;
 only business of my constant thought,
 soul's best joy, and all my true repose.
 ar I cannot bear these strange desires,
 e strong impulses, which will shortly leave me
 l at thy feet——

hen. What have you found, my lord,
 ie so harsh or cruel that you fear
 peak your griefs ?

r. First let me kneel and swear,
 on thy hand seal my religious vow :
 ght let the breath of gods blow me from earth,
 t from the book of fame, forgotten ever,

If I prefer thee not, oh Athenais!
To all the Persian greatness.

Athen. I believe you,
For I have heard you swear as much before.

Var. Hast thou? oh, why then did I swear again,
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my passion?

Athen. Oh, rise my lord!——

Var. I will do ev'ry thing
Which Athenais bids: if there be more
In nature to convince thee of my love,
Whisper it, oh! some god, into my ear,
And on her breast thus to her list'ning soul
I'll breathe the inspiration. Wilt thou not speak?
What, but one sigh, no more! can that suffice
For all my vast expense of prodigal love?

“ Oh, Athenais! what shall I say or do

“ To gain the thing I wish?

“ *Athen.* What's that, my lord?

“ *Var.* Thus to approach thee still, thus to behold
thee——

“ Yet there is more.”——

Athen. My lord, I dare not hear you.

Var. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not
know?

'Tis an imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;
Yet as 't is ravishing, 'tis full of honour.

Athen. I must not doubt you, sir; but, oh! I
remble

To! Isdigerdes should behold you,

ould hear you thus protesting to a maid
no degree but virtue in the world—

Var. No more of this, no more ; for I disdain
pomp when thou art by. Far be the noise
kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
kinder stars have steer'd another way.

As the forest birds we'll pair together,
without remembering who our fathers were,
to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
and in soft murmurs interchange our souls,
together drink the chrystal of the stream,
taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields,
and when the golden ev'ning calls us home
going to our downy nest and sleep 'till morn.

Athen. Ah! prince! no more : forbear, forbear,
to charm me,

since I am doom'd to leave you, sir, for ever.

Var. Hold, Athenais—

Athen. I know your royal temper,
and that high honour reigns within your breast,
which would disdain to waste so many hours
with one of humble birth compar'd to you,
unless strong passion sway'd your thoughts to love
her ?

Therefore receive, oh prince! and take it kindly,
for none on earth but you could win it from me,
to receive the gift of my eternal love ;
this is all I can bestow ; nor is it little,
for sure a heart so coldly chaste as mine
no charms but yours, my lord, could e'er have warm'd

Leon. 'Tis well, my lord——

Var. Why dost thou then provoke me?

I thought that Persia's court had store of honour
To satisfy the height of thy ambition.

Besides, old man, my love is too well grown
To want a tutor for his good behaviour;
What he will do he of himself will do,
And not be taught by you——

Leon. I know he will not;

Fond tears away; I know, I know he will not;
But he would buy with this old man's preferment
My daughter's shame.

Var. Away, I say! my soul disdains the motion.

Leon. The motion of a marriage—yes, I see it:
Your angry looks and haughty words betray it:
I found it at the first— I thank you, sir,
You have at last rewarded your old tutor
For all his cares, his watchings, services:
Yet let me tell you, sir, this humble maid,
This daughter of a poor philosopher,
Shall, if she please, be seated on a throne
As high as that of the immortal Cyrus.

Var. I think that age and deep philosophy
Have crack'd thy brain. Farewell, old Leontine;
Retire to rest; and when this brawling humour
Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my Athenais,
And clear th' accounts of love which thou hast blotted.

[Exit.

Leon. Old Leontine! Perhaps I'm mad indeed.
But hold, my heart, and let that solid virtue

AB II.

THEODO

Var. Yes, Leontine, my ol
Most learn'd of all philosoph

Leon. Thus long she has a
her,

Sounded her virtues and her i
Therefore, dread sir, forgive
Which honour sounds, and no

Var. Now help, Arantes, c

Aran. Whatever happens, si

Leon. Can your high thoug
selves

T' admit this humble virgin fo

Var. Ha!

Athen. He blushes, gods!
question!

Leon. Why do you walk and cl
The business is not much.

Var. How, Leontine!

Not much! I know that she de
Yet 't is to reason much, tho' n
And sure the world would blus
Of a philosopher upon the thron

Athen. Undone for ever!

Leon. Is this your answer, sir

Var. Why dost thou urge me
The very brink of glory? when
I look and tremble at the vast d
Yet e'en there to the vast botto
My rash advent'rer, Love, wou
And grasp my Athenais with m

E iij

Where she so oft has harbour'd false Varanes!
Cruel Varanes! false, forsworn Varanes!

Leon. Is this forgetting him? is this the course
Which honour bids thee take.

Athen. Ah, sir, allow

A little time for love to make his way:
Hardly he won the place, and many sighs,
And many tears, and thousand oaths, it cost him:
And oh! I find he will not be dislodg'd
Without a groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be rais'd
Without whole floods of grief at his farewell,
Which thus I sacrifice: and oh, I swear
Had he prov'd true, I would as easily
Have empty'd all my blood, and died to serve him
As now I shed these drops or vent these sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Leon. No woman sure but thou, so low in fortune;
Therefore the nobler is thy fair example,
Would thus have griev'd because a prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in after-times
That there was ever such a maid in being:
Yet do I still advise preserve thy virtue;
And since he does disdain thee for his bride
Scorn thou to be——

Athen. Hold, sir; oh, hold, forbear,
For my nice soul abhors the very sound;
Yet with the shame of that, and the desire
Of an immortal name I am inspir'd:

All kinder thoughts are fled for ever from me ;
All tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
as left my bosom colder than the grave.

Leon. Oh, Athenais ! on ; 't is bright before thee ;
Pursue the track, and thou shalt be a star.

Athen. Oh, Leontine ! I swear, my noble father,
That I will starve ere once forego my virtue :
And thus let's join to contradict the world,
That empire could not tempt a poor old man
To sell his prince the honour of his daughter,
And she too match'd the spirit of her father ;
Who' humbly born and yet more humbly bred,
For her fame refus'd a royal bed,
Who tho' she lov'd yet did put off the hour,
Nor could her virtue be betray'd by power.
Attempts like these will guilty courts improve,
And teach the fair to blush at conscious love :
Then let all maids for honour come in view,
If any maid can more for glory do."

ACT III.. SCENE I.

Enter VARANES and ARANTHES.

Varanes.

COME to my arms, my faithful, dear Arantes,
My counsellor, companion of my youth !
I had longer been alone most sure,
With the distraction that surrounds my heart,

My hand would have rebell'd against his master
And done a murder here.

Aran. The gods forbid!

Var. I swear I press thee with as hearty joy
"As ever fearful bride embrac'd her man
"When from a dream of death she wak'd, and found
"Her lover safe and sleeping by her side."

Aran. The cause, my lord?

Var. Early thou know'st last night I went to rest;
But long, my friend, ere slumber clos'd my eyes,
Long was the combat fought 'twixt love and glory;
The fever of my passion burnt me up;
My pangs grew stronger, and my rack was doubled;
"My bed was all afloat with the cold drops
"That mortal pain wrung from my lab'ring limbs,
"My groans more deep than others' dying gasps;"
Therefore I charge thee haste to her apartment;
"I do conjure thee tell her, tell her all
"My fears can urge or fondness can invent;
"Tell her how I repent; say any thing,
"For any thing I 'll do to quench my fires:"
Say I will marry her now on the instant;
Say all that I would say, yet in the end
My love shall make it more than gods can utter.

Aran. My lord, both Leontine and she are gone
From their apartment——

Var. Ha! gone, say'st thou! whither?

Aran. That was my whole employment all this day;
But, sir, I grieve to speak it, they have left

Æ III.

THE

No track behind for car
Nor is it possible——

Var. It is, it shall;
I'll struggle with impos-
To find my Athenais :
Of Athens nor of Thebe
I'll bring the force of a
And lay them waste but
Oh, Leontine ! morose
Thou mere philosopher
Who for one hasty word
Hast turn'd the scale, th
My life, my glory, and

Aran. Most sure, m
Athens.

I will send post to-night.

Var. No, no, Aranth
Prepare my chariots, fo
I swear 'till now, 'till I
Some other might enjoy
I swear I did not know h
But let's away ; I'll to t
Thou to the hasty manag
“ Prepare ; to-day I'll g
“ No more ; I'll take my
“ And meet thee on the
Let the wild hurry of thy
Make quick thy apprehen

SCENE II.

Enter PULCHERIA, ATTICUS, LEONTINE; Votaries leading ATHENAIS in Procession, after her Baptism, to be confirmed.

“ ATTICUS sings.

“ *Oh, Chrysostom ! look down and see*
“ *An off'ring worthy Heaven and thee !*
“ *So rich the victim, bright and fair,*
“ *That she on earth appears a star :*
“ *Chor. Eudisia is the virgin's name,*
“ *And avertimes shall sing her fame.*

“ ATTICUS sings.

“ *Lead her, Votaries, lead her in,*
“ *Her holy birth does now begin.*
“ 1 *Vot. In humble weeds, but clean array,*
“ *Your hours shall sweetly pass away,*
“ *And when the rites divine are past,*
“ *To pleasant gardens you shall haste.*
“ 2 *Vot. Where many a flow'ry bed we have,*
“ *That emblem still to each a grave ;*
“ *And when within the stream we look,*
“ *With tears we use to swell the brook ;*
“ *But oh ! when in the liquid glass*
“ *Our heaven appears, we sigh to pass :*
“ *Chor. For heaven alone we are design'd,*
“ *And all things bring our heaven to mind."*

AE III.

THE

Athen. Oh, princess!
That is submitted by it
To your most wise and
What Greek or Roman
The rapture and devotion
I am adopted your's; you
That have new-form'd,
" And by the platform
" New-fram'd, new-bu
" Thrown all the lumbe
" And made my heart a
" Clean as an anchoret's
" And spotless as the gl
" Whom we far oft' ador

Pulch. Rise, Eudisia,
And let me fold my Chr
With this dear pledge of
I seal thee, oh Eudisia!
Accept, best charge, the
For, by the sacred friend
I think that Heaven by r
To ease my cares, to hel
To be my sister, partner
And equally thro' my wh
To be the better part of
And share my griefs and

Athen. No, madam, no
Excuse the cares that thi
" Oh! rather let me leav
Or if I must partake you

"If you resolve to load me with such honour,"
Let it be far from cities, far from courts,
Where I may fly all human conversation,
Where I may never see, nor hear, nor name,
Nor think, nor dream, oh heaven! if possible,
Of mankind more.

Pulch. What now! in tears Eudisia!

Athen. Far from the guilt of palaces, oh, send me!
"Drive me, oh, drive me from the traitor man!
"So I might 'scape that monster, let me dwell
"In lions' haunts or in some tiger's den;
"Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd rock,
"That bellies out, just dropping in the ocean;
"Bury me in the hollow of its womb,
"Where, starving on my cold and flinty bed,
"I may from far, with giddy apprehension,
"See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep;
"Yet not e'en there, in that vast whirl of death,
"Can there be found so terrible a ruin
"As man, false man, smiling, destructive man!"

Pulch. Then thou hast lov'd, Eudisia. Oh, my sister!
Still nearer to my heart, so much the dearer,
Because our fates are like, and hand in hand
Our fortunes lead us thro' the maze of life:
I'm glad that thou hast lov'd; nay, lov'd with danger,
Since thou hast 'scap'd the ruin.—"Methinks it
lightens

"The weight of my calamities, that thou
"(In all things else so perfect and divine)
"Art yet akin to my infirmity,

And bear'st thy part in love's melodious ill ;
Love, that like bane perfum'd, infects the mind,
That sad delight that charms all womankind."

Athen. Yes, madam, I confess that love has charm'd
me,

It never shall again : " no, I renounce him.
Inspire me all the wrongs of abus'd woman ;
All you that have been cozen'd by false men,
See what a strict example I will make ;
But for the perjuries of one I will revenge ye
For all that's past, that's present, and to come.

Pulch. " Oh, thou far more than the most masculine
virtue !

Where, our Astrea, where, oh, drowning brightness !
Where hast thou been so long ? Let me again
Protest my admiration and my love ;
Let me declare aloud, while thou art here,
While such clear virtue shines within our circle,
Vice shall no more appear within the palace,
But hide her dazzled eyes, and this be call'd
The holy court. But' lo ! the emp'ror comes :
auty like thine may drive that far away
That has so long entranc'd his soul.—My lord——

Enter THEODOSIUS and Attendants.

Theo. If yet, alas ! I might but hope to see her ;
it oh ! forgive me, Heaven, this wilder start
That thus would reach impossibility :
No, no, I never must behold her more.

Obtain, oh, Leontine!—the crown at last—
To thee I speak—thy daughter to my bride?

Leon. My lord, the honour bears such estimation
It calls my blood into my aged cheeks,
And quite o'erwhelms my daughter with confusion,
Who with her body prostrate on the earth
Ought to adore you for the proffer'd glory.

Theo. Let me embrace and thank thee, oh, kind
Heaven!

Oh Atticus! Pulcheria! oh, my father!
Was ever change like mine? Run thro' the streets;
"Who waits there?" Run, and loud as fame can speak
With trumpet sounds proclaim your emperor's joy:
"And, as of old, on the great festival
"Of her they call the mother of the gods,
"Let all work cease, at least an oaken garland
"Crown each plebeian head; let sprightly bowls
"Be dol'd about, and the toss'd cymbals sound;
"Tell them their much lamented Theodosius
"By miracle is brought from death to life;
"His melancholy's gone, and now once more
"He shall appear at the state's helm again;
"Nor fear a wreck while this bright star directs us;
"For while she shines, no sands, no treach'rous rocks
"Shall lie unseen, but I will cut my way
"Secure as Neptune thro' the highest stream,
"And to the port in safety steer the world."

Athen. Alas! my lord, consider my extraction,
With all my other wants——

Theo. Peace, empress, peace!

our's, when chance directed you that way.

o. He says 't is true : why then this heartless carriage,
lazy spirit ?

were I proof against the darts of love,
d cold to beauty as the marble lover
at lies without a thought upon his tomb,
uld not this glorious dawn of life run thro' me
l waken death itself !" Why am I slow then ?
hinders now but that in spite of rules
it thro' all the bands of death that hold me,

[He kneels.]

ly with such a haste to that appearance
ry'd saints shall make at the last summons ?
en. The emperor at my feet ! Oh, sir ! forgive me,
n me not thus with everlasting shame :
heaven and earth must blush at such a view,
an I bear it longer——

1. My lord, she is unworthy——

2. Ha ! what say'st thou, Leontine ?
worthy ! oh, thou atheist to perfection !
that the blooming earth could send forth fair,
that the gaudy heavens could drop down
glorious !"

rthy, say'st thou ! Wert thou not her father
or I would revenge——But haste and tell me,
ve like mine will bear no second thought.

ll the honours of the orient,
sacrific'd with the most pure affection,
spotless thoughts and languishing desires,

The sands, the winds, the rocks, the sure destruction
And ready gulfs that gape to swallow me.

Theo. It was thy hand that drew me from the grave,
Who had been dead by this time to ambition,
To crowns, to titles, and my slighted greatness:
But still, as if each work of thine deserv'd
The smile of Heaven—thy Theodosius met
With something dearer than his diadem,
With all that 's worth a wish, that 's worth a life;
I met with that which made me leave the world.

Var. And I, oh turn of chance! oh cursed fortune!
Have lost at once all that could make me happy.
“ Oh, ye too partial powers! but now no more:
“ The gods, my dear my most lov'd Theodosius,
“ Double all those joys that thou hast met upon thee!
“ For sure thou art most worthy, worthy more.
“ Than Jove in all his prodigality
“ Can e'er bestow in blessings on mankind.”
And oh! methinks my soul is strangely mov'd,
Takes it the more unkindly of her stars
That thou and I cannot be blest together;
For I must leave thee, friend: this night must leave
thee,

To go in doubtful search of what, perhaps,
I ne'er shall find, if so my cruel fate
Has order'd it. Why then farewell for ever,
For I shall never never see thee more.

Theo. How sensible my tender soul is grown
Of what you utter! Oh, my gallant friend!
Oh, brother! oh, Varanes! do not judge

THEODOSIUS.

Weak, for sighs will interrupt me :
Tears, judge by these strict embraces,
My last resolve : tho' I have met
In silence I so long ador'd ;
Rapture of protesting joys,
My own to-morrow for my nuptials,
The altar to-night prepares the temple,"
Varanes! I will rob my soul
Of health, of my imperial bride,
And wander with thee in the search of that
On which thy life depends——

Alas! if this I suffer
To leave me then begotten of a hind,
Born in wilds : no, Theodosius, no ;
Save thee by our friendship, and conjure thee
The gods, to mention this no more.
Farewells, dear friend ! I shall be sooner here
Than you expect or I myself imagine :
The worst I grieve is that I cannot wait
To see your nuptials ; yet my soul is with you,
And all my adorations to your bride.

Ath. What, my Varanes! will you be so cruel
Not to see my bride before you go?
Are you angry at your rival's charms,
Who has already ravish'd half my heart,
That once was all your own?

Var. You know I am disordered ;
My melancholy will not suit her blest condition.

[*Exit Theodosius.*]

And the gods know since thou, my Athenais

Art fled from these sick eyes, all other women
To my pall'd soul seem like the ghost of beauty,
And haunt my memory with the loss of thee.

Enter ATHENAIS, THEODOSIUS leading her.

Theo. Behold, my lord, th' occasion of my joy.

Var. Oh, ye immortal gods! Arantes! oh!
Look there, and wonder. Hal is't possible?

Athen. My lord, the emperor, says you are his friend;
He charges me to use my interest,
And beg of you to stay at least so long
As our espousals will be solemnizing:
I told him I was honour'd once to know you,
But that so slightly as I could not warrant
The grant of any thing that I should ask you——

Var. Oh heaven and earth! oh Athenais! why,
Why dost thou use me thus? Had I the world
Thou know'st it should be thine——

Athen. I know not that——
But yet, to make sure work, one half of it
Is mine already, sir, without your giving.
My lord, the prince is obstinate; his glory
Scorns to be mov'd by the weak breath of woman;
He is all hero, bent for higher views,
Therefore 't is noble, sir, to let him go:
If not for him, my lord, yet for myself
I must entreat the favour to retire. [*Exit Athen, &c.*]

Var. Death and despair! confusion! hell, and furies!

Theo. "Heaven guard thy health, and still preserve
thy virtue;"

What should this mean? I fear the consequence,
For 't is too plain they know each other well.

Var. Undone Arantes! lost, undone for ever!
I see my doom, I read it with broad eyes,
As plain as if I saw the book of fate:
Yet I will muster all my spirits up,
Digest my grief, swallow the rising passions;
Yes, I will stand the shock of all the gods
Well as I can, and struggle for my life.

Theo. You muse, my lord; and if you'll give me leave
To judge your thoughts, they seem employ'd at present
About my bride—"I guess you know her too."

Var. His bride! oh, gods! give me a moment's
patience.

I must confess the sight of Athenais,
Where I so little did expect to see her,
So grac'd, and so adorn'd, did raise my wonder:
But what exceeds all admiration is,
That you should talk of making her your bride;
'T is such a blind effect of monstrous fortune,
That tho' I well remember you affirm'd it
I cannot yet believe——

Theo. Then now believe me:
By all the powers divine I will espouse her.

Var. Ha! I shall leap the bounds. Come, come,
my lord,

By all these powers you nam'd I say you must not.

Theo. I say I will; and who shall bar my pleasure?
Yet more, I speak the judgment of my soul,
Weigh but with fortune, merit in the balance,
And Athenais loses by the marriage.

Var. Relentless fates! malicious cruel powers!
Oh, for what crime do you thus rack your creature!
Sir, I must tell you this unkingly meanness
Suits the profession of an anchorite well;
But in an Oriental emperor
It gives offence; nor can you, without scandal,
Without the notion of a grov'ling spirit,
Espouse the daughter of old Leontine,
Whose utmost glory is to 'ave been my tutor.

Theo. He has so well acquitted that employment,
Breeding you up to such a gallant height
Of full perfection and imperial greatness,
That ev'n for this respect, if for no other,
I will esteem him worthy while I live.

Var. My lord, you 'll pardon me a little freedom;
For I must boldly urge in such a cause—
Whoever flatters you, tho' ne'er so near
Related to your blood, should be suspected.

Theo. If friendship would admit a cold suspicion,
After what I have heard and seen to-day,
Of all mankind I should suspect Varanes.

Var. He has stung me to the heart; my groans
will choke me,
Unless my struggling passion gets a vent.
Out with it then—I can no more dissemble—
Yes, yes, my lord! since you reduce me to
The last necessity I must confess it;
I must avow my flame for Athenais:
I am all fire, my passion eats me up,
It grows incorp'rate with my flesh and blood:

My pangs redouble; now they cleave my heart!

Oh, Athenais! oh, Eudisia! — Oh! —

Tho' plain as day I see my own destruction,
Yet to my death, and oh, let all the gods
Bear witness! still I swear I will adore thee!"

Theo. Alas, Varanes! which of us two the heavens
Have mark'd for death is yet above the stars;
But while we live let us preserve our friendship
Sacred and just, as we have ever done.

This only mean in two such hard extremes
Remains for both: to-morrow you shall see her
With all advantage in her own apartment;
Take your own time; say all you can to gain her;
If you can win her, lead her into Persia;
If not, consent that I espouse her here.

Var. Still worse and worse! Oh, Theodosius! oh,
I cannot speak for sighs; my death is seal'd
By his last sweetness: had you been less good
Might have hop'd; but now my doom's at hand.
Go then and take her, take her to the temple;
The gods too give you joy! Oh, Athenais!
Why does thy image mock my foolish sorrow?
Oh, Theodosius! do not see my tears:
Away and leave me; leave me to the grave.

Theo. Farewell; let's leave the issue to the heavens;
I will prepare your way with all that honour
An urge in your behalf, tho' to my ruin. [*Exit Theo.*]

Var. Oh, I could tear my limbs and eat my flesh!
Not that I was, fond, proud, vain-glorious fool!
I am'd be all courts, and trebly damn'd ambition!

Blasted be thy remembrance! curses on thee!
And plagues on plagues fall on those fools that seek
thee!

Aran. Have comfort, sir——

Var. Away and leave me villain!

Traitor, who wrought me first to my destruction!—
Yet stay and help, help me to curse my pride,
Help me to wish that I had ne'er been royal,
That I had never heard the name of Cyrus,
“That my first brawl in court had been my last.”
Oh that I had been born some happy swain,
And never known a life so great, so vain!
Where I extremes might not be forc'd to choose,
And blest with some mean wife no crown could lose,
Where the dear partner of my little state,
With all her smiling offspring at the gate,
Blessing my labours might my coming wait;
Where in our humble beds all safe might lie,
And not in cursed court for glory die—— [Exeunt.

SONG.

“Hail to the myrtle shade,
“All hail to the nymphs of the fields;
“Kings would not here invade
“Those pleasures that virtue yields.

“Chor. Beauty here opens her arms,
“To soften the languishing mind,
“And Phillis unlocks her charms;
“Ah, Phillis! why so kind?

“ *Phillis, thou soul of love,*
 “ *Thou joy of the neigh’ring swains;*
 “ *Phillis that crowns the grove,*
 “ *And Phillis that gilds the plains :*

Chor. *Phillis, that ne’er had the skill*
 “ *To paint, and to patch, and be fine ;*
 “ *Yet Phillis whose eyes can kill,*
 “ *Whom nature hath made divine :*
 “ *Phillis, whose charming song*
 “ *Makes labour and pains a delight :*
 “ *Phillis, that makes the day young,*
 “ *And shortens the live-long night :*

Chor. *Phillis, whose lips like May,*
 “ *Still laughs at the sweets they bring,*
 “ *Where love never knows decay,*
 “ *But sets with eternal spring.”*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MARCIAN and LUCIUS, at a distance.

Marcian.

[HE general of the Oriental armies
 Was a commission large as fate could give :
 It is gone. “ Why, what care I ? Oh, Fortune !
 Fortune !
 Thou laughing empress of this busy world,
 Gij

"Marcian defies thee now"——

Why what a thing is a discarded favourite !

"He who but now, tho' longing to retire,

"Could not for busy waiters be alone,

"Throng'd in his chamber, haunted to his closet

"With a full crowd and an eternal court !"

When once the favour of his prince is turn'd,

Shun'd as a ghost the clouded man appears,

And all the gaudy worshippers forsake him.

"So fares it now with me ; where'er I come,

"As if I were another Catiline ;

"The Courtiers rise, and no man will sit near me ;

"As if the plague were on me all men fly me."

Oh, Lucius ! Lucius ! if thou leav'st me too

I think, I think, I could not bear it,

But like a slave my spirit, broke with suff'ring,

Should on these coward knees fall down, and beg

Once to be great again——

Luc. Forbid it, Heaven !

That e'er the noble Marcian condescend

To ask of any but th' immortal gods !

Nay, I vow, if yet your spirit dare,

Spite of the court you shall be great as Cæsar.

"*Mar.* No, Lucius, no ; the gods repel that humour.

"Yet since we are alone, and must ere long

"Leave this bad court, let us like veterans

"Speak out—Thou say'st, alas ! as great as Cæsar ;

"But where's his greatness ? where is his ambition ?

"If any sparks of virtue yet remain

"—his poor figure of the Roman glory ;

“ I say if any be, how dim they shine .
 “ Compar’d with what his great forefathers were !
 “ How should he lighten then or awe the world
 “ Whose soul in courts is but a lambent fire ?
 “ And scarce, oh Rome ! a glowworm in the field,
 “ Soft, young, religious—godlike qualities !
 “ For one that should recover the lost empire,
 “ And wade thro’ seas of blood and walk o’er moun-
 tains

“ Of slaughter’d bodies to immortal honour.”

Luc. Poor heart ! he pin’d a while ago for love—

Mar. And for his mistress vow’d to leave the world ;
 But some new chance it seems has chang’d his mind.
 A marriage ! but to whom, or whence she came,
 None knows ; but yet a marriage is proclaim’d,
 Pageants prepar’d, the arches are adorn’d,
 “ The statues crown’d, the Hippodrome does groan
 “ Beneath the burden of the mounted warriors :”

The theatre is open’d too, where he
 And the hot Persian mean to act their follies.
 Gods ! gods ! is this the image of our Cæsars ?
 Is this the model of our Romulus ?
 Oh why so poorly have you stamp’d Rome’s glory !
 “ Not Rome’s but your’s—Is this man fit to bear it,
 “ This waxen portraiture of majesty,
 “ Which ev’ry warmer passion does melt down,
 “ And makes him fonder than a woman’s longing ?”

Luc. Thus much I know to the eternal shame
 Of the imperial blood ; this upstart empress,
 This fine new queen, is sprung from abject parents,

Nay, basely born : but that's all one to him ;
He likes and loves, and therefore marries her.

Mar. Shall I not speak, shall I not tell him of it ?
I feel this big-swol'n throbbing Roman spirit
Will burst unless I utter what I ought.

Enter PULCHERIA with a Paper in her hand, and JULIA.

Mar. Pulcheria here ! why she's the scourge of
Marcian ;
I tremble too whenever she approaches,
“ And my heart dances an unusual measure :
“ Spite of myself I blush, and cannot stir
“ While she is here”—What, Lucius, can this mean ?
“ 'Tis said Calphurnia had the heart of Cæsar,
“ Augustus doted on the subtile Livia,
“ Why then should not I worship that fair angel ?
“ Oh ! didst thou mark her when her fury lighten'd ?
“ She seem'd all goddess, nay, her frowns became her :
“ There was a beauty in her very wildness.
“ Were I a man born great as our first founder,
“ Sprung from the blood divine—but I am cast
“ Beyond all possibility of hope.”

Pulch. Come hither Marcian, read this paper o'er,
And mark the strange neglect of Theodosius :
He signs whate'er I bring ; perhaps you 'ave heard
To-morrow he intends to wed a maid of Athens,
New-made a Christian, and new-nam'd Eudisia,
Whom he more dearly prizes than his empire ;
Yet in this paper he hath set his hand,
And seal'd it too with the imperial signet,
That she shall lose her head to-morrow morning.

Mar. 'Tis not for me to judge; yet this seems strange.

Pulch. I know he rather would commit a murder
On his own person than permit a vein
Of her to bleed; yet, Marcian, what might follow
If I were envious of this virgin's honour
By his rash passing whatsoe'er I offer—
Without a view—Ha! but I had forgot:
Julia, let's haste from this infectious person—
I had forgot that Marcian was a traitor:
“ Yet by the powers divine I swear 'tis pity.
“ That one so form'd by nature for all honour,
“ All titles, greatness, dignities imperial,
“ The noblest person, and the bravest courage,
“ Should not be honest. Julia, is 't not pity!”
Oh, Marcian! Marcian! I could weep to think
Virtue should lose itself as thine has done.
Repent, rash man! if yet 't is not too late,
And mend thy errors; so farewell for ever.

[*Exeunt Pulch. and Julia.*]

Mar. Farewell for ever! no, madam, ere I go
I am resolv'd to speak, and you shall hear me;
Then if you please take off this traitor's head:
End my commission and my life together.

Luc. Perhaps you'll doubt of what I'm going to say:
But by your life my lord I think 't is true;
Pulcheria loves this traitor: “ Did you mark her?
“ At first she had forgot your banishment;
“ Makes you her counsellor, and tells her secrets
“ As to a friend; nay, leaves them in your hand,

" And says 't is pity that you are not honest,
" With such description of your gallantry
" As none but love could make; then taking leave,
" Thro' the dark lashes of her darting eyes
" Methought she shot her soul at ev'ry glance,
" Still looking back, as if she had a mind
" That you should know she left her heart behind her."

Mar. Alas! thou dost not know her, nor do I,
Nor can the wit of all mankind conceive her.
But let's away. This paper is of use.

Luc. I guess your purpose:
He is a boy, and as a boy you'll use him—
There is no other way.

Mar. Yes, if he be not
Quite dead with sleep, for ever lost to honour,
Marcian with this shall rouse him. Oh, my Lucius!
Methinks the ghosts of the great Theodosius
And thund'ring Constantine appear before me;
They charge me as a soldier to chastise him,
To lash him with keen words from lazy love,
And show him how they trod the paths of honour. [*Ex.*]

SCENE II.

THEODOSIUS lying on a Couch, with two Boys drest like
Cupids singing to him as he sleeps.

SONG.

" Happy day! ah, happy day!
" That Caesar's beams did first display;

ACT IV.

TH

" *So peaceful wa*
 " *The gods themsel*
 " *The royal infant's*
 " *So pleas'd they see*
 " *Happy day! a*
 " *And oh, thrice ha*
 " *That made such g*
 " *For thus the gods*
 " *No day like this s*

Enter MARC

" *Theo.* Ha! what r
 small
 " A value on thy life t
 " Against the fatal ord
 " Thus to entrench on
 " And urge me to thy
 " *Mar.* Mighty Cæsa
 " I have transgress'd, a
 " To thee as to the god
 " Nor can I doubt your
 " The nature of my cri
 " From all the earth to
 " Thou darling of man
 " Already drown the gl
 " Whose deeper reach i
 " Makes wise Augustus
 " What mean the fates
 " When scarce the man
 " With conquest thus to

“ And make barbarians tremble ? Oh, ye gods !

“ Should destiny now end thee in thy bloom ;

“ Methinks I see thee mourn’d above the loss

“ Of lov’d Germanicus, thy funerals,

“ Like his, are solemniz’d with tears and blood.

“ *Theo.* How, Marcian !

“ *Mar.* Yes, the raging multitude,

“ Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief,

“ Shave their wives’ heads, and tear off their own hair ;

“ With wild despair they bring their infants out

“ To brawl their parent’s sorrow in the streets :

“ Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopp’d ;

“ With stones they dash the windows of their temples,

“ Pull down their altars, break their household gods,

“ And still the universal groan is this,

“ Constantinople’s lost, our empire’s ruin’d :

“ Since he is gone, that father of his country,

“ Since he is dead, oh, life ! where is thy pleasure ?

“ Oh, Rome ! oh, conquer’d world ! where is thy glory ?

“ *Theo.* I know thee well, thy custom and thy
manners ;

“ Thou dost upbraid me ; but no more of this,

“ Not for thy life——

“ *Mar.* What’s life without my honour ?

“ Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,

“ Or make that beardless face like Jupiter’s,

“ I would be heard in spite of all your thunder.

“ Oh, power of guilt ! you fear to stand the test

“ Which virtue brings ; like sores your vices shake

“ Before this Roman healer ; but, by the gods,

“ Before I go I’ll rip the malady,
 “ And let the venom flow before your eyes :
 “ This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
 “ The granfather of your illustrious blood,
 “ And then farewell for ever.

“ *Theo.* Presuming Marcian !

“ What canst thou urge against my innocence ?
 “ Thro’ the whole course of all my harmless youth,
 “ Ev’n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
 “ One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

“ *Mar.* This may be true ; yet if you give the sway
 “ To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
 “ Your negligence to them is as the cause.
 “ Oh, Theodosius ! credit me who knows
 “ The world, and hear our soldiers censure kings.
 “ In aftertimes, if thus you should go on,
 “ Your memory by warriors will be scorn’d,
 “ As Nero or as Caligula loath’d ;
 “ They will despise your sloth and backward ease
 “ More than they hate the others’ cruelty.
 “ And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity !
 “ Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind,
 “ Load me with malice, envy, detestation,
 “ Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
 “ And the world shun me, so I ’scape but scorn.

“ *Theo.* Pr’y thee no more.

“ *Mar.* Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
 “ And say thus cruel Nero once resolv’d
 “ On Galba’s insurrection for revenge,
 “ To give all France as plunder to the arms,

“ To poison the whole senate at a feast,
“ To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
“ Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude,
“ That so obstructing those that quench’d the fire
“ He might at once destroy rebellious Rome.

“ *Theo.* Oh, cruelty ! why tell’st thou me of this ?

“ Am I of such a bloody, barb’rous temper ?

“ *Mar.* Yet some will say this show’d he had a spirit,

“ However fierce, avenging, and pernicious—

“ That favour’d of a Roman : but for you,

“ What can your partial sycophants invent,

“ To make you room among the emperors,

“ Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero,

“ A petty player—one who can act the hero,

“ And never be one. Oh, ye immortal gods !

“ Is this the old Cæsarian majesty ?

“ Now in the name of our great Romulus

“ Why sing you not and fiddle too as he did ?

“ Why have ye not, like Nero, a phenascus,

“ One to take care of your celestial voice :

“ Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach

“ Lay a thin plate of lead—abstain from fruits ;

“ And when the business of the stage is done

“ Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets ;

“ While the lean army groans upon the ground.

“ *Theo.* Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee :

“ Hence, begone, I say—

“ *Mar.* Not ’till you have heard me out—

“ Build too, like him, a palace lin’d with gold,

“ As long and large as that to the Esquiline :

- “ Enclose a pool too in it like the sea,
“ And at the empire’s cost let navies meet;
“ Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;
“ Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
“ With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you;
“ Consume with this prodigious vanity
“ In mere perfumes and odorous distillations
“ Of sesterces at once four hundred millions;
“ Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
“ And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings;
“ No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
“ So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
“ Why, let ’em starve for want of their arrears,
“ Drop as they go, and lie, like dogs, in ditches.
“ *Theo.* Come, you are a traitor—
“ *Mar.* Go to, you are a boy—
“ Or by the gods—
“ *Theo.* If arrogance like this,
“ And to the emperor’s face, should’scape unpunish’d
“ I’ll write myself a coward—Die then a villain,
“ A death too glorious for so bad a man,
“ By Theodosius’ hand.

[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*]

- “ *Mar.* Now, sir, where are you?
“ What in the name of all our Roman spirits
“ Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
“ Has he not cut me off from all my honours—
“ Torn my commissions, sham’d me to the earth,
“ Banish’d the court, a vagabond for ever?
“ Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me,

H

“ Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge ’em?
“ What hinders now but that I mount the throne
“ And make to that this purple youth my footstool :
“ The armies court me and my country’s cause ;
“ The injuries of Rome and Greece persuade me.
“ Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
“ They ’ll make me emperor whether I will or no.
“ Did not for less than this the latter Brutus,
“ Because he thought Rome wrong’d, in person head
“ Against his friend a black conspiracy,
“ And stab the majesty of all the world ?

“ *Theo.* Act as you please, I am within your power.

“ *Mar.* Did not the former Brutus for the crime
“ Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom ?
“ And shall this prince too, by permitting others
“ To act their wicked will and lawless pleasures,
“ Ravish from the empire it’s dear health,
“ Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory,
“ Go on in this dishonourable rest ?
“ Shall he, I say, dream on while the starv’d troops
“ Lie cold and waking in the wintercamp ;
“ And like pin’d birds for want of sustenance
“ Feed on the haws and berries of the field ?
“ Oh, temper, temper me, ye gracious gods !
“ Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
“ It’s constant loyalty—I would but shake him,
“ Rouse him a little from this death of honour,
“ And show him what he should be. [*Aside,*

“ *Theo.* You accuse me

“ As if I were some monster most unheard of,

" First as the ruin of the army, then
 " Of taking your commission; but, by heaven
 " I swear, oh, Marcian! this I never did,
 " Nor e'er intended it; nor say I this
 " To alter thy stern usage; for with what
 " Thou 'st said or done, and brought to my remem-
 brance,

" I grow already weary of my life.

" *Mar.* My lord, I take your word—You do not
 know

" The wounds which rage within your country's bowels,
 " The horrid usage of the suff'ring soldier;
 " But why will not our Theodosius know?
 " If you entrust the government to others
 " That act these crimes who but yourself's to blame?
 " Be witnesses, ye gods! of my plain dealing,
 " Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.
 " I thank you for my banishment; but, alas!
 " My loss is little to what soon will follow;
 " Reflect but on yourself and your own joys;
 " Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
 " 'T was rumour'd thro' the city that you lov'd,
 " That your espousals should be solemniz'd;
 " When on a sudden here you send your orders
 " That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudisia;
 " Should lose her head.

" *Theo.* Oh, heaven and earth! what say'st thou?
 " That I have seal'd the death of my Eudisia?

" *Mar.* 'T is your own hand and signet: yet I swear,
 " Tho' you have given to female hands the sway,

" We 're friends—thy hand—Nay, if thou wilt not
rise

" And let me fold my arms about thy neck,

" I'll not believe thy love—In this forgive me:

" First let me wed Eudisia and we 'll out;

" We will, my general, and make amends

" For all that 's past—Glory and arms ye call!

" And Marcian leads me on—

" *Mar.* Let her not rest then—

" Espouse her straight; I 'll strike you at a heat:

" May this great humour get large growth within you,

" And be encourag'd by th' embold'ning gods.

" Oh what a sight will this be to the soldier,

" To see me bring you dress'd in shining armour.

" To head the shouting squadrons!—Oh, ye gods

" Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,

" The sound of trumpets and the beat of drums—

" I see each starving soldier bound from earth,

" As if some god by miracle had rais'd him,

" And with beholding you grow fat again.

" Nothing but gazing eyes and op'ning mouths,

" Cheeks red with joy and lifted hands about you;

" Some wiping the glad tear that trickle down

" With broken Ios, and with sobbing raptures

" Crying, to arms, he 's come, our emperor's come

" To win the world!—Why, is not this better

" Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,

" Fasting or praying? Come, come, you shall be
merry;

" for Eudisia she is your's already:

" n has said it, sir; she shall be your's.

" Quick as a thought she calls you to the temple.

" Oh, Lucius! help—I 'ave gone too far—But see,

" He breathes again—Eudisia has awak'd him.

" *Theo.* Did you not name Eudisia?

" *Mar.* Yes, she lives;

" I did but feign the story of her death

" To find how near you plac'd her to your heart!

" And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me

" If ever I rebuke you thus again:

" Yet 't is most certain that you sign'd her death,

" Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer'd,

" Who left it in my hand to startle you;

" But by my life and fame I did not think

" It would have touch'd your life. Oh, pardon me,

" Dear prince! my lord, my emperor, royal
master!

" Droop not because I utter'd somerash words,

" And was a madman—By th' immortal gods

" I love you as my soul: whate'er I said

" My thoughts were otherwise; believe these tears,

" Which do not use to flow, all shall be well;

" I swear that there are seeds in that sweet temper

" T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

" *Theo.* I thank thee—first for my Eudisia's life:

" What but my love could have call'd back that life

" Which thou hast made me hate? And oh, me—
thought

" 'T was hard, dear Marcian! very hard from thee

" From him I ever rev'renc'd as my father,

" To hear so harsh a message—But no more;

" Why will you trust me, who am now afraid
" To trust myself?—why do you leave me naked
" To an assault, who had made proof my virtue
" With this sure guard never to see him more?"
For oh! with trembling agonies I speak it,
I cannot see a prince whom once I lov'd
Bath'd in his grief, and gasping at my feet
" In all the violent trances of despair,"
Without a sorrow that perhaps may end me.

Theo. Oh, ye severer powers! too cruel fate!
Did ever love tread such a maze before?
Yet, Athenais, still I trust thy virtue;
But if thy bleeding heart cannot refrain,
Give, give thyself away; yet still remember
That moment Theodosius is no more——

[*Exit Theo.*]

Athen. Now glory, now, if ever thou did'st work
In woman's mind assist me—" Oh, my heart!
" Why dost thou throb as if thou wert a breaking?
" Down, down, I say; think on thy injuries,
" Thy wrongs, thy wrongs—'T is well my eyes are dry,
" And all within my bosom now is still."

Enter VARANES leaning on ARANTHES.

Ha! is this he! or is't Varanes' ghost?
He looks as if he had bespoke his grave,
Trembling and pale. I must not dare to view him;
For oh! I feel his melancholy here,
And fear I shall too soon partake his sickness.

Var. Thus to the angry gods offending mortals,

Made sensible by some severe affliction
 How all their crimes are register'd in Heaven,
 " In that nice court where no rash words escapes,
 " But ev'n extravagant thoughts are all set down;"
 Thus the poor penitents with fear approach
 The rev'rend shrines, and thus for mercy bow; [*Kneels.*
 Thus melting too they wash the hallow'd earth,
 And groan to be forgiven——
 Oh empress! oh Eudisia! such you 're now:
 These are your titles, and I must not dare
 Ever to call thee Athenais more.

Athen. Rise, rise, my lord, let me entreat you rise;
 I will not hear you in that humble posture;
 Rise, or I must withdraw——The world will blush
 For you and me, should it behold a prince
 Sprung from immortal Cyrus on his knees
 Before the daughter of a poor philosopher.

Var. 'T is just, ye righteous gods! my doom is
 just;
 Nor will I strive to deprecate her anger.
 If possible I'll aggravate my crimes,
 That she may rage 'till she has broke my heart;
 'T is all I now desire——" and let the gods,
 " Those cruel gods that join to my undoing,
 " Be witnesses, to this unnatural wish,"
 Is to fall dead without a groan before her.

Athen. Oh, ye known sounds! but I must steel my
 soul. [*Aside.*
 " Methinks these robes, my Delia, are too heavy."

Var. Not worth a word, a look, or one regard!

" Is then the nature of my fault so heinous ;
" That when I come to take my eternal leave
" You 'll not vouchsafe to view me ? This is scorn
" Which the fair soul of gentle Athenais
" Would ne'er have harbour'd——
" Oh ! for the sake of him whom you ere long
" Shall hold as fast as now your wishes form him,"
Give me a patient hearing ; for however
I talk of death, and seem to loathe my life,
I would deliberate with my fate a while,
With snatching glances eye thee to the last,
Pause o'er a loss like that of Athenais,
And parley with my ruin.

Athen. Speak, my lord ;

To hear you is the emperor's command !
And for that cause I readily obey.

Var. The emperor, the emperor's command !
And for that cause she readily obeys !

I thank you, madam, that on any terms
You condescend to hear me——

Know then, Eudisia, ah, rather let me call thee
By the lov'd name of Athenais still !

" That name which I so often have invok'd,
" And which was once auspicious to my vows,
" So oft at midnight sigh'd among the groves,
" The river's murmur, and the echo's burden,
" Which every bird could sing and wind did bear ;
" By that dear name I make this protestation,
" By all that's good on earth or bless'd in Heaven,"
I swear I love thee more, far more, than ever ;

'ith conscious blushes too, here help me gods!
elp me to tell her, tho' to my confusion
nd everlasting shame, yet I must tell her,
lay the Persian crown before her feet.

Athen. My lord, I thank you, and to express those
thanks

s nobly as you offer 'em I return
he gift you make; nor will I now upbraid you
'ith the example of the emperor;
ot but I know 't is that that draws you on
hus to descend beneath your majesty
nd swell the daughter of a poor philosopher
'ith hopes of being great.

Var. Ah, madam! ah! you wrong me: by the
gods

had repented ere I knew the emperor——

Athen. You find, perhaps too late, that Athenais,
owever slighted for her birth and fortune;
as something in her person and her virtue
orth the regard of emperors themselves;
nd to return the compliment you gave
y father, Leontine, that poor philosopher,
'hose utmost glory is to 'ave been your tutor,
here protest, by virtue and by glory,
swear by heaven and all the powers divine,
h' abandon'd daughter of that poor old man
hall ne'er be seated on the throne of Cyrus.

Var. Oh, death to all my hopes! what hast thou
sworn

To turn me wild ? Ah, cursed throne of Cyrus !
Would thou had'st been o'erturn'd and laid in dust,
His crown too thunderstruck, my father, all
The Persian race, like poor Darius ruin'd.
Blotted, and swept for ever from the world,
When first ambition blasted thy remembrance——

Athen. Oh, Heaven ! I had forgot the base affront
Offer'd by this proud man ; a wrong so great
It is remov'd beyond all hope of mercy :
He had design'd to bribe my father's virtue,
And by unlawful means——

Fly from my sight, lest I become a fury,
And break those rules of temp'rance I propos'd :
Fly, fly, Varanes ! fly this sacred place,
Where virtue and religion are profess'd ;
“ This city will not harbour infidels,
“ Traitors to chastity, licentious princes :
“ Begone I say ; thou canst not here be safe : ”
Fly to imperial libertines abroad ;
In foreign courts thou 'lt find a thousand beauties
That will comply for gold—for gold they 'll weep,
For gold be fond as Athenais was,
And charm thee still as if they lov'd indeed.
“ Thou 'lt find enough companions too for riot,
“ Luxuriant all, and royal as thyself ;
“ Tho' thy loud vices should resound to heaven.
“ Art thou not gone yet ?

Var. “ No, I am charm'd to hear you.
“ Oh ! from my soul I do confess myself

The very blot of honour—I am more black
Than thou in all thy heat of just revenge,
With all thy glorious eloquence can make me."

Athen. Away, Varanes!

Var. Yes, madam, I am going——
ay, by the gods I do not ask thee pardon,
or while I live will I implore thy mercy;
but when I 'm dead, if as thou dost return
With happy Theodosius from the temple—
as thou goest in triumph through the streets,
thou chance to meet the cold Varanes there,
borne by his friends to his eternal home,
stop then, oh Athenais! and behold me;
as thou hang'st about the emp'ror's neck,
alas! my lord! this sight is worth our pity.
To those pitying words thou add a tear,
or give one parting groan—if possible,
the good gods will grant my soul the freedom;
'll leave my shroud, and wake from death to thank
thee.

Athen. He shakes my resolution from the bottom;
My bleeding heart too speaks in his behalf,
and says my virtue has been too severe.

Var. Farewell, oh empress! no Athenais now;
will not call thee by that tender name,
since cold despair begins to freeze my bosom,
and all my pow'rs are now resolv'd on death.
'Tis said that from my youth I have been rash,
Choleric and hot; but let the gods now judge
By my last wish if ever patient man

“ Did calmly bear so great a loss as mine ?
Since 't is so doom'd by fate you must be wedded
For your own peace, when I am laid in earth,
Forget that e'er Varanes had a being ;
Turn all your soul to Theodosius' bosom :
Continue, gods ! their days, and make them long ;
Lucina wait upon their fruitful Hymen,
And many children beauteous as the mother,
And pious as the father, make 'em smile.

Athen. Oh, Heav'ns !

Var. Farewell—I 'll trouble you no more ;
The malady that 's lodg'd within grows stronger ;
I feel the shock of my approaching fate ;
My heart too trembles at his distant march ;
Nor can I utter more if you should ask me.
Thy arm Arantes—Oh, farewell for ever !—

Athen. Varanes, stay ; and ere you go for ever
Let me unfold my heart.

Var. O Athenais !

What further cruelty hast thou in store
To add to what I suffer ?

Athen. Since 't is doom'd
That we must part, let 's part as lovers should,
As those that have lov'd long and loved well.

Var. Art thou so good, oh ! Athenais, oh !

Athen. First, from my soul I pity and forgive you ;
I pardon you that hasty little error,
Which yet has been the cause of both our ruins :
And let this sorrow witness for my heart
How eagerly I wish it had not been ;

Or else the tapers cheat my sight, like one
That's fitter for thy tomb than Cæsar's bed :
A fatal sorrow dims thy shaded eyes,
And in despite of all thy ornaments
Thou seem'st to me the ghost of Athenais.

Athen. And what's the punishment, my dear Pul-
cheria !

What torments are allotted those sad spirits
Who groaning with the burden of despair
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
“ Thro' the dark caves of death to wander on,
“ Like 'wilder'd travellers without a guide,
“ Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
“ Where scarce the twilight of an infant moon,
“ By a faint glimmer check'ring thro' the trees,
“ Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
“ And never hope to reach the blessed fields !”

Pulch. No more o' that ; Atticus shall resolve thee :
But see, he waits thee from the emperor ;
Thy father too attends.

Enter LEONTINE, ATTICUS, &c.

Leon. Come, Athenais—Ha ! what now, in tears ?
Oh, fall of honour ! but no more, I charge thee,
I charge thee, as thou ever hop'st my blessing
Or fear'st my curse, to banish from thy soul
All thoughts, if possible the memory,
Of that ungrateful prince that has undone thee.
Attend me to the temple on this instant

To make the emp'ror thine, this night to wed him,
" And lie within his arms."

Athen. Yes, sir, I'll go——

Let me but dry my eyes and I will go;
Eudisia, this unhappy bride, shall go:
Thus like a victim crown'd and doom'd to bleed,
I'll wait you to the altar, wed the emp'ror,
" And if he pleases lie within his arms."

Leon. Thou art my child again.

Athen. But do not, sir, imagine any charms
Or threat'nings shall compel me
Never to think of poor Varanes more:
No, my Varanes! no——

While I have breath I will remember thee;
To thee alone I will my thoughts confine,
And all my meditations shall be thine:
" The image of my woes my soul shall fill,
" Fate and my end, and thy remembrance still.
As in some popular shade the nightingale
" With piercing moans does her lost young bewail,
" Which the rough hind observing as they lay
" Warm in their downy nest had stol'n away;
" But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
" Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain,
" And still renews her miserable strain."

Yes, my Varanes! till my death comes on
Shall sad Eudisia thy dear loss bemoan. [*Eneunt.*

Enter VARANES.

Var. 'Tis night, dead night, and weary nature lies

Athen. 'Tis well; retire.

“Go fetch thy lute, and sing those lines I gave thee.”

[*Exit Delia.*]

So, now I am alone; yet my soul shakes;
 For where this dreadful draught may carry me
 The Heavens can only tell; yet I'm resolved
 To drink it off in spite of consequence.
 Whisper him, oh, some angel! what I'm doing:
 By sympathy of soul let him too tremble
 To hear my wondrous faith, my wondrous love,
 “Whose spirit not content with an ovation
 “Of ling'ring fate, with triumph thus resolv'd,
 “Thus in the rapid chariot of the soul,
 “To mount and dare as never woman dar'd. [*Drinks.*
 “'Tis done—haste, Delia, haste—come, bring thy
 lute,
 “And sing my waftage to immortal joys.
 “Methinks I can't but smile at my own bravery:
 “Thus from my lowest fortune rais'd to empire,
 “Crown'd and adorn'd, worshipp'd by half the earth,
 “While a young monarch dies for my embraces,
 “Yet now to wave the glories of the world”—
 Oh, my Varanes! tho' my birth's unequal,
 My virtue sure has richly recompens'd,
 And quite outgone example!

SONG.

“*Ah, cruel bloody fair!*

“*What canst thou now do more?*”

Among your hoarded bolts and heaps of vengeance
Beyond the mighty loss of Athenais?

'Tis contradiction—Speak then, speak Arantes,
For all misfortune, if compar'd with that,
Will make Varanes smile——

Aran. My lord, the Empress
Crown'd and adorn'd with the imperial robes,
At this dead time of night, with silent pomp,
As they design'd from all to keep it secret,
But chiefly sure from you; I say, the empress
Is now conducted by the general,
Atticus, and her father, to the temple,
There to espouse the Emperor Theodosius.

Var. Say'st thou? Is't certain? Ha!

Aran. Most certain, sir. I saw them in procession.

Var. Give me thy sword. Malicious Fate! Oh
Fortune!

Oh giddy Chance! Oh turn of love and greatness!
Marry'd—she has kept her promise now indeed;
And oh! her pointed fame and nice revenge
Have reach'd their end. No, my Arantes, no;
I will not stay the lazy execution
Of a slow fever. Give me thy hand, and swear
By all the love and duty that thou ow'st me,
T'observe the last commands that I shall give thee:
Stir not against my purpose, as thou fear'st
My anger and disdain; nor dare t'oppose me
With troublesome unnecessary formal reasons,
For what my thought has doom'd my hand shall seal.
I charge thee hold it stedfast to my heart,

Fix'd as the fate that throws me on the point.
 Tho' I have liv'd a Persian, I will fall
 As fair, as fearless, and as full resolv'd,
 As any Greek or Roman of them all.

Aran. What you command is terrible, but sacred;
 And to atone for this too cruel duty,
 My lord, I'll follow you——

Var. I charge thee not;
 But when I am dead, take the attending slaves,
 And bear me with my blood distilling down
 Straight to the temple: lay me, oh, Arantes!
 Lay my cold corse at Athenais' feet,
 And say, oh why! why do my eyes run o'er?
 Say with my latest gasp I groan'd for pardon.
 Just here, my friend; hold fast, and fix the sword;
 I feel the art'ry where the lifeblood lies;
 It heaves against the point—Now, oh ye gods!
 If for the greatly wretched you have room
 Prepare my place; for dauntless lo I come:
 The force of love thus makes the mortal wound,
 And Athenais sends me to the ground. [*Kills himself.*]

SCENE III.

*The outward Part of the Temple. Enter PULCHERIA
 and JULIA at one Door, MARCIAN and LUCIUS at
 another.*

"Pulch. Look, Julia, see the pensive Marcian comes:
" 'Tis to my wish; I must no longer lose him,

- “ Lest he should leave the court indeed. He looks
“ As if some mighty secret work’d within him
“ And labour’d for a vent—Inspire me, woman!
“ That what my soul desires above the world
“ May seem impos’d and forc’d on my affections.
“ *Luc.* I say she loves you, and she stays to hear it
“ From your own mouth—Now, in the name
“ Of all the gods, at once, my lord, why are you silent?
“ Take heed, sir, mark your opportunity,
“ For if the woman lays it, in your way
“ And you o’ersee it she is lost for ever.
“ *Mar.* Madam, I come to take my eternal leave;
“ Your doom has banish’d me, and I obey.
“ The court and I shake hands, and now we part,
“ Never to see each other more; the court
“ Where I was born and bred a gentleman,
“ No more, till your illustrious bounty rais’d me,
“ And drew the earthborn vapour to the clouds:
“ But as the gods ordain’d it I have lost,
“ I know not how, thro’ ignorance, your grace;
“ And now the exhalation of my glory
“ Is quite consum’d and vanish’d into air.
“ *Pulch.* Proceed, sir.
“ *Mar.* Yet let those gods that doom’d me to dis-
please you
“ Be witnesses how much I honour you——
“ Thus worshipping, I swear by your bright self,
“ I leave this infamous court with more content
“ Than fools and flatt’ers seek it; but, oh Heaven!
“ I cannot go if still your hate pursues me!

Yes, I declare it is impossible
To go to banishment without your pardon.

Pulch. You have it, Marcian : is there ought beside
That you would speak, for I am free to hear.

Mar. Since I shall never see you more, what hinders
But my last words should here protest the truth :
Know then, imperial princess, matchless woman !
Since first you cast your eyes upon my meanness,
Ev'n, till you rais'd me to my envi'd height,
I have in secret lov'd you—

Pulch. Is this Marcian !

Mar. You frown, but I am still prepar'd for all :
I say I lov'd you, and I love you still,
More than my life, and equal to my glory.
Methinks the warring spirit that inspires
This frame, the very genius of old Rome,
That makes me talk without the fear of death,
And drives my daring soul to acts of honour,
Flames in your eyes ; our thoughts too are akin
Ambitious, fierce, and burn alike for glory.
Now, by the gods, I lov'd you in your fury
In all the thunder that quite riv'd my hopes ;
I lov'd you most ev'n when you did destroy me.
Madam, I've spoke my heart, and could say more,
But that I see it grieves you ; your high blood
Frets at the arrogance and saucy pride
Of this bold vagabond—May the gods forgive me—
Farewell—a worthier general may succeed me,
But none more faithful to the emperor's interest
'Than him you're pleas'd to call the traitor Marcian.

" *Pulch.* Come back; you've subtly play'd your part indeed;

" For first, the emperor, whom you lately school'd,
" Restores you your commission; next commands you,
" As you're a subject, not to leave the court:
" Next, but, oh Heaven! which way shall I express
" His cruel pleasure! he that is so mild
" In all things else, yet obstinate in this,
" Spite of my tears, my birth, and my disdain,
" Commands me, as I dread his high displeasure,
" Oh, Marcian! to receive you as my husband.

" *Mar.* Ha, Lucius! what does my fate intend?

" *Luc.* Pursue her, sir; 't is as I said: she yields,
" And rages that you follow her no faster.

" *Pulch.* Is then, at last, my great authority
" And my intrusted power declin'd to this?
" Yet, oh my fate! what way can I avoid it?
" He charg'd me straight to wait him to the temple,
" And there resolve, oh, Marcian! on this marriage
" Now, gen'rous soldier, as you're truly noble,
" Oh, help me forth, lost in this labyrinth;
" Help me to loose this more than Gordian knot,
" And make me and yourself for ever happy.

" *Mar.* Madam, I'll speak as briefly as I can,
" And as a soldier ought: the only way
" To help this knot is yet to tie it faster.
" Since then the emperor has resolv'd you mine,
" For which I will for ever thank the gods,
" And make this holiday throughout my life,
" I take him at his word, and claim his promise;

' The empire of the world shall not redeem you.
 ' Nay, weep not, madam ; tho' my outside's rough,
 ' Yet by those eyes your soldier has a heart
 ' Compassionate and tender as a virgin's ;
 ' Ev'n now it bleeds to see those falling sorrows ;
 ' Perhaps this grief may move the emperor
 ' To a repentance : come then to the trial,
 ' For by my arms, my life, and dearer honour,
 ' If you go back when given me by his hand,
 ' In distant wars my fate I will deplore,
 ' And Marcian's name shall ne'er be heard of more."

SCENE IV.

The Temple. THEODOSIUS, ATHENAIS—ATTICUS
joining their hands—MARCIAN, PULCHERIA, LU-
 CIUS, JULIA, DELIA, &c. LEONTINE.

Attic. *The more than Gordian knot is ty'd,
 Which Death's strong arm shall ne'er divide,
 For when to bliss ye wafsted are,
 Your spirits shall be wedded there :
 Waters are lost and fires will die,
 But love alone can fate defy.*

Enter ARANTHES with the body of VARANES.

Aran. Where is the empress ? where shall I find
 Eudosia ?

By fate I'm sent to tell that cruel beauty
 She has robb'd the world of fame : her eyes have given
 A blast to the big blossom of the war ;

K ij

Behold him there nipp'd in his flow'ry morn,
Compell'd to break his promise of a day,
A day that conquest would have made her boast:
Behold her laurel wither'd to the root,
Canker'd and kill'd by Athenais' scorn.

Athen. Dead, dead, Varanes!

Theo. "Oh, ye eternal powers

" That guide the world! why do you shock our reason

" With acts like these, that lay our thoughts in dust?

" Forgive me, Heaven, this start, or elevate

" Imagination more, and make it nothing."

Alas, alas, Varanes! But speak, Arantes,
The manner of his fate. "Groans choke my words—

" But speak, and we will answer thee with tears."

Aran. His fever would, no doubt, by this have done
What some few minutes past his sword perform'd.

He heard from me your progress to the temple,

How you design'd at midnight to deceive him

By a clandestine marriage: but my lord,

Had you beheld his racks at my relation,

Or had you empress seen him in those torments,

When from his dying eyes swol'n to the brim

The big round drops roll'd down his manly face,

When from his hollow'd breast a murm'ring crowd

Of groans rush'd forth, and echo'd all is well;

Then had you seen him, oh ye cruel gods!

Rush on the sword I held against his breast,

And dye it to the hilt with these last words—

Bear me to Athenais——

Athen. Give me way my lord;

I have most strictly kept my promise with you:

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old
at, w
these m
r, oh, this
wretch, I
before I
deadly
under me,
yet
shine, thou
will thee fr
gone a
What have
I brand me
thou
shame! thou
this cruel
and in
all my fa
murdered me!
at your feet,
with my last
lord, if it is a fault
the fault!

And the ingratitude of Athenais,
To her too cruel stars. Remember, too,
I begg'd you would not let me see the prince,
Presaging what has happen'd; yet my word
As to our nuptials was inviolable.

Theo. Ha! she is going!—"see her languishing eyes
"Draw in their beams!" the sleep of death is on her.

Athen. "Farewell, my lord." Alas, alas, Varanes!
T' embrace thee now is not immodesty,
Or if it were, I think my bleeding heart
Would make me criminal in death to clasp thee,
"Break all the tender niceties of honour
"To fold thee thus, and warm thee into life,
"For oh, what man like him could woman move!"
Oh, prince belov'd! oh, spirit most divine!
Thus by my death I give thee all my love,
And seal my soul and body ever thine— [Dies.

Theo. Oh, Marcian! oh, Pulcheria! did not the Power
Whom we adore plant all his thunderbolts
Against self-murd'ers, I would perish too;
But as I am I swear to leave the empire.
To thee, my sister, I bequeath the world,
And yet a gift more great, the gallant Marcian:
On then, my friend, now shew thy Roman spirit!
As to her sex fair Athenais was
Be thou of thine a pattern of true honour:
Thus we'll atone for all the present crimes,
That yet it may be said in aftertimes,
No age with such examples could compare,
So great, so good, so virtuous, and so fair. [Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

THRICE happy they that never wrote before ;
How pleas'd and bold they quit the safer shore !
Like some new captain of the city bands,
That with big looks in Finsbury commands,
Swell'd with huge ale he cries, Beat, beat the drum ;
Pox o' the French king ! Uds-bud ! let him come ;
Give me ten thousand red-coats and alloo !
We'll firh his Crequi and his Conde too.
Thus the young scribblers mankind's sense disdain,
For ignorance is sure to make 'em vain ;
But far from vanity or 'dang'rous pride
Our cautious Poet courts you to his side ;
For why should you be scorn'd, to whom are due
All the good days that ever authors knew ?
If ever gay, 'tis you that make 'em fine ;
The pit and boxes make the poet dine,
And he scarce drinks but of the critic's wine.
Old writers should not for vain-glory strive,
But like old mistresses think how to thrive ;
Be fond of ev'ry thing their keepers say,
At least till they can live without a play ;
Like one who knows the trade and has been bit,
She dotes and fawns upon her wealthy cit,
And swears she loves him merely for his wit.

*Another, more untaught than a Walloon,
Antic and ugly, like an old baboon,
She swears is an accomplish'd beau-garçon;
Turns with all winds, and sails with all desires;
All hearts in city, town, and court, she fires,
Young callow lords, lean knights, and driv'ling squires.
She in resistless flatt'ry finds her ends,
Gives thanks for fools, and makes ye all her friends.
So should wise poets sooth on awkward age,
For they are prostitutes upon the stage.
To stand on points were foolish and ill-bred
As for a lady to be nice in bed;
Your wills alone must their performance measure,
And you may turn 'em ev'ry way for pleasure.*







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